WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

July 1915 *Fifteen Cents*

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Welch Junior

"WELCH WEEK JULY 2nd to 9th"

THE PRICE

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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

VOLUME XLII — July, 1915 — NUMBER 7

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ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

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THE WOMAN MAKES THE HOME

August will be the Vanity Number

"A VANITY number of the COMPANION!" says Constant Reader, holding up her hands in horrified surprise. "Well, what in the world are we coming to?"

"We're coming, I hope," says the Editor, "to estimate vanity—the right sort—as one of the smaller virtues, and, yes,—a mark of strength of character. You don't believe it? Well, think it over."

And, in the meantime, read "Valuable Vanity," the August Tower Room Talk by Anne Bryan McCall, where she describes "the old healthy human longing to stand well in one's own eyes and in the eyes of the world." She adds something about the lighter vanities, "pretty clothes and all kinds of gentle pleasures and well-being," and tells why they are worth-while to all of us.

So, you see, there may be a good reason for a Vanity Number, after all.

There is an article on practical vanity, too, telling what a woman may do who wishes to make the most of her looks—who desires a good figure, a rosy complexion, clear eyes, and the good health that sponsors all these things.

The fashion editor would naturally have something to say on vanity, and she says it very

One of the illustrations for "Tulle and Tipperary"

pleasantly in a page of "Little Vanities," the irresistible touches that help to make the smart toilette.

The August Stories

A SELECTION of lively and entertaining stories is scheduled for August, none of them very serious, but all jolly, with plenty of action—the sort of stories for hot-weather reading.

Holworthy Hall, author of "Henry of Navarre, Ohio," contributes a love story with three pretty girls in it. Its title is "Little Mary Pierce."

"Extra! Extra! Photograph No. 27 Wins the $1,000 Prize in the Beautiful Girl Contest of the Galesburg Gazette," by Frances R. Sterrett, is a story by a brand-new writer, with a brand-new situation.

"Tulle and Tipperary" is another delightful "Billy and Andy" story by Mabel Dill. "The Canterbury Candlestick," is a most appealing love story by Sylvia Chatfield Bates. "Who Nameth This Child?" by Gertrude Nafe, is a funny little account of how the new baby in a big family finally got its name after all the relatives had disagreed on the subject.

"Merlin's Necklace" will come to an end in the August number, and "The Runaway Rest Cure" will continue its romantic adventures. As for Mrs. Larry, she, clever woman, has another "Adventure in Thrift," and comes a little nearer to the solution of her problem.

Two Letters That Need Answering

DO YOU know anyone whose problem is similar to that described in the letters on page 17 of this number? The editor is particularly anxious to hear from readers of the COMPANION on this subject, and hopes to be able to publish—anonymously, of course—a number of interesting letters. The letters accepted for publication must be genuine; they will be paid for at regular rates. None will be published without the writer's consent.

For You and Your Friends

The Vanity Number

On sale everywhere Thursday, July 15th

THE present issue of the COMPANION—The Outdoor Girl Number—will be a real delight to girls who play golf or tennis, who swim or "hike," and who find special interests and diversions in outdoor life. If you know an "outdoor girl" who hasn't seen this number of the COMPANION, send us her name and address, and we will gladly mail a copy to her without charge to you or to her. These copies will be mailed immediately after the regular subscribers' service for the month is completed, and the name and address on a postal is all that is needed to obtain this special courtesy. Please send your letter or card to Mary Oliver, in care of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

For Practical Folks

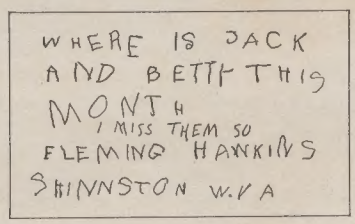
A PAGE of odd and beautiful crochet by Helen Marvin will be a feature of the August COMPANION, including the method of darning in soft color on filet crochet, and also some designs in the new shadow crochet, a delicate and effective evolution of filet crochet. Evelyn Parsons will contribute a page of new house embroideries, cushions and runners in particular.

For churches and clubs there is a description of a Sea Festival, an unusual summer fête, yet not difficult to get up. Mrs. Perkins has planned August menus for the busy housekeeper, and supplemented them with dependable recipes.

Jack and Betty on Vacation

ONE of Jack's and Betty's very small reader friends has sent us the cunning letter which is printed here. Maybe there are other little boys and girls who miss Jack and Betty too; in fact we have heard of several others.

Well, the truth is that Jack and Betty went through so many exciting adventures this last year, that they really needed a long vacation to



get rested. So they have gone away for the hot summer time just as many of their little COMPANION playmates do.

But they're coming back! Just the very same jolly Jack and Betty ready for good times again with you all.

And what's more, they have been planning a tremendous, delightful, wonderful surprise! You can't even *dream* what it is,—though you might try, but if you only *could* guess, you wouldn't know *how* to wait till the September number comes.

For that's when you'll find out!

Older boys and girls who like fun and mystery and romance and dogs can certainly look forward to the story of "The Twins and Mr. Barker," a fresh and fascinating serial for young folks which is to begin in the September issue.

And for the boy craftsman, and sport lover, there'll be a brand new invention easy to make and thrilling to use.

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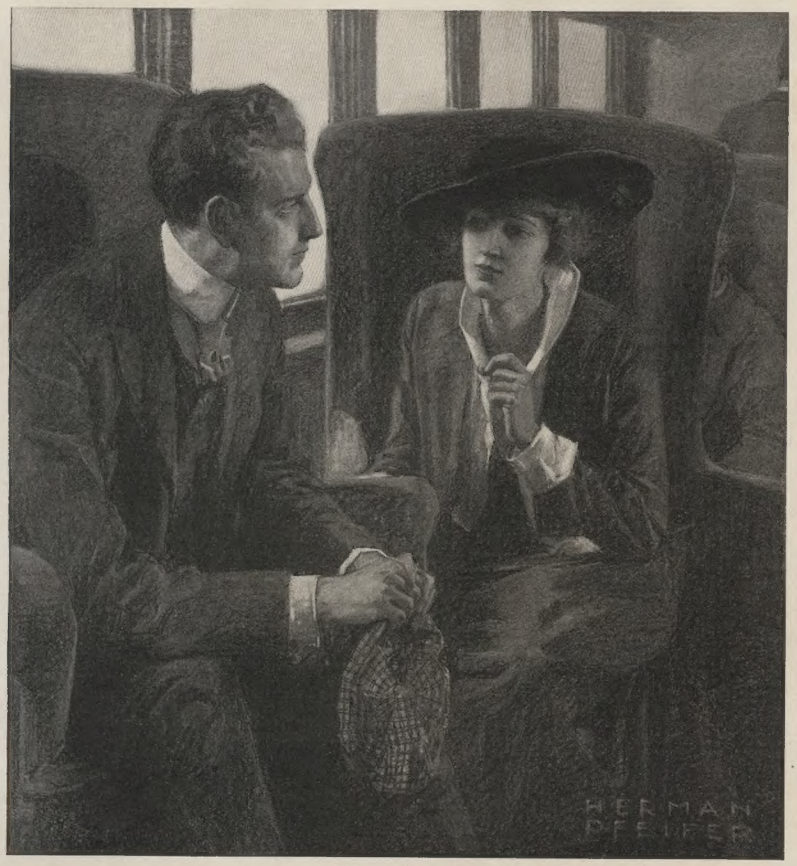
IT FLOATS

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

VOLUME XLII — July, 1915 — NUMBER 7

Beginning a Serial of Romantic Adventure



"At the next station a tall man with a black beard will get on the train looking for me. He will want to take me off with him"

The Runaway Rest Cure

PART ONE, *introducing:*

NANCY HAMELTON, *a tired-out artist*

BRIAN GARDNER, *her physician, who prescribes a new kind of tonic*

DOCTOR HASWELL, *a friend in need*

And the mysterious, unexpected, suspicious

MAN WITH THE BLACK BEARD!

By MARGARETTA TUTTLE

AUTHOR OF "HIS WORLDLY GOODS"

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN PFEIFER

BRIAN has known me a long time. When I was a child of nine he used to dress up in the model's clothes and go swashbuckling about in my father's studio. When I was nineteen, he used to ask me to his college affairs and hunt me up a chaperon, because I hadn't any natural ones of my own. And now, at twenty-nine, when I see him coming I try to recollect what I ate for breakfast, because he is sure to ask me. As it is usually three cups of coffee and nothing else, and as this invariably irritates him, we begin most of our encounters as this one began.

"Brian," I said, after the waiter had picked up my napkin the second time, "I don't mind eating this rare beef as a prescription; but if you tell me again that there are two grains of caffeine in every cup of coffee, I shall order four cups and drink them all in your presence, or throw them at your head, I don't know which. Perhaps it's caffeine I need."

"You can't rest your nerves by stimulating them, Nancy Hamelton." Men always use your full name when they want to be severe. "The moderate drinkers found that out ten years ago. That's what ails you now. That's why the gray veils you complain of unfold themselves between your eyes and your canvas. There's nothing the matter with your eyes. It's the crazy way you live—constant overwork and habitual underfeeding."

"Oh, I eat enough!" I protested, though I knew it wasn't true.

"Yes, you do! I wonder what silly things you think are food. If you only had some kind of a family, or if you lived with another woman, or any old way so you'd be interrupted now and then. But there isn't a soul to stop you, unless I do it, if you shut yourself up in your studio for days with your paint box and no food but birdseed and a cuttlebone."

"That's the reason I have a little reputation and a bank account before I'm thirty. This work has to be taken as it comes and finished when ordered. But that isn't all of it. It's the stupid way women are made. There's never one of us that does anything, except sit on a pillow and sew a fine seam, who doesn't have to pay for it in health and strength."

"Stuff and nonsense! Men have exactly the same trouble. The great problem of all workers is to find strength. And how do they do it? By resting as systematically as they work."

"Do you mean by idling?" I knew he never idled, and I thought I had him.

"No, not if you are executive or constructive. We no longer send your kind—men or women—to bed to rest. We send them to new places, so they'll use new faculties and rest the old ones. Any new place: another town, a boarding house with foreigners in it—I sent a woman worn out with nursing on a shopping trip yesterday." Brian isn't easily cornered.

"No woman ever committed suicide on the way to buy a new hat," I admitted.

"Exactly. Will you go to Martin Springs to-morrow, Nancy? It's less than a half day's journey. There are good horses there, and you like to ride. Between times you can drink the water and, and—watch the other people."

"You can't imagine me doing it long, now can you, Brian? After one hour on a hotel veranda with nothing to do but watch the rocking-chair brigade, I'd fly to pieces; and the next day, if I could put myself together again, I'd be back in the studio."

Brian considered this a moment while the waiter put the salad before us and I mixed the dressing, brazenly putting in a pinch of sugar. Brian has told me a hundred times that sugar positively should not be combined with oil. He frowned at me now, then he demanded:

"Nancy, are you never going to fall in love?"

"I have to illustrate too many love-stories. All the situations are old before they get to me. No man has ever offered me anything new; I seem always to have drawn it the day before." This struck me as rather clever, but Brian only ate his salad and pondered. My head continued to ache, but not as badly as it had earlier in the morning when I had telephoned Brian that he must do something for it, and he had made me stop my work and lunch with him.

"Haswell would say," Brian finally evolved, "to consider the temperamental difficulties with as much care as the physical ones, and where prescriptions fail to use psychology."

"I don't want psychology, I want a prescription. I am doing the most important order I've had this year. I wouldn't fall down on it if I had to finish it with raw nerves for brushes. Who is Haswell?"

"Haswell's as good an example of the thing I am advising you to do as I know of. He's under forty

He frowned and demanded, "Nancy, are you never going to fall in love?"

and doing some of the finest work in this country. In addition to his practice and his experimentation he has a sanitarium where he does things with nervous patients the rest of us despair of. And he keeps perfectly normal himself because he has a silly little motor boat that he scoots all over the river in, and a couple of high-power automobiles that he takes apart and puts together whenever he's tired of driving them."

"Well, I can't do that. I can't unscrew the tops of the medicine bottles you give me, let alone take an automobile apart."

Brian looked disgusted. "You could try to get some new experiences. You could do something else than paint. You'll have to pretty soon. You *need* to now. You need new leaven; you need—a rattling good adventure, a dozen adventures, to fill your days so that you wouldn't have a minute to take up a pencil, something that would keep you moving. You need it for your circulation and your appetite."

"Adventure!" I scoffed. "Is that a nerve specialist's idea of pyschology? The Spirit of Adventure is as dead as Daniel Webster. It died some time ago—about the time the tired business man—"

"Oh, bother! The Spirit of Adventure is immortal. Though I begin to believe the great Adventurer was right when he said there were no lady caliphs."

"O. Henry was a man. And Haroun-al-Raschid lived in Bagdad. But I am a woman and this is New York."

"Well, if ever there was a place where adventure lurked around every corner it is here in New York. As for you, you are not a schoolgirl. You are that new thing, a woman able to lead a man's life and work at a man's job."

"Right, Brian Gardner. But suppose, on the advice of my physician, I got up from this table to search for an adventure, how would I go about it, how could I come on one? I might speak to a man I do not know. But that simply 'isn't done,' and, besides, there'd be no adventure. Suppose I should pick out some personage of importance and pretend to faint in his presence. Nothing worse, or better, would happen than an ambulance call."

"Oh, you are proposing to do ordinary things in an ordinary way!" Brian exclaimed. "Of course you would get ordinary results. *That's* why there are no lady caliphs. Venturing implies some risk. You may do any ordinary thing, but you must do it in a venturesome way. If it is speaking to someone you do not know, it must be done at least picturesquely. Now if I go to the corner where the officer interrupts the traffic and get into the first victoria that holds a lone woman, and say to her: 'For the love of heaven, madam, look as if you expected me and drive on for three squares,' I'll bet you a prescription against one of your drawings I would start an adventure. Or, if you decide on the fainting method, get into the first automobile in which there is a single man—I mean a man alone—and ask him to drive on that you may escape pursuit and *then* faint. You'll start an adventure all right."

"Father of Good Acting! I'll never speak to a strange man any place where I can't run. The least that could happen to me . . ."

"Oh, bless you, I'm not literal,"—and it's true, Brian isn't often literal, though he has built up a large practice for a young man—"I'm merely making my point. You're venturesome enough," he went on. "You wouldn't have crossed the first office threshold, where you certainly had to speak to strange men, if you were not. I'm attacking your lack of originality. You say no adventure, that would be possible to a woman in your class, would result from your speaking to a strange man, and I answer that if you speak to him with some originality, some degree of invention, and if you pick your man, which you are experienced enough to do, adventure would follow as certainly as a blaze follows a well-struck match."

"Yes, but the match often breaks."

"Quite so, but yours will not. Suppose to-morrow, on the way to Martin Springs, you pick out a man on the train who looks, say, responsive; it doesn't matter how conventional he seems to be. Make a careful selection, then tell him—well—let me see—tell him that at the next station a man with glasses and a small mustache will board the train to take you off. Tell him you don't want to get off; that there are reasons why you shouldn't. Give him the reasons if he wants them. Then ask him if he will be on the lookout for such a man while you hide."

"While I hide! Brian, are you serious or just silly?"

"You don't really have to hide,"—he ignored my kindly inquiry,—"but such a man, with glasses and a small mustache will either get on at the next station or he will not. In either case you will probably prove that the Spirit of Adventure is still on the job."

This was too much for me, and as we rose from the luncheon table I almost sneered, "A fine prescription for a headachy illustrator!"

"Who has used her very good-looking eyes so steadily that gray veils appear between them and her canvas whenever she works longer than an hour. Listen, stubborn one—I agree that girls ought to be hedged in by convention until they are old enough to realize the value of customs for women. Is that what troubles you? But you are skilled in reading faces. They are your working material. I do not say to you, Go about doing strange things. But I do say, Get outside your own life and into the lives of others. Find out what difficulties other women are meeting, find another woman who needs to learn what you already know, find one to live with you, take any chance that comes your way and meet it with originality, not with the everlasting old words and worn-out customs. One new handling of even an old situation will refresh you."

"A long speech, Brian, even for an Irishman." Brian is Irish only on his mother's side. "Suppose I take you at your word and get into some desperate situation, in two reels and six scenes?"

"Not you! Your wits move too swiftly and you are an artist, a born artist, which means that you use situations and are not used by them. But I don't mind what kind of a situation you get into if it only takes you away from your work for a fortnight."

He left me at my studio door, and whether it was the hour's rest or the rare beef, or the new train of thought, I don't know, but the afternoon went a hundred times better than the morning. I finished my work at five and sent it to the editor. Then I rode alone in the park, with a coachman not perfectly sober, who, when I insisted on his driving to my own doorstep, drove right up on the pavement.

I found myself laughing as I reëntered the studio and picked up my sketch book to draw the drunken driver. But as I did so another of those gray veils began to unroll itself before my eyes and a new and disconcerting kind of lightness seemed to get into my head.

I put down my pencil and deliberately locked the studio door. Then I put the key into an envelope and wrote Brian this note:

DEAR GUIDE, PSYCHOLOGIST AND FRIEND:
To-morrow I leave for your ridiculous Springs, in search of those corners around which Adventure is supposed to lurk. I shall demand of you every wasted hour. Meantime here is the key of my studio—my sketchbook is inside.

NANCY HAMELTON.

THE chair-car porter carried my bag to my seat as if it were a feather. As it was the bag I had taken all over Italy and France, and as it held enough clothes for two weeks, including shoes and an evening gown, it was easier to carry it than to find a place for it.

"They nevah is nobody on this heah eight-ten chaih cah," said the porter. "I'll jest put yo' baig on this other side. Yo' bettah sit ovah heah, too. Yo' on the sunny side."

He reseated me and put the bag at my feet, where from a crazy-quilt of labels the initial H stood out boldly.

I was early, so I looked out the window at the hurrying travelers, trying to guess which one would enter my car, but the porter was right, most of them passed on. Finally an elderly woman with a double chin and a determination-to-vote look in her eyes entered and took a chair at the far end. I smiled as I recalled Brian's telling me to pick out the most personable man in the car. Then, as the train started, two men entered with the porter, and because of that new lightness—I know no other way to describe it—that had taken possession of my brain I had trouble in repressing a chuckle.

"There!" exclaimed this new thing, "*they* are your kind of men, both of them."

One of them was past middle age, with a heavy jaw and prominent forehead. The other man made my fingers curve for a pencil. He had one of those rare faces whose promise catches the eye instantly. Not handsome, the face was too thin for that, but fine. The eyes had a generous width between them and a clear grayness of glance, the nose a straight slant to a short upper lip, the chin also straight, but with that lift all artists like to get because it gives poise to the whole figure. There was an outdoor glow to the face and the suggestion of close and hard study in every line, yet the eyes were too observant to be those of a scholar. He had, for instance, appraised me the instant he entered the car. We women pretend we do not see such things, but we always do. As he stopped in front of my chair I gathered out of the tail of my eye that he was tall and slim and straight, with no superfluous flesh, the figure of the trained runner, lightly poised, and built for endurance.

He looked at his ticket; then he looked at me with a puzzled frown that brought a very straight pair of eyebrows together in a way that almost made me ask him to hold the expression until I could get it on paper. I have no doubt he wondered at my interested stare, but I could not very well explain that it was what this frown did to his face that held me and not the man himself. Suddenly I realized that I hadn't any business to be looking at him in that way, but that I probably *did* have a seat to which I was not entitled. I rose hastily and felt myself blushing from ear to ear.

"Is this your chair?" I stammered. "The porter put me on this side because of the sun."

He gave a swift glance at my be-labeled bag, so swift that were I not trained to follow changes of expression, I would scarcely have detected it. Then his extraordinarily clear eyes came back to me and seemed to invoice me as thoroughly as I had him.

"Please do not disturb yourself. These chairs next to yours are empty. My friend and I will take them."

"It does not inconvenience you?" I hesitated.

"Not at all. Not at all!" He made a pleasant inclination of a head whose abundant hair had a few threads of gray, and took the chair in front of mine. But for a little thing I think I should have thought it merely amiable of him. The little thing was that as he sat down he turned the chair so that he was not in front of me but at my side.

As for me, I sat still, considering with guarded glance the thin, charming profile next to me while some of Brian's foolish words of the day before raced through my brain. Presently the two men began a low-toned conversation; but as I have the ears of a wild animal and the man with the prominent forehead spoke with the precision of a foreigner who had learned English in order to lecture in it, I listened shamelessly and heard much.

"Yes," he said, "I admit she had many reasons for leaving him, but she should have waited. She should not have left him at such a time. He is a public figure, an . . ." Here we passed a freight train and I lost the rest of the sentence. With the caboose, however, I caught it up again. "And he is—what you call it?—up for reëlection in five days. It will, if it gets out, . . ." Again the end of his sentence was smothered in the noise of the train.

The other man laughed softly. "Clever woman to have selected this very time. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 42]

Another of those gray veils began to unroll itself before my eyes and a new and disconcerting kind of lightness seemed to get into my head

The Outdoor Girl

The girl who swims
The girl who goes camping
A Down-East clambake
A honeymoon tramp
The girl and the garden

The Girl Who Swims

By C. H. CLAUDY

MOST of the accidents, and all of the ill effects which sometimes follow a season of bathing or swimming, result from a failure to apply common sense to the sport. Here are some guiding cautions:

Don't use a bathing suit which is more stylish than comfortable. Bathing suits should be loose, especially about the waist and legs. Bathing corsets, if worn, should be supple and not tight. Tights or woolen knee trousers are better than baggy bloomers, because holding less water and leaving the legs freer. Don't wear a round garter. It may lead to cramp. If a shoe must be worn, let it be a simple loose canvas slipper.

Don't enter the water an inch at a time, if it is cool. Run into surf and plunge under, quickly. If a pool or river, jump or dive in so as to get wet all over at once. But don't jump or dive into deep water unless you know its temperature. Unexpected cold sometimes paralyzes.

Don't swim or bathe when tired or for a longer time than the body is comfortably warm. It lowers the vitality.

Don't let anyone entice you to do what you are afraid to do, whether it be a dive, a long swim, or a contest with heavy surf. Fear of the water is natural; conquer it by degrees and quietly, never by the "sink or swim" method.

Don't fight the undertow. If it catches you and sweeps you off your feet, let it have its will with you. The next roller will stop that undertow, and you can regain your feet. A heavy undertow is dangerous only when you lose your head.

Don't try to swim out beyond your safety line, because some other girl does. Your safety line is half the distance you can swim easily, from shore.

Don't swim in a heavy surf with the tide going out.

Don't dive into any water you do not personally know is deep enough. Try it by "letting down" in the water to see where the bottom is. A dive into shallow water which is supposed to be deep may easily break your neck, and you have only one.

Don't get panic-stricken and think, if you have a cramp, that you are as good as drowned. Cramp is a painful muscular contraction. It may disable a leg or arm, but it is not dangerous. Swim with the legs and arms you have left, call for help, and keep your head.

Don't fight the person who comes to your rescue. Relax. Keep your head down. You don't breathe with your chin nor the back of your neck. Keep your nose out, do as you are told, and never, never, never seize the rescuer about head or shoulders.

Don't fail to rub down briskly with a rough towel when through. Don't lie wet on the sand on a cool day. Don't fail to run briskly up and down the beach both before and after a dip, if the water or air is cold.

A Honeymoon Tramp

By MRS. E. H.

OUR friends all said we were crazy when I told them how John and I proposed to spend our postponed honeymoon. That two people would deliberately set out on a tramping tour of two hundred miles through a dull, uninteresting farming country in Ohio, and in August, too! Well, "crazy" was the right word, they told us again and again. We heeded them not, but went ahead with our preparations.

And what simple preparations! Merely the "breaking-in" of two stout pairs of walking shoes—nothing more. This we accomplished by taking daily walks about the streets and parks of the city. We were quite ready to start when the day we had set for our departure arrived.

One morning before sunrise we rode to the end of the city street-car line, and there stepped off into the dusty road that lay before us. Away and away into the south it stretched until it disappeared, a thin yellow line, in a low-lying range of blue hills. We felt that we were entering upon a great adventure, a series of adventures. What strange people might we not meet out yonder? What new friendships might we not form? What experiences might we not pass through, down there among those blue hills?

Our marching equipment was very light. Each of us carried an umbrella, fit both for sun and rain. A small rubber-covered pack containing a few pieces of clothing and some toilet articles, swung over the shoulder of each of us. Our other baggage had been sent on by express to a town which we would reach the third day out.

We walked fifteen miles that first day. This mileage we had decided on as our daily stint. We never fell below it; some days we increased it. It was a perfect summer's day. The sun was not too hot, the road was not too dusty. Several times farmers in wagons offered to give us a "lift," but we thanked them and plodded on. We had brought our first day's lunch with us, and we ate it by the roadside.

We slept at farmhouses along the way, and bought meals and lunches from the friendly farm housewives.

The weather continued beautiful the whole two weeks. Every phase of our tour was charming—the daily, yes, the hourly, change of scene, the delightful country-folk we met, the beauty and the freshness of everything, the mystery of the road ahead of us. It was, as we had anticipated, a series of wonderful adventures.

A Down-East Clambake

By ALICE BRADLEY

IT WAS a real "Down-East" clambake, prepared for two hundred members of the Commonwealth Art Colony, on the coast of Maine. A particular cove on the beautiful front of land that separates Boothbay Harbor from Lunniken Bay, having proved itself to be ideal for big parties, a man was sent there in the morning to lay the foundation for the bake. A floor of flat stones, about twelve feet in diameter, was surrounded by a single row of larger stones that made the sides of a huge baking dish.

Early in the afternoon, two or three boys from the colony rowed over, and cut and hauled dead wood sufficient to fill the enclosed space. This was lighted at two-thirty, and a hot fire kept burning for two hours.

Meanwhile several girls had been busy. Ten loaves of whole-wheat bread were cut in thin slices, and these were spread with two pounds of creamed butter. Ten loaves of white bread were cut in the same way, but the filling consisted of three pints of mayonnaise dressing, and the leaves of six heads of lettuce, or slices of cucumbers. These four hundred sandwiches were packed in a covered berry crate, lined with paraffin paper. Three hundred doughnuts were packed in another crate.

Five pounds of coffee were placed in two cotton bags and tied securely, leaving plenty of room for expansion. These were put into a copper boiler, with boxes containing five pounds of sugar, two ten-quart cans of milk, and three cans of water, with an extra can of water to drink, and two crates full of tin cups. Three pounds of butter were carried in an old saucepan, and a couple of long-handled spoons were taken for dipping this, when melted, into clean clam shells.

A bushel of small sweet potatoes, a few bunches of large raw onions, cut lengthwise into four pieces each, eighteen dozen ears of sweet corn, partially husked, forty pounds of frankfurters, six large watermelons, a box of salt, a few packages of biscuits, and a box containing cubes of cheese were also packed up, together with two hundred paper plates and napkins, twenty tin pie plates for taking the clams off the stones, serving trays, large and small, a clean pail, two dishpans, two large knives for cutting the watermelons, a rake, pitchfork, old broom, two hatchets, a large piece of sailcloth, a couple of hand towels, and a box of matches.

Four bushels of soft-shelled clams and one hundred live lobsters were brought by another boat. Promptly at four-thirty the clambake man put on a homemade mask and began to rake off toward the water the burning embers of the fire. The red-hot stones were swept as clean as possible, then huge forkfuls of wet seaweed were pitched onto the stones. Quickly the clams, lobsters, corn, frankfurters, and sweet potatoes were put on in separate sections. These were covered with seaweed, then with canvas, and finally with more seaweed, to generate and keep in the steam.

Presently another fire was started between two rocks well adapted by their position to hold the coffee boiler. When the water was boiling the coffee bags were put in for ten minutes, then they were removed, the milk added and the coffee was ready.

It was an ideal evening and an ideal spot. The air was soft and warm. There was a lovely view of the little nearby islands, and the far off shore was dotted with trees and cottages. At five forty-five the bugle blew and the bake was opened; and an attractive picture it was to the hungry watchers.

Then, after we had eaten till there was hardly a goody left, the real camp fire was lighted, and all settled around it to sing as the moon rose across the bay, lighting up the boats and canoes that floated near.

At last, one by one, lanterns were lighted and pocket flashlights produced; by twos and threes we climbed to the path and wound our way home over the trail.

The Girl and the Garden

By M. L. HANSEL

MY MOST interesting vacation was spent at home laying the foundation for a Hardy Garden. In April I established a nursery bed where I sowed the seeds of perennials.

Desiring to build along natural lines, I selected rough cedar posts and poles for my fence. With posts eight feet apart, we made the height seven feet, running a pole along the top, then a second one a foot lower. The remaining space was filled in with heavy galvanized chicken wire. In the spaces between the posts I planted pink rambler roses, honeysuckle and clematis.

Next, I drew a plan on paper of my mental picture of the finished product, preparing only as many beds as I could handle myself.

It takes one with the true Garden-Soul to extract Joy from the garden in embryo; but once you have the vision, you ever see the garden of your dreams, and for that you strive.

The beds were dug deep, the earth well pulverized and fertilized, so that my flower family then getting a start in the nursery might continue strong when transplanted to their permanent home in September.

To these self-raised plants I added a few clumps of iris, peonies, phloxes, and fall chrysanthemums; also I started a rose bed with half a dozen old reliable varieties.

The vacation when my garden was born now dates several years in retrospect, but among the years it is marked by a milestone. Each August, when the clematis casts her white ruffle of bloom along the brown length of the fence where the honeysuckle and roses spent their riot of color and perfume in June, I am content.

The Girl Who Goes Camping

By A. E. SWOYER

A GIRL may go upon an extended canoe trip, or live in a tent miles from civilization in perfect comfort and safety without looking a fright—nor need she burden the party with a vast collection of apparel. Waist and short skirt, a sweater, hat, two sets of underclothing and two pairs of stockings, a pair of high shoes, and one of moccasins, these are sufficient, if properly selected, to meet the clothing needs of a month's camping.

The preferred material for the outside suit is closely-woven wool, or else khaki. A good combination is a flannel waist and khaki skirt. Wool is warmer than khaki and a better protection against chill, but is more apt to be "fluffed out" by briars.

The sweater should be of heavy wool and cut in the coat style. Underwear should be of wool in the lightest obtainable weight, for use in even the heat of August. If a cold spell is encountered, both suits may be worn and will prove much warmer than a single suit of double thickness. Stockings should be of wool, one pair light and one pair heavy; the thicker pair are to be worn with moccasins about camp.

For your hat, wear a wide-brimmed felt; it will protect your face from the sun and, if of good quality, will shed rain instead of dripping it down your neck. It is a good plan to fit it with an elastic, to go under the chin.

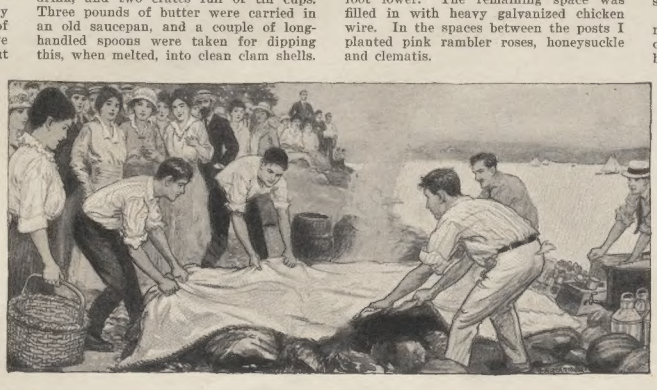
Be sure that your shoes fit. They should be ten inches or twelve inches high, of the best quality, and waterproofed. If you object to high shoes, buy those of regulation height and wear leggins with them.

In addition to the outfit already mentioned, which is the minimum for comfort, a few other items will pay well for the trouble of their transportation. Among these is the poncho, which takes the place of extra outside clothing of any sort—simply a large rubber blanket with a slit, closed by a buttoned flap, in the center.

Another general-purpose article is a large silk handkerchief. Also, ten or twelve yards of mosquito netting is worth the space taken: draped on a framework of sticks over your couch it will keep off insects, or it may be pinned over the tent entrance and thus provide ventilation while keeping out mosquitoes—a square of it hung over your hat and pinned to your waist will prevent annoyance from small black flies while on the stream.

Among other little conveniences may be mentioned a little packet of oiled silk or of rubber, containing your tooth brush, brush and comb, and soap in separate compartments. A bag of brown denim about one foot square will hold this packet, together with your towel,—and when at night you want a pillow, simply fill the bag with leaves, moss or the sweet-smelling needles of the balsam pine. Then, too, you will have a paper or so of large safety pins, for temporary repair work and for doing "stunts" with the mosquito netting, a small sewing outfit, and a pocket medicine kit.

Granted that you have the items enumerated, common sense, some ingenuity, and good humor, you are prepared to meet almost any condition of camp life. You can be a companion and a good "pal," instead of a nuisance and a kill-joy. Better than all, you can enjoy every minute of your stay, and return to your home the gainer in health, appearance and experience.



A Love Story on Four Wheels

"Isn't this a queer combination? Three of us in a row: the little cheap car; ours, neither cheap nor costly; the great gray limousine behind"

"Any Port in a Storm"

By

GRACE S. RICHMOND

AUTHOR OF "THE BROWN STUDY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. K. HANNA

"SHADES of Tartarus,—what a jam!" Alf exploded. He brought our car to a full stop for the twentieth time within the short, downtown block, her nose all but crushed against the dusty luggage tightly packed upon the rear of the little runabout ahead. I glanced back to find, as before, the long dark gray hood of the magnificent French limousine behind us pressing hard upon our small motor trunk. So it had been for the past ten minutes, while ahead autocratic traffic policemen held the press away from the tangle of distress caused by the interlocking of two huge trucks, and the waiting populace stifled in the July heat.

We resigned ourselves. Alf is much of a philosopher, and after ten years of married life I have learned of him that his way of enduring necessary evils is better than mine. Settling back into my comfortable seat beside him, I fell to observing the little traveler immediately ahead, which bore unmistakable signs of having taken many previous journeys.

From the car itself—small, cheap of construction but sturdy of line, and bearing besides its two passengers so many neatly-bound-on packages that it suggested nightly camps by the wayside—I passed to the interested study of its occupants. Its top was down and the young man and the girl beside him were unshielded from our gaze.

Their garb was travel-worn, like their car, but their faces were young and ardent. Both were warmly tanned, but while the man's coloring had deepened to the hues of an Indian the girl's had but taken on a dusky tint, with a touch of peach-red in the cheeks. Her little close-fitting hat kept all of her dark hair in order except an escaping curly strand or two about her ears, and she wore, like the man, an enveloping coat of dust-proof material. That the two were the best of comrades was suggested by the exchange of those signs of interested comment with which good travelers beguile such tedious waits as this of ours.

I found that Alf was observing them, too, for suddenly he said:

"Married? Honeymoon trip?"

"I don't think so," I murmured. "They're so much alike. When they turn you can see they have almost the same profile, and their eyes—notice, now—they're looking back" (there were sudden shouts behind us)—"their eyes are the same, splendid eyes! I think they're brother and sister."

"Brothers and sisters don't start off on long tours together. Look at their state, two thousand miles away!"

So it was, "Colorado." Our tag was old "New York." That of the great gray car behind—I glanced around at it, almost at my shoulder—was "Kentucky."

"Isn't this a queer combination?" I called Alf's attention. "Three of us in a row: the little cheap car, banged about with travel; ours, of the comfortable middle class, neither cheap nor costly; the great gray limousine behind. I wish I could see what the people in it are like."

"I'll find out." Alf got out of his seat and fell to tightening a loosened strap or two about the little motor trunk. I knew how much he could see without seeming rudely to intrude, I knew I should presently have a succinct description. So, when he had climbed back into his place, it came:

"Middle-aged couple, rather imposing. Man looks at least a major general in the Spanish War, wife fadedly handsome and languidly autocratic. Son along, young Adonis for looks, but bored to death by the trip. Chauffeur bored, too—everybody bored. Taking the journey for somebody's health, the mother's, I think, she seems a bit frail. Son obliged to accompany, though crazy to be anywhere else. This pair ahead could give 'em all a line on how to take a vacation, eh?"

"Alf, how could you see all that? I was watching you, and you didn't look up but once."

"Once is enough for a snapshot. . . . Hullo! Are we off?"

The little car ahead moved, fifteen feet. We moved, fifteen feet. The gray wonder behind followed us, lock-step, and halted.

The girl in front looked around and, her eyes meeting mine, smiled suddenly and brilliantly. Irresistibly I smiled back, and glancing at Alf I saw that his lips had relaxed, too. Nobody could blame him. Such radiant good humor under trying conditions invites response. The girl said something to her brother,—I was sure he was her brother,—and the tanned young man looked back at us and smiled in his turn.

But this latest move had been the forerunner of one of those sudden clearances of metropolitan congestion which resolve all delays into swift activity. The little car moved on, we followed, the great gray car brought up the rear. Up the block we drove, our chance for speed gradually increasing, till presently we were proceeding at our usual rate through the down-town business district where we had been halted, upward to more open streets, and thence to a broad road which led out of the big town to a main highway of travel.

Still the little car led the way. When we struck the broad, smooth-surfaced road, the little car was moving at a pace so swift we had no need to pass it, and no wish. There had been a heavy rain the night before and there was no hint of dust in our faces from the small wheels. And presently, glancing back, I discovered to my surprise that at a reasonable distance the gray limousine was still behind us.

"Now that they can, I don't see why that great car doesn't sweep by us all at a pace which will put us in our places," I suggested.

"The lady is a semi-invalid, as I told you—or thinks she is. It must be a bit hard on the son, though, to stay behind the ordinary tourists. They'll go by us soon; he'll insist on it," was Alf's prediction.

But the gray car did not go by, nor, oddly enough, did we pass the little runabout. Sturdily she bore ahead, and we should have had to put on a tremendous spurt to distance her and maintain our ground thereafter. Mile after mile this order of precedence remained unaltered.

"Now we'll leave them all at this fork," predicted Alf, indicating a point ahead. "They'll stick to the main highway, we'll take the other trail. I'll wager neither of the other parties knows how much finer the upper road is, nor ever heard of that little inn, just at the top of everything, where we'll stop to-night."

But lo! at the fork the little car struck decisively into the upper road, bearing away up the first steep hill with a great thrashing of machinery. With a chuckling "Well, well, what do you think of that?" Alf sent our good and satisfyingly powerful motor roaring up behind. I looked back, to wave farewell, metaphorically speaking, to the aristocrat in the rear. And of course you know, without my telling you—else why this story?—that the aristocrat was coming, too!

WE REACHED the delightful, remotely placed Inn just at seven o'clock, and there, indeed, we parted company with the little travel-worn car from Colorado, for it drove straight on by. Its occupants turned in time to see us driving in, and the girl waved a friendly arm, while her companion pulled off his cap. Alf and I both returned the salute, and I felt a touch of real regret at seeing the last of people who looked to be so well worth knowing.

That night we dined and slept in the Inn, and the Ladbrokes of Kentucky dined and slept there as well. We held brief and formal converse with them—and wished for the presence of our young friends of the little car. When we looked out of our windows, just before retiring, we spied what we were sure was their camp fire in a great field below us.

"I wish they could have afforded to stay here with us," I said. "They would have been great fun to know."

"Young Fairfax Ladbroke would keep you company in that wish," Alf declared. "He seems forlorn in this quiet spot, with not a pretty girl to look at."

"If something would only happen to bring them together! Miss Colorado certainly would be a new experience for Mr. Kentucky."

There was clearly nothing we could do; but nature took a hand in the game, beginning before my wish was an hour cold. I went to sleep in the quiet peace of a summer night. I woke suddenly in the dense blackness of a terrific summer storm, with the noise of a hurricane in my ears, of furious winds and torrential rain, the flash of lightning, and the blare and boom of thunder. The old house which had been transformed into the Inn was shuddering from cellar to rooftree in the blasts which shook it.

I clutched at Alf, my first thought, naturally, of the campers in the field below. It was his first thought, too, I found at once. Together we groped our way to the window and peered down into the great gloom without, lit as it was every few seconds by jagged, intolerable glares and scintillations of light. When all was black we could see no light of camp fire or of lantern; when all the landscape was brilliant with the storm-god's incandescence we could discover no hint of any presence at all, not even of that of the little car. Yet we knew they must be there.

We dressed at top speed.

"I'm going down with a lantern, if I can get one," cried Alf, as one of our windows shattered under the blow from a great bough flung against it.

"When the storm lets up a bit—"

"I'm going now. It's an adventure—I wouldn't miss it for worlds. Don't worry; I think the worst is over already. Such terrific outbursts don't last long."

He was right. By the time I had held conference with the landlady concerning measures of relief for the campers the rescue party was heard returning, and we ran to look down into the hall below.

It was a picture for an impressionist. The flaring hall lights lit ruddily the group of figures, of which that of the girl was fitly the center. Drenched indeed she was, yet she had emerged from the conflict of wet and wind looking like the union of naiad and gypsy which might have been expected. Her brilliant eyes laughed out of a tangle of moist, dark, curly hair, escaped from all confinement. A man's raincoat enveloped her slender young body. Close beside her, with hand but just releasing her arm, stood young Fairfax Ladbroke of Kentucky, also rain-drenched, sketchily clad in trousers pulled on over his pajamas, his handsome face fired into an expression of joyous appreciation of the unexpected situation.

Upon her other side was the girl's companion camper—her brother, as Alf had already learned—his clothing in a state of complete devastation, but his gay and vigorous spirit unquenched. And behind them came Alf himself and the English innkeeper, who had met the party just outside the gate.

I ran down and took the girl in charge, rejoicing, as I led her up-stairs, that in my small motor trunk were sufficient extra garments to clothe her properly and not unsuitably. As I helped her dry her dripping locks she told me, in vivid phrases, just how it happened.

"I was dreaming away," she said,—"at least I presume I was dreaming; that makes a good beginning, don't you think?—when just all at once I felt myself in the midst of the wildest uproar I ever knew. With one roaring, ripping explosion my little tent was gone, and I was being flung after it. Gordon, my brother, was shouting at me, but I couldn't hear what he said, and I shrieked back that I was fast by a big tree. He got to me somehow, and then we just stood there clinging to each other and to the tree, and laughing—how we laughed! It was the greatest fun you could imagine. Every time the lighting flashed and showed us to each other we burst out afresh."

"And you really thought it was fun!"

"Why, of course! You see, we were out for adventure, and we had had all too little of it. We were delighted to have a touch of real stage melodrama."

"I should think that in coming from Colorado to New York you might have had more than one adventure," I observed.

"From Colorado? What made you— Oh, yes, the tag on our car. You noticed it in the traffic jam yesterday afternoon. And we looked round at you, and at the big gray car behind you, and thought how absurd it was that little Jack-rabbit should be leading the three. We called you, if you don't mind, the Kangaroo, and the gray car the Elephant."

We laughed together over these obviously appropriate christenings. Then Miss Kathleen Chester mentioned Fairfax Ladbroke.

"He came dashing down that stubbly field with his lantern," she told me, evidently with immense relish, "shouting desperately at us, clearly convinced that we were buried beneath the ruins of our car. Talk of melodrama! He was the most heroic figure you can conceive. We were delighted to let him rescue us, he was so intent on the task. I believe he thought I couldn't get up the hill without his help, even though the storm had half gone over. Poor boy! It must have been a relief to him to have something happen, after traveling many hundred miles with the Elephant. Can you imagine making a journey like that in a *limousine?*"

She spoke the word with an amusing intensity of scorn, quite in keeping, I thought, with the sentiments of one who probably had never journeyed in any conveyance more luxurious than the jack-rabbits of the motor-world. Yet she was very charming, and everything about her speech and her appearance proclaimed the gentlewoman, even though the only way in which she could afford to indulge her taste for travel and adventure was by the least costly means at her disposal.

By five o'clock that morning the sun was shining, and we were all trailing down the wet field to inspect the remains of the camp—all but Mrs. Ladbroke, who was reported to have spent a frightened and restless night and to have dropped at last into an uneasy slumber.

The little Jack-rabbit stood firmly wedged against a tree, none the worse for its encounter; but the camp itself was sadly demoralized, and we spent a hilarious hour collecting the belongings of the Chesters. Fairfax Ladbroke, now immaculately clothed and clearly very much in his right mind, made the most of his brief opportunity, and whenever I looked for Miss Kathleen Chester it was to see young Mr. Ladbroke, carrying a skillet or a broiler or a camp pillow, at her elbow, while he engaged with her in animated conversation. All the gracefully chivalrous qualities of the born squire of dames showed in him as he attended her, and admiration looked warmly out of his blue eyes as he watched her. From time to time I caught scraps of the dialogue.

"Of course I'm horribly sorry, and all that, you know, but it's really tremendous luck for me to have this happen. I think it's saved my life, or my reason. If it wasn't for the Mater, I'd have bolted long ago. You-all don't blame me, do you?"

"Not a bit. My brother and I have felt very sorry for you ever since we first caught sight of you, sitting unhappily behind all that glass—in July. Couldn't you get your father and mother to try a bit of camping by the wayside? You could buy a beautiful silk tent for her and a lot of extremely luxurious camp equipment, and just have it lashed on that expansive top. Or, if she objected to having it there, you could easily hire a jack-rabbit to carry it behind you—at a respectful distance."

"A jack-rabbit?" Ladbroke was naturally puzzled.

"Like ours. We call it that, because it goes up hills just like one, a scared one, you know."

The young man laughed. It was not so much what the girl said as the way she said it, that attracted us all.

"I'm expecting to get out your way next winter," remarked young Mr. Ladbroke with cool assurance, just as we reached the steps of the Inn porch. "If you wouldn't mind telling me in just what part of Colorado—"

I did not hear the answer, if there were one, for at this very instant Miss Chester exclaimed, "Oh, excuse me!" and turned and ran back down the hill toward the camp, leaving Fairfax Ladbroke staring after her with his handsome face wearing an expression of startled chagrin.

"Never mind—let her run back alone," advised her brother, cheerfully ascending the steps. "Probably thought of some mysterious and valuable article she failed to look for in the ruins, a veil or a hairpin, most likely. By George! breakfast will go to the spot, eh? I don't seem to care for bacon and eggs in camp this morning, the frying pan was full of mud!"

Well, we were sorry when that jolly breakfast was over. All through it Mrs. Ladbroke's fine, faded eyes watched her son's eager face and the way he continually tried to look into certain eyes which now tantalizingly evaded his and again flashed at him that dark fire of audacity and appeal with which they were often heavily loaded.

Immediately after breakfast the lady insisted upon leaving, and the great gray car bore away a young man whose reluctance to motor travel was intensified tenfold over his reluctance of the day before. He must, indeed, have been a gloomy companion to the authors of his being.

An hour later the Kangaroo and the Jack-rabbit were also on their way. We had delayed to give some further assistance to the Chesters in packing up and making all snug for the journey, and then we started on together. Our car took the lead this time, at their insistence; we were expecting to part company at a certain crossroad thirty miles ahead. We shook hands all around with real regret, for Alf had found Gordon Chester a particularly pleasing acquaintance, and I had quite fallen in love with his sister.

AT THE twenty-ninth mile, according to the speedometer, which, with road map in hand, I had been carefully watching, I was looking back to see if the little car were in sight that we might wave a last farewell before leaving this road for the other, when an exclamation from my husband made me turn quickly:

"Well, well, if we haven't caught up with the Elephant once more!"

So it seemed. Turned well aside from the road the great gray car was standing, the chauffeur beside the open door. As we approached we saw young Ladbroke leap out of the opposite door and look searchingly up and down the road.

The region in which we now were was one of those to be found in many parts of old New England, where one may travel for miles and pass only a limited number of great country estates. Heavily shaded roads wind between walls of stone and brick and hedge, allowing only occasional glimpses of the homes of luxury and beauty which lie beyond. It is not a locality where one might look to find ready help in emergency need of any sort.

It was illness that we found as we drew up beside the other car, how serious we could not tell. Mrs. Ladbroke, it seemed, had suddenly lapsed into a curious condition of exhaustion and collapse, which the administration of such stimulants as the party had with them had but slightly relieved.

"I don't know what we're to do," the elder Ladbroke said excitedly, as we made concerned inquiry. "She seems done up by the heat or the pace or something. We've been driving a bit faster this morning; she wanted to get toward home. I wish to heaven we were home! This traveling with an invalid—"

"According to the map we're within seven miles of a small town, but how much of a town, or whether the hotels are any good, we don't know," offered the younger Ladbroke.

"She ought not to go on at all," I said, looking pityingly in on the pale occupant of the wide rear seat. They had made her as comfortable as possible, but that was not saying much, in the circumstances. "Alf, couldn't you drive on and bring back a doctor from the nearest place? I'll stay with Mrs. Ladbroke."

We had the plan worked out and were about to put it into execution when the little Jack-rabbit, which must have been loitering, not to have been close at our heels, appeared around the turn and came up to us. It stopped beside us, as was to have been expected, and I saw young Ladbroke's eyes light up in spite of his evident anxiety. And in a moment the Chesters were with us at the door of the gray car, their faces full of friendly solicitude.

Mrs. Ladbroke opened her eyes to find Kathleen Chester bathing her face with something from a little handbag she carried. The sufferer feebly turned away her head and spoke:

"Please go on, Miss— I can't recall your name. Mrs. Dunstan will stay with me."

I saw Kathleen's eyes briefly seek those of her brother, just beside the door, and I afterward could vividly recall the flash of mirth and understanding which passed between them. But it was gone in an instant, and the girl was speaking with all the sweet gravity which the situation called for.

"If you are able to drive just one short mile farther, Mrs. Ladbroke, I am sure we can find you what you need." She turned to Mr. Ladbroke, senior. "Do you think she could drive on for a very few minutes, or shall we send for a physician first?"

The invalid had shaken her head, but her husband said quite confidently, "I think she could get a bit farther, if she knew she could find a good place. It's the fear that she can't that's upsetting her now, according to my belief."

"Then if you will all get in and drive on, we'll lead the way—if you will trust us," said Gordon Chester. And in spite of the dust coat and the shapeless cloth hat he wore I even then observed a curious, subtle change in his manner. He looked at Mr. Ladbroke.

"Of course," said that gentleman, with some hesitation, "if you happen to know of a first-class hotel, though, naturally, coming from Colorado, I don't suppose you're very familiar. But—*any port in a storm.*"

Chester smiled. "Any port in a storm," he agreed. "Come, Kathleen—unless you can be of service in Mrs. Ladbroke's car."

But again there came a faint but serviceable objection from the pallid sufferer in the gray cushions, and Miss Chester climbed in beside her brother. There was an exquisite flush now upon her dusky cheeks, and she did not so much as glance at Fairfax Ladbroke, though he did his best to help her in and said to her in a distinctly audible voice:

"This is awfully kind of you, whatever it is you're doing for us. It's mighty lucky for us you-all know of a place, in this forsaken country [CONTINUED ON PAGE 41]

I saw young Ladbrook's eyes light up . . . In a moment the Chesters were with us at the door of the gray car, their faces full of friendly solicitude

Four Interesting Questions often asked about

Better Films

Answered by HELEN DUEY

NUMBER I

The question of good comedy versus "slap-stick"

I STEPPED into the theatre at a certain big department store the other afternoon. It is largely patronized by young school children. When a feature play with a certain popular comedian was announced on the screen it was evident from the yells and catcalls and whistling and clapping that he is the "favorite star" of the youngsters. Now, I'm not a saint or a prude, but it seems too bad to have children grow up with such an impression of humor, or even nonsense. While some of the actor's work is excruciatingly "funny" to many people, much of it is (with all due regard to his large weekly salary) mere "horse play," and some of it actually coarse and vulgar. The children in the audience, many of them, from eight to ten years of age, seem to prefer these comedies to the beautiful fairy stories. What can be done?

H. H. W., *California.*

CHILD psychologists agree that a child's, and especially a boy's, sense of humor is rudimentary—of the rough-and-tumble variety. It represents a stage of his development that must be reckoned with patiently. The love of slap-stick fun is most evident in the ages between twelve and sixteen. That some grown-ups have retained this childish characteristic is evident on occasions. The popularity of slap-stick comedy runs in cycles. It is about five years since we last had a run of it.

There is at present a noticeable decline in the popularity of the farce comedy. As evidence of this, quite recently an audience of two thousand five hundred viewed rather indifferently one of these slap-stick comedies with a favorite comedian; what laughter there was had a decidedly boyish ring. A few months before the same comedy would probably have rocked the house with laughter. After the novelty wears off people quickly tire of this type of fun.

An analysis of the slap-stick also reveals this curious condition: Some time ago a beautiful theatre, patronized by an audience made of what is considered a very high type of film patron, showed one of these comedies with a favorite comedian. The audience laughed continuously. The following week another comedy of exactly the same type was shown with a less clever comedian. People were cold. They shuffled around in their seats and rattled their programs. The first comedy was funny in spite of the horseplay because the comedian's own funny antics, apart from the other action, carried the picture.

NUMBER II

The question of state censorship

OUR state has recently provided for a commission of censorship for motion pictures. I notice that the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION does not seem to be in favor of this method for improving pictures. Why do you take this attitude? M. L. P., *Kansas.*

THE COMPANION believes such censorship to be an artificial, unfair, and unsatisfactory method of attempting to control the most popular form of entertainment. State censorship is artificial because two to ten people are not physically and mentally capable of viewing twenty-five to thirty films a day six days a week. And, further, because no power on earth can make such a limited number of persons capable of judging for the tastes of several million people.

As an illustration, one film sent into the various provinces of Canada, each of which has its own board of censors, was so variously censored that if all the cuts required by each board had been made *in toto* there would not have been any film left to show.

One single film has been censored in one state because the police officials were said to have been ridiculed, in another because a religious sect was belittled, in the opinion of one censor, and in another because the night life of a city pictured was said to be immoral. Each state passed over the objections of other states.

Investigation shows that censor boards fasten on particular films because they have been brought to their attention. The multitude of smaller or less-known films, some of which are badly in need of trimming, or elimination entirely, are passed in the mechanical working of the board. The insignia "Passed by the State Board of Censors" at the end of a film has no weight with those who have the best interests of the public at heart and who understand the artificial basis of such censorship.

In many places state censorship prevents local censorship, so that a community is compelled to accept the superficial judgment of the state board.

All censorship, federal, state or local, is more or less artificial.

The following are some of the best known methods by which a group or organization of public-spirited citizens can improve the character of films in any locality:

Ask one of your local exhibitors for the use of his theatre for one night, guaranteeing expenses and the usual percentage of profit. With the assistance of the exhibitor make a careful selection of films. The members and friends of the organization should undertake to sell the tickets, advertising well. It will be easy to pack the house with a pleased audience, and a good financial surplus will be left for charity. The local newspaper will gladly open its columns to a free discussion of the pictures exhibited at the local houses. Encourage people locally prominent to tell what pictures they like and why. Don't discuss undesirable films, thus arousing curiosity and giving free advertising.

When you know that a recommended film will be shown in your town, if it has educational value have it announced in your schools, organizations, and so on. If it has only entertainment value, announce it in your social organizations as you would a popular drama like "The Blue Bird," and make up theatre parties to see this particular film.

Wisconsin, Iowa and California have already arranged for circuits to be served with specially selected films. These circuits at present include public schools, colleges, Y. M. C. A.'s and social centers.

ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED

to its readers by the Editors of the Woman's Home Companion

FEATURES

ENOCH ARDEN, Mutual-Masterpiece: A beautiful visualization of the sentimental old story in Tennyson's poem. Delightful by-play and clear photography. Worth seeing more than once.

NIOBE, Famous-Paramount: A pretty comedy picturing the statue of the weeping Niobe come to life. Amusing complications arise. Hazel Dawn is a beautiful Niobe.

HEARTS IN EXILE, World: A thrilling story of Siberian exiles. Some beautiful snow scenes. Clara Kimball Young is the young Russian woman, Hope.

THE COMMUTERS, Kleine: A good comedy based on the play by James Forbes.

THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF, World: An exciting story of the thief who escapes, reëstablishes himself in the world, but goes back to serve his time. The story is well handled.

THE OUTCAST, Mutual-Masterpiece: A splendid production. Mae Marsh portrays most sympathetically the real nature of the outcast. Perhaps the best court-room scenes ever produced on the screen.

WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE, Famous-Paramount: An artistic production in which the characters are very human, especially the three old bachelors. William Elliot makes a lovable, high-spirited boy who takes the wrong road but is jerked back into line in time.

SNOBS, Lasky-Paramount: An interesting ironical comedy drama of high society snobbery, and a milkman who turns out to be a duke.

THE CAPTIVE, Lasky-Paramount: A thrilling story of a Montenegrin peasant girl (played by Blanche Sweet) and a Turkish nobleman, a prisoner. Good emotional acting.

ANNA KARÉNINA, Fox: An artistic picturization of Tolstoy's great novel. Betty Nansen's emotional work is excellent. The theme is carefully handled.

BEULAH, Balboa-Alliance: An interesting development of Augusta Evans's novel, with Henry Walthal as the agnostic doctor who loves his ward.

THE OUTLAW'S REVENGE, Mutual-Masterpiece: A dramatic story said to be based on an incident in the early life of Villa.

MAY BLOSSOMS, Famous-Paramount: A pretty romance of the Civil War period.

THE LILY OF POVERTY FLAT, World-California: Based on Bret Harte's popular story, with Beatriz Michelena in the title rôle.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT, World: An entertaining story based on the theme "Honor thy father and thy mother."

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY, Rolfe-Metro: A romance of the plains based on Clyde Fitch's drama.

THE LONE STAR RUSH, Alliance: A picture of an Australian rush for gold. Full of breezy outdoor excitement.

"O-18" OR A MESSAGE FROM THE SKY, Cosmofotofilm: A clever melodrama based on conditions existing in London in the early part of the war—two German spies and their stenographer, an English spy. Exciting and well-worked-out plot.

CAPTAIN COURTESY, Bosworth-Paramount: A stirring drama of the early California mission days. Dustin Farnum is a dashing hero.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN, Mutual-Masterpiece: A charming version of the old fairy story of the miller's daughter who spun straw into gold.

RECOMMENDED SPECIALS

THE GIRL AND THE BACHELOR, Kalem: A well-acted love story.

WHEN LOVE TOOK WINGS, Keystone: A clever little comedy free from the objectionable slap-stick.

ADAM BEDE, Biograph: A brief picture from George Eliot's novel, telling the story of the unhappy, ambitious Hetty, the faithful Adam, and the selfish Donnithorne.

THE PURSUIT ETERNAL, Imp: An appealing romance of the days when knights were bold.

THE WAR OF THE WILD, Universal: A sensational picture in which trained wild animals play leading rôles.

SHADOWS OF THE HARBOR, Ideal: A well-staged melodrama showing some effective harbor scenes.

QUICKSANDS OF SOCIETY, Biograph: The story of people in moderate circumstances inheriting money and with it unhappiness.

A ROMANCE OF THE NAVY, Lubin: An artistic production with genuine settings and a patriotic atmosphere. A melodrama of unusual merit.

WITH BRIDGES BURNED, Edison: An intensely interesting story of a plucky young couple's struggle against misfortune.

THE WONDERS OF BIRD LIFE, Pathé: A most interesting study of birds. Of special value to children.

NUMBER III

The children and the "questionable" film

I HAVE four boys and one girl. They are crazy about motion pictures, and would spend all of their time at the theatre if I would let them. I have always believed in letting my children learn all they could about the world, but I have tried to back up their knowledge with a well-balanced judgment. We discuss everything together freely. I prefer that they learn the inevitable facts of life from me rather than from the children on the street in our block. But I must say some films are handled so badly morally that I am worried when the children see them. How can I draw the line?

MRS. E. L. W., *Pennsylvania.*

THE mixed program frequently does contain a film not objectionable to grown-ups, but possibly harmful to children. When the program changes every night it is impossible to view the pictures beforehand, so that you must accept what is set before you, whether pleasant or not. This is one of the conditions which lead up to censorship agitation. Film manufacturers and exhibitors are feeling the necessity of informing their patrons of what is coming so the public can select what they wish to see, exactly as they do with the regular theatre. When this comes about, it will help conditions greatly.

Censorship really belongs to parents instead of to paid officers. Parents are too prone to evade responsibility for children's wrongdoing, really due to the lack of home training, and prefer to shift it upon schools, churches, and boards of censorship.

The training you are giving your children should more than balance any harm done by the films. Keep in mind that films are not the only source of contamination. Well bound books may contain more insidiously harmful influences. Undesirable playmates are another uncensored source.

In your case, the best thing to do is to find out what theatre handles, on the whole, the most desirable films, and let the children attend that one exclusively. The problem, after all, comes down to this: it must be made profitable for an exhibitor to show good pictures. From his standpoint it is a business proposition, not a philanthropic institution. Support the good theatre, and encourage your friends to support it. The others, without support, will starve to death or fall into line.

As to the plays suitable for children and at the same time enjoyable, the children's program is the best solution. Why not be the one to initiate this in your community?

NUMBER IV

The children's program and the exhibitor

FOLLOWING the May issue of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION telling about children's programs, a group of interested women approached one of our exhibitors and tried to interest him in a special children's program, but he seems reluctant to try it. Do you think the idea practicable?

A SCHOOL-TEACHER.

IN ORDER to introduce any local innovation in motion pictures you must show the exhibitor that it will pay. He has his expenses to meet—rent, salaries, etc.—and cannot afford to take many chances.

An intelligent exhibitor of a large motion picture and vaudeville house in Brooklyn, New York, attempted to establish a regular children's program. He found the public schools ready to coöperate and patronize when he showed "Julius Cæsar" and "The Lady of the Lake," but on no other occasions. He acknowledged that part of this was due to lack of unusual appeal in the other programs. He maintained that if the schools and public-spirited citizens would help in the selection of the programs, he could meet their requirements. Their coöperation must extend farther than selection, however. It must be a paying one, or the project would fail. When school authorities were asked for coöperation they emphasized their inability to assist any commercial project. This inability had little weight in the case of the two mentioned films. In other words, it seemed to be an arbitrary matter.

Landscape gardening is an outdoor art, which is one reason that it appeals to Miss Grace Tabor

About People

A DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Presenting seven

INTERESTING AMERICANS

who have found in nature opportunity for earnest work or earnest play

Because he knows that birds are friends of man, Mr. Frank M. Chapman is the fast friend of birds

MISS GRACE TABOR, *Garden-Maker*—"Landscape architect" is her professional title, but perhaps her work would be more accurately described as "scenic-gardening." She is an artist who, having given up painting little landscapes on limited stretches of canvas, now employs trees, shrubs, flowers and, as they are needed, stone, wood and iron, to create pictures of a more vigorous order on the backgrounds afforded by the yards of suburban homes or the larger areas of country estates. Miss Tabor's early aspiration was to become a great painter. However, after studying and working a while at the Art Students' League in Buffalo and the school of the same name in New York, she came to the conclusion that her ambition was misplaced, so she turned to landscape architecture as a means of self-expression. At the School of Applied Design for Women she learned enough of the development of architecture, of design and of ornamentation for her purpose. Hard work in an architect's office trained her in the technical preparation of plans. A summer spent observing and studying according to her own notions at the Arnold Arboretum in Boston gave her a practical acquaintance with the various trees and shrubs and their artistic possibilities. Later, as a magazine writer, she visited many gardens, large and small, and described and criticized them; and she also prepared articles giving her own original plans for gardens plotted in accordance with different conditions and limitations. Thus she acquired the special knowledge which she used in practice; first in her own little place on Staten Island, and then in the garden of many clients.

TWO WOMEN CHAMPIONS
In the Field of Sport

SO MANY tennis trophies have been going to California in recent years that it has been suggested that the Golden State should swap names with Tennessee. Last summer Miss Mary K. Browne of California successfully defended her title to the women's national championship in tennis, again winning nearly everything in sight—the singles, the women's doubles with Mrs. Robert Williams, also of California, as a partner, and the mixed doubles with Mr. William T. Tilden, Jr., as a partner. Miss Browne also won the women's Clay Court championship at Cincinnati, defeating in the singles Mrs. Robert Williams with whom she won the championship in the doubles. The principal golf championships, unlike the tennis trophies, do not seem to show a permanent tendency to gravitate toward any one locality, though Boston has been getting a pretty large share. The present holder of the national women's championship in golf is Mrs. H. Jackson of Boston, who won the title last September, at Glen Cove, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK
Coolness and skill in play won Mrs. H. Jackson of Boston the United States women's championship in golf

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK
About all the women's national outdoor tennis championships were won by Miss Mary K. Browne of San Francisco

FRANK M. CHAPMAN, *Bird Lover*—Nearly thirty years ago Mr. Frank M. Chapman took a bird census in the shopping district of New York. On the hats worn by women he was able to identify the remains of one hundred and sixty-three native birds, representing forty species. It is largely because of his subsequent efforts, and of those of others like him, that a similar census to-day would be somewhat less distressing to the friends of native birds. Birds of many sorts abound in the neighborhood of Englewood, New Jersey, where Mr. Chapman was born and where he has always made his home; and he cannot remember the time when he was not a birdologist. Since 1887 he has been connected with the American Museum of Natural History in New York, for the last eighteen years as curator of ornithology, and has made many expeditions in North and South America, studying birds and their geographical and topographical surroundings, always keeping in view the relation of bird life to human life. In this connection he has written: "That science which is sufficient unto itself has no excuse for its existence. If our studies of birds have no bearing on the progress and welfare of mankind they are futile. That they have such a bearing, and in an exceptional degree, we know to be undeniable; it is obviously, therefore, the function of the Museum to demonstrate this connection in such a manner as to render apparent the bird's place in nature and its relation to man." Mr. Chapman has written many works on his specialty, the most popular being, "Bird-Life, a Guide to the Study of Our Common Birds," and is editor of that successful magazine, "Bird Lore," which he founded in 1899.

OUTDOOR PRESIDENTS
Who Golf, Row, and Ride

WASHINGTON, with his splendid horsemanship, exceptional strength and activity and love of outdoor life, set a good example to his successors in office. Athletic games were not highly developed in his day, but there is no more attractive figure in our early history than that of our first President, on foot in the wilderness in his adventurous youth, or in the saddle through all his healthy manhood. The force of custom and, in some cases, military service, made many of our Presidents at least good riders; General Grant, in particular, was a famous horseman. President Wilson is enough of a Virginian to sit a horse creditably, but golf is now his chief form of open-air recreation. Ex-President Taft is likewise a golfer and a horseman, though he is not exactly built for speed. Ex-President Roosevelt is preëminently our sporting President, boxing, wrestling, riding, shooting, rowing, and tennis being among the exercises that have helped to keep him in his habitually superb physical condition.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK
President Woodrow Wilson is the second President of the United States to become a golfer

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK
Rowing at his home on Oyster Bay is about the most peaceful of the many outdoor sports that ex-President Roosevelt has enjoyed in his active life

COPYRIGHT BY HARRIS AND EWING
Horseback riding and golf are the forms of outdoor sport adopted by ex-President Taft

Before a Fall

By

Mary Hastings Bradley

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE BREHM

IT WAS bright California summer. The sky was like broad blue washes of water color, the pasture slopes were khaki-brown. A stream that in spring lapped the meadow grass with brimming edges had now withdrawn to its lowest channel, leaving a trench of sun-baked sides up which the horses scrambled from their water hole. Little Miss St. John, awaiting their reappearance impatiently, did not waste any more time in consideration.

"Oh, it's *that* one," she decided delightedly, and beckoned the two stable men to hurry with her new saddle and silver-plated bridle.

"What is his name?" she demanded, hurrying toward them.

One of the men looked at the black horse and grinned. "Well, he didn't have no tag on when he came to camp, so we just took to calling him whatever comes handiest. Guinney does at times, but—"

"But generally it's Bugs," supplied the other man, leading up the horse.

"Bugs!" The girl's tone was expressive. So was her face. She looked fondly at the black, a tall, clean-limbed creature, with arching neck and flowing mane and tail, and her eyes caught the five-pointed patch of white on his forehead. "He's *Star* from now on!"

From the back of his own bay mare Jimmie Nesbit had been eyeing these proceedings with a disgust that now spoke its own mind.

"Star!" he ejaculated, even as she had echoed "Bugs!" "Perhaps he'd star in a *parade;* but I thought you wanted this horse for real work."

The leading lady gave her self-appointed companion and monitor a startled glance, but did not reply.

"You've taken him because he looks like a rocking-horse," the young man continued aggressively, "without an eye for the things that count. Watch him now."

He gestured condemningly. "Watch the way his ears go back and that hind foot comes up!"

"I like spirit," said the girl, with evidence of her own.

"That's not spirit, that's spite." Jimmie was on his own ground here; he did not pick his way. "When you choose a horse on which you are about to risk your neck you want to choose one that has a responsible feeling for that neck. Now that beast—didn't you see the crazy way he crowded out the corral gate, jamming the colts and striking out at the gray? He was panicky, and for no reason at all. He hasn't good sense. He's unreliable. He'd buck on a trail. You take my advice and ride that big bay over there. His neck doesn't arch so much, but he's a plucky, steady-eyed friend in need."

"I don't want a friend in need!" the girl said, waving at the other members of the company hurrying across the pasture to choose their mounts. "I want a riding horse."

"You mean you want a black beauty," said the young man, with an accent perilously affronting to the young lady's sensitive soul.

"Now, what do you know about horses, anyway?" she flung out, her light and airy insouciance implying that, not having known much of anything about other things, this display of particular authority was a trifle ludicrous.

Jimmie Nesbit, remembering past mishaps, felt a warm color rising up in his lean and freckled young face.

"Horses are what I do know about," he maintained doggedly. "You forget that I was brought up in the West."

"And I suppose your stable men told you that you knew it all, Mr. Millionaire Kid!" she mocked.

The feeling of warmth deepened perceptibly and its area increased. He was red from the roots of his chestnut hair to the muscles of his sinewy throat. Hastily he glanced about.

"Great Cæsar, don't let *that* out! That—that's not playing the game according to Hoyle."

"Then there *would* be headlines!" She laughed impishly at his alarm. She was a slim, fairy-proportioned little person of a diabolical prettiness. At least that was what Jimmie Nesbit thought about it at times, those times when he permitted himself candidly to survey the whirligig of his adventures in her train. Hers was a radiant loveliness that all the exuberance of adjectives could not picture. Her hair was captive sunshine. Her cheeks were pink Killarneys. Her lips were Jacqueminots. Her eyes were dancing springs of gray-gold water. She was perfect—Jimmie Nesbit thought.

And none of these things would have been of the least use to her before the coldly delineating camera if it had not been for a bewitching loveliness of line that made her images flit across the film in fascinating expressiveness.

The men had brought up her horse, a handsome, restive creature, tossing a nervous head, and she hurried to him, disregarding Jimmie Nesbit's quick descent for her assistance.

"No help needed, Star and I are friends at once," she boasted, and catching hold of the Mexican pommel she vaulted into the saddle as nimbly as a boy, in her short riding skirt.

Gathering up the reins she settled herself comfortably, a khaki-clad figure, with a flowing tie at her open throat, and a soft felt hat turned back from her pretty face—the Outlaw's Daughter, ready for the day's work of desperate daring before the camera.

"He has a lovely gait!" she called back triumphantly as she started across the pasture to the road, and Jimmie remounted and rode quickly after her, conscious of the amused eyes of the company upon his retreating back. His presence in all possible vicinities of the leading lady had not been lost upon the others.

It was not often that luck brought him any such chance as this ride alone with her down the road to the woods where the pictures were to be taken, but he felt a sulkiness in ill accord with the opportunity of his companionship and the loveliness of the day. She was galloping on ahead without a backward look, and he made no effort to bridge the distance and capture that privilege, rare even in the association of their work together, of a tête-à-tête with her, but reined his disgusted mare back out of the dust of those flying hoofs.

His masculine vanity had become a sulking Achilles in its tent. It was not that he had really expected to make her forswear her sudden allegiance to her black mount, but her manner rankled. The airy way she took his utter nothingness for granted! She held him cheaply because he had held himself cheaply, he thought grimly—following her like a hypnotized young fool from one end of the continent to the other!

"Goat!" he addressed himself coarsely. It was not a choice form of monologue, but it revealed his feeling.

His joining the company had been a piece of sheer boyish impulse, mischievously resolved, to thrust the scorned delights of his acquaintanceship upon her. His staying on had been perhaps a curious mingling of the glamour of her eyes and a gritty, obstinate resolve to make good in a field where he had begun by making several kinds of fool of himself. The business of being an actor, even a lowly, among-those-present, follow-the-leader actor, had not been as simple as his untutored mind had thought.

When the company, after his first three weeks with it in the East, had been sent to join the Western camp, Jimmie Nesbit had gone with it, partly that he might see his adventure to some sort of conclusion and partly because he told himself that he wanted to go West anyway, and partly and principally because little Miss St. John had so clearly expected him not to.

But, once in the West, once settled as a routine member of the company, he had not distinguished himself by that brilliance with which he had expected to dazzle her. True, he ceased to leap inopportunely into the picture, and he learned to control his too responsive facial muscles, but he had not seemed to appeal to the general director as an heroic opportunity. He continued to be cast for farm hands and tramps and unimportant sons, and his slightly outstanding ears and his freckles, gruesomely augmented with grease paint, became more a characteristic of his rôles than manly presence.

Nor were his ideas, most earnestly conceived, as to the grouping and arrangement and playing of the scenes, accorded anything but a harshly jocular admonition to "dry up." This was his first riding part, and he had reveled in the prospect. He could ride, anyway. That was about all he had done in those years of his delicate boyhood in the mountains, at his father's expensive stock farm. To that Montana ranch he had sent for his own horse, and the company accepted casually his explanation of having "worked" on a Western ranch and owned this horse before he came East.

Jimmie Nesbit was no unusual name, and it would have taken a more sensational imagination and a deeper interest in him than any member of the company possessed to connect this humble and inconspicuous fellow worker with the Millionaire Kid whose vast inheritance had made him a momentary victim of the headlines.

His bankers and lawyers believed him to be camping incognito somewhere in California to escape the unwelcome publicity, and so did his friends, of whom there were not many, for he had not chummed intimately with those sterling companions with whom his busy absent father had safeguarded his lonely youth. He believed himself to be sowing some innocent wild oats by way of celebration of his independence. Now his crop appeared to him as sour grapes.

The road made a sharp bend. Turning the corner a few minutes after Miss Juliet St. John it gave him a sardonic pleasure to observe that her mount was acting foolishly before a motor, and a motor that was stationary, at that, while the chauffeur had descended to retrieve some article belonging to the two ladies in the car.

The sound of the engine appeared to have thrown Star into an infantile panic. Balking absurdly, with rolling eyes and snorting nostrils, he rocketed about in front of the car, raising an enveloping pillar of cloud dust sufficient to convoy any number of Israelites to their Promised Land. It was not a dangerous moment and Jimmie enjoyed it derisively, reining in his own horse to watch the girl struggle with her notional beast. Then, with a sudden sharp cut of the whip, she brought him past the car and sent him off at a gallop.

The eyes of the young lady in the car had turned from the girl on horseback to the young man who had ridden up after her. The rather striking note of his costume, a pair of flamboyant white sheepskin "chaps," was enough to draw her attention, and her dark eyes dwelt curiously upon his cartridge belt, sagging with a long-handled gun, his rough-and-ready blue flannel shirt, his rolling plainsman's hat.

And then something in that lean freckled face, the blunt jaw, and the shrewd, yet boyishly innocent gray eyes, brought a startled exclamation to her lips. She turned quickly to her mother, whispering. The elder lady's reply was distinct.

"Nonsense, Gwen! He's a motion picture actor!"

Jimmie galloped by without a sidewise look. He remembered them with horrible distinctness. . . . Two months away in time and four thousand miles in space, upon an Eastern shore beside an Eastern lake, he and Gwendolin High had sat out two dances beside the rippling waters.

It had been time fraught with danger. Returning to the dance she had turned her foot. He remembered her soft weight on his arm, her clinging hands, her upturned face, and he remembered, with a sudden weak duplicate of its chill, the coldness of terror which had seized him. For he was a susceptible youth, and of *la femme* he knew no more than lay between the covers of his books.

But not for him were random and light-hearted explorations of the exciting mystery. He was a gilded youth, the horrible Millionaire Kid of the headlines, and these charming girls were not there to let opportunity slip through their delicate hands. One false step—and he was done for. His freedom was gone. One word—one indiscretion—

So he had fled, fled from Gwen of the dark eyes and the clinging hands—and the frail ankles.

It occurred to him sourly that he had fled from the frying pan into the fire. Not that Miss Juliet St. John regarded him as opportunity, her drawing power had been that she didn't, but his vanity was smarting from the pricks of his present situation and the scorn of his elusive lady of the chase.

A motion picture actor! "Yes, and a bum one, too." he soliloquized bitterly. In his present mood it was soothing to remember the past devotion of a girl like Gwendolin High.

Another turn in the road had brought them to the forest, and a rougher road, crossing the main high-

The "MILLIONAIRE KID" *and the* GIRL *do another thrilling movie act that was not included in the author's original scenario*

way, led through the woods over the crest of a hill down to the river. In these woods many of the pictures were to be taken, and at an old dilapidated building at their left the camera men and director were already arranging scenes while waiting for the rest of the company.

"The Outlaw's Daughter" was strung upon a simple thread. One blood-curdling escape succeeded another. Many of the earlier adventures had already been filmed; now the situation had reached the point where the outlaw's hiding place in an old mill has been discovered by the sheriff, who with his fearless posse is about to descend upon the outlaw and his band. The outlaw's daughter—not known to be such by her sweetheart, one of the sheriff's band, played, alas! not by Jimmie Nesbit but by the highly salaried and finely featured leading man, Brett Granger—learns through this sweetheart of the plan; and the devoted girl, by reckless riding and swimming a river on her brave steed, reaches the old mill in time to warn them.

The scenes of the sheriff's departure had been filmed the day before in the streets of the little city of the Players' Company. The morning's work began with a scene between the two lovers, played in the wood at the trysting place of this dilapidated building. All went smoothly: Brett Granger, the stern defender of law and order, rode swiftly off to join his sheriff, and his sweetheart, exhibiting to the camera the agonizing fear for her father which she had been repressing before him, rushes to her horse, clasps her hands against him as if in prayer, then mounts and gallops off.

There followed wild scenes along the road—alternate races of the girl and the sheriff's band. At one time she hides in the bushes while the posse sweeps by. Then she turns into a short cut, and abandoning her efforts to make the ford she gallops toward the river.

It was a fine road for the scene, and the leading lady made a gallant picture as she appeared over the crest of the hill, her black horse galloping, her hat gone, her childish curls flying in the wind. For a moment she was sharp against the sky, then she came dashing down, ready for the plunge into the foaming river.

But, just at the brink, her horse refused that plunge. He swerved blindly and veered into a thicket, floundering desperately until the girl brought him out upon the path again.

That scene was spoiled. Several yards of celluloid were wasted, together with one successful dash down the hill.

Miss St. John called out to the camera man and he called out to her, and resolutely she started back up the hill again, patting her refractory horse and explaining to him that other and finer things were expected of his courage. Jimmie Nesbit's point of observation was from behind the bushes at the very brink of road and river where the horse was to enter the water. With anxious interest he peered out at her as she reappeared, taking the road more slowly this time and encouraging her horse with a murmur of speech. But at the river's edge he refused the water again, tossing his head against the tightened rein, and danced up and down in one spot at the touch of the whip.

"Coax him in anyhow—we'll get the best picture we can," shouted the camera man from the other side.

Desperately Miss St. John coaxed. A distended nostril was as much as Star permitted to approach that water.

"No! You shall have a real picture!" the girl called back with sudden decisiveness, and wheeled her horse again, settling herself firmly in the saddle. From behind his bushes Jimmie raised his voice in unsolicited advice.

"Don't rein him in like that at the edge—give him his head as for a jump. But don't 'lift' him. And don't come down too fast. Try—"

But Miss St. John did not pause for his suggestions. She trotted sharply up the hill, her pretty face set in tense resolve. And as for not coming down that hill too fast—she came like a runaway train.

It was evidently her notion not to give Star pause for reflection. His own velocity was to carry him into the water. Down she came, fast, faster, riding with a wild disregard for her mount's knees or her own neck. It was a beautifully suicidal piece of work. And at the bottom she plied her whip recklessly, but, when it seemed that one more bound would take them straight into the current, Star stiffened and stopped, half sliding, and then reared straight up into the air, so straight that it seemed as if he would topple over backward upon his rider.

For one breathless moment he balanced there, his forefeet pawing the air, while the blood seemed to freeze about Jimmie Nesbit's heart and the chill gooseflesh of terror rose upon him. Then down came Star with a jarring crack upon the earth, instead of in that frightening water, whirled madly about and bolted up the road.

That clinging figure upon his back looked a mere trifle to be tossed to right or left at each leap.

Some company members watching behind the camera man started for their horses, but Jimmie shouted, "No stern chase!" with sudden authority, and made for his own horse, left just back of him in the field that paralleled the road. Fearing to alarm the panic-stricken black by direct pursuit he kept Cheyenne to the field, over rocks and stumps and treacherous tangled grass, making for the main highway into which the river road turned at the top of the hill.

There were some villainous jumps and your true Western horse hates jumps. Cheyenne did not rise over bushes like a Kentucky thoroughbred, ears forward, shoulders lifted, launched lightly and confidently through the air: she went over things in convulsive bounds like a jack-rabbit, but she went over them. Eyes bulging, ears laid back, she took her hazards gamely, gathering up her wiry legs like springs. And with one last frantic effort she was over the last of the undergrowth and out upon the main highway.

Jimmie's hope of intercepting the black at the cross-roads was gone. Star had been there before him, and now he saw the big horse tearing straight on ahead, and then he saw something else that brought his heart into his throat.

Straight down the road toward them a motor was tearing—no mere stationary car, but a chugging, whirling monster of dust, with an imbecile at the wheel, who began sounding a horn. Perhaps he did not know a runaway horse when he saw one. Perhaps he thought that runaway horses stopped at horns.

In one corner of his mind Jimmie found space for the program of things that he would come back and do to that driver when he had taken care of Star. One of the things was to feed him that horn, the more forcibly the better.

Star was all over the road now, frantic with fear, rearing and plunging. Jimmie saw that the girl on his back was no longer riding the horse; she was scarcely riding the saddle. Both hands were gripping the pommel, and the reins were dangling slackly from them; one stirrup was lost. It seemed to Jimmie that the next leap would send her down into the dust under those trampling hoofs.

He had touched Cheyenne, and the bay mare was letting out a burst of speed that annihilated like magic the distance between her and the black, but this rush of pursuit came to Star as a new and altogether overmastering danger. Forgetting the motor, still oncoming, the black raced off toward it, utterly blind and witless with panic.

After him went Jimmie, his right arm busy with the coil of rope which had been adding local color to his saddle, a coil in whose art his boyhood had trained him well. There were but scant seconds in which to uncoil it, to shake out a noose and swing it about his head, but his fingers did not fumble. The other horse met the motor and reared again just as there was a singing, speeding streak of lightning through the air, and then a circle that descended. . . .

He had been afraid that the shock might unseat the girl, but she clung tight as her horse was roped, choked and dumbfounded. The motor car came to a belated stop.

With all four legs sturdily planted Cheyenne was pulling in true cow-pony style; but her master did a thing surprising in her history of cayuse-roping. There was no throwing, no tying. Instead, after that long pull which successfully winded the victim, there was a sudden dash up to the bewildered black and a grip on his bridle. And then, with a heavy hand, Jimmie led the breathless horse by the motor and down the road.

The girl's breath was coming in quick, distressing gasps. She turned to Jimmie a face chalky white under the dull film of dust, and her eyes were gray as agates with purple flecks in them. She said not a word.

"Do you want to get off?" he asked gently.

She shook her head, fighting for steady breath.

"You'd better get down while I cinch your saddle."

She slipped silently to the ground, and he dismounted, and after stroking the quivery Star began tightening the loosened leathers. Just a moment more and that saddle would have swung over.

Then, still in silence, he helped her back into it. She drove her feet into the stirrups, cowboy fashion, and gripped the reins. Her knees were pressed tensely against the black's heaving sides. Her lips were quivering in the reaction of her nerves, but she set them stiffly.

She said, very quietly, "This horse is registered in all those pictures, Jimmie. How can I make him take to that water?"

She had not called him Jimmie before. She did not seem conscious that she had called him Jimmie, now. Perhaps it fell the more gratefully upon his ears because of its unconsidered simplicity. . . . A small thing? Very.

But he straightway forgot that she had been a flouting bit of mockery. He forgot that he had held her a willful, reckless, pig-headed scorner of his advice. He forgot that Gwendolin High had soft dark eyes that dwelt delightfully upon him. He forgot the rankling sting of Mrs. High's, "A motion picture actor!" He forgot, even, that this girl had a roseleaf skin and Lorelei hair. He saw only a grimy little face, overlaid with dust, turned to him in touchingly plucky appeal.

Very matter-of-factly he heard himself answering that [CONTINUED ON PAGE 39]

Whisper it:—*"There is many and many a woman who would love her husband if it were not for his conversation"*

Oratory in the Home

An amusing thesis on the Average Husband and his Habit of Speechifying

By MARY HEATON VORSE

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

THIS modest paper pretends to be nothing more than a warning. It is along the familiar lines of many another warning which reads: When women compete in the world with men they lose their charm, their womanliness, and their love of children.

My thesis differs in that it doesn't seem to me that women stand in danger of losing any of their essential qualities as they enter more and more into the nation's life; but, participating in men's public activities, they stand in danger of contracting a vice from which they have up to this time been free. I mean the vice of oratory. We are so accustomed to a man's getting up and advocating the passage of a law, or urging people to vote for a candidate in an unnatural voice reserved for oratorical utterances alone, that we are unaware of how thoroughly absurd is the platform affectation. We are so used to the bombast in which plain and sensible men clothe their thoughts on such occasions that we accept the perfervid, oratorical vocabulary as a matter of course.

The oddity of two men rising in a public tribunal, one to defend a fellow being from a crime and one to accuse him of it, and both using an unnatural vocabulary, simulating emotions that they do not feel, arouses in us no astonishment. We are used to it: orators stand in our pulpits; we cannot escape them at dinners, whether they be to celebrate the coming together of the alumni of a college or an association of salesmen; wherever a dozen men gather together for a meal oratory is in order—oratory pompous, bombastic, and infinitely depressing to the blithe of heart.

The orator must be sententious: he must deal in wide generalities, in plausible platitudes; he has always had a form of speech all his own. The limitations of the medium are so many that only the very greatest of humankind have ever achieved great oratory. Yet the desire for oratory is so keen in the male heart that men dabble in its various forms continually. It is the men who have always been preachers; and political oratory with all its wild extravagances is the invention of men—from the hysterical, great convention to the impassionate shriekings from barrel tops and cart tails; and that most dismal of all amusements, just mention the after-dinner speech, men endured that.

The after-dinner speech in its various forms is an incredible custom, only possible because each man is willing to endure what he may have to from the others that he, in his turn, may rise up and with expanded chest formulate a series of commonplaces that kill all human thought. No company of women who followed their own intellectual instincts would submit to being bored for the sake of a few moments of unchecked didactic speech.

Here we come to the menace which confronts us. It would not be very important whether we take to after-dinner speaking or not, or to the peculiar oratorical voice with its hyperbolical vocabulary, if we did not bring this further than the platform; but this is difficult. The habit of thinking in smooth, sententious phrases and talking in second-hand generalities affects the mind. The man who is oratorical-minded only too often becomes in the home that terrible thing, a sententious instructor and destroyer of conversation and discourager of spontaneity, and this is what women should guard against. There is an insidious poison in the love of oratory which saturates many men's whole spirits; and the home, as Chesterton points out, being a wild, free place, a man can there indulge himself in this vice unchecked.

What I mean can be well illustrated by taking the case of my cousin Elizabeth Saunders, whom I often visit in the summer. The conversation which occurs at table is often a good deal like this:

"When I went up the back lane to see if I could get an extra dozen of eggs from Mary Dyer for my pudding, who should I see but Jennie Colton and Arthur Lanthorne, talking up there by the back fence, and you know well enough that the Lanthornes and the Coltons haven't been on speaking terms. Oh, there'll be a fine to-do if those young people fall in love with each other! The Lanthornes and Coltons have been on such bad terms ever since they had the falling out at the church raffle that the Coltons planted out the Lanthornes' and they planted out their own view at the same time, but Mrs. Colton said she would rather have no view at all than always be reminded of disagreeable things. Mary says Mrs. Lanthorne keeps burning bones in her kitchen stove for spite, but I know that's nonsense, Mary Colton has got morbid on the subject." About this time John will remark:

"Women are such gossips. You can be sure what with you and the others that will have seen them, the Lanthornes and Coltons will know all about it before night."

The next paragraph should be a monologue by John on the gossiping tendencies of women. Our interest in the Lanthorne-Colton feud drops and withers by the wayside. Directly Elizabeth's spirit revives sufficiently to say:

"A perfectly awful thing has happened since last summer. You know Rev. Mr. Whitby? Well, poor man, he isn't very clever. Oh, yes, you remember Mr. Whitby! Why, my dear, he's the one who moves his head like this when he walks." (Impersonation by Elizabeth of Mr. Whitby that brings him back to my mind exactly.) "Well, who do you suppose had the heart to send him an anonymous post card, which, of course, was read at the post-office, telling him that the parish was tired of his sermons? Of course, he resigned. It's true, there's been a strong feeling against him for some years, but still I've always said this is no way to treat a minister!" At this point John breaks in with an eloquent speech on the meannesses of human nature.

Enter the home and you find him dealing out sententious comment, instructing, lecturing

Now, in any given forty-eight hours, what I could get from the Saunderses would be this: I will have from Elizabeth a sort of *comédie humaine* of the whole town of Worthington. Before my eyes will pass the silhouettes of a score of men and women, their history, their aspirations, their meannesses, their high courage, their self-abnegation, their griefs, their sorrows. John in the meantime will contribute several anecdotes that he has read in the newspapers, homilies on the meanness of men, the impudence of children, the ingratitude of sons, the gossiping qualities of women. If the high cost of living comes up, Elizabeth will tell you about it in this way:

"Well," I said to the butcher, "Mr. Jones, I'm going to live on *beans*."

"'I don't blame you,' said he. 'I wouldn't buy a leg of lamb myself, not while prices are what they are.'"

John will moralize lengthily on this subject.

On the one hand you get your philosophy as a live and vibrating thing, taken out of human speech and human experiences, and, on the other, you get it trussed up in tiresome phrases. And this difference is one which is to be found in almost all average families. Women gossip, which is another way of saying that they take an interest in life and character and personalities.

At least, simple women do—the common run of the women of the plain people. So do the women of European origin. They gossip so well, their words are so trenchant, they so often find the perfect phrase, that there have been great playwrights who, to get living speech, have gone eaves-dropping at the door of a cabin full of Irish peasants. It is said that even their men are capable of this plastic and vital talk.

This is also true of women at the extreme opposite end of the social scale. I have known one or two women of European countries, of the kind entitled to be called great ladies, and, while their gossip was of the world-wide kind that dealt with politics and movements in art and literature as well as the personalities of the people making these movements, these subjects became fluid and alive. They had sacrificed none of the first-hand observation of the woman of the people.

I do not deny that certain small groups of men here and there have excelled in the art of conversation, but they were not average men and they were not oratorically-minded, as is the average man in this country. The average woman approaches people and events without any preconceived ideas, making them seem alive and enlivening them with happy phrases, and often illuminating what she says with a deep mimicry.

Especially is the average wife a better gossip than the average husband. A terrible blight falls over the average male in the bosom of his family. Outside, in the club, he may be a charming talker, and the orator in him who uses symbols for thought temporarily dies. But enter the home, and you find him dealing out sententious comment, instructing, lecturing, striving to mold the joyous and new-minted individualities of his sons and daughters into heaven-knows-what forlorn and conventionalized image of what a boy and girl ought to be. This passion for instructing, by the average husband, is what causes the bird of joy to depart in thousands of homes as well as in that of my cousin Elizabeth's.

It is evidently the duty, as well as the policy, of all in the household to listen. Perhaps the first duty of a wife is to take her husband seriously. The wise woman realizes that since her husband has probably come to stay, his peculiarities have come with him, and as long as his love for instructing his wife and children continues she had better stifle any desire for flippancy.

Here is the real reason that people have for saying that women have no sense of humor. As long as the husband is sententious, a sense of humor in the home would be as dangerous as dynamite. There are many young girls who start out well-equipped in this respect, but marriage changes all that. Blasphemous laughter, which shows disrespect for a man's opinion, kills his self-respect and his love for his wife at one and the same instant, just as one ribald laugh would wilt the floweriest alumni after-dinner speaker. While tears and anger in a wife prove the husband's superiority and importance, it is laughter that is absolutely fatal to both.

The home is the only place a man can enjoy that gratifying feeling of superiority which the platform speaker has over his audience, if that happens to be his taste; and a wife's laughter, however kindly, and her little joke at his expense, however affectionate or sprightly, is the deadly enemy of this superiority. Only equals may laugh at each other.

Show me a house where a wife freely chaffs her husband, and I will show you a truly delightful man. For what a dreary person it is whose dignity one can wound with a little laugh! How sad, the purse of whose sympathies is so meager that he does not like to stand a joke at his own expense! And yet here is the failure of many a husband. Neither drunkenness, nor brutality, nor any of the crimes which books tell us of, mar their homes. Not a breath of tragedy blows its strengthening wind through the air of these drab-colored households. It is the slow death of any spontaneous self-expression that has been silently accomplished there day by day. There is many and many a woman who would love her husband if it were not for his conversation.

It is the sententiousness of the male that makes children leave home and that kills wives. Indeed, the husband and father is rare who never offends this way, for the orator is latent in almost every man, and marriage and fatherhood is apparently the acid which develops in the negative of his character. There is nothing over which a man may not be sententious, just as there is nothing over which a man cannot make a speech. He can be sententious over a meal being late; over the fact that he is the family's bread winner; over the fact that his wife is younger than himself or that she is older; over the illness of his offspring, or on their health.

There is more than one mother who has had her pleasure in her children dimmed by the homilies she has listened to on the sacredness of motherhood, on the education of the young, or on the treatment of infantile diseases. Many and many a sensitive child has succumbed to spiritual dumbness because his attempts at being articulate were met by some destructive maxim. Yet I must also point out that it is not the talkative man, by any means, who is the only offender in dimming the spontaneity of the home. There is a wordy silence worse than words, and it is very often your usually silent husband who pops out at you with his destructive precept, his careful platitude.

We women have many shortcomings; our husbands surpass us in many ways. But let us do ourselves justice in our natural state. We are spontaneous, and as a sex we have not had, either at home or in public life, the itch for oratory nor any of the faults of the orator, and it is to be hoped that as women participate in public life they will continue to bring to it their first-hand viewpoint, as they have shown a tendency to do, and that, above all, they will continue to gossip joyously among themselves and that they will, as much as is in their power, keep the home free from the blight of oratory.

Many and many a sensitive child has succumbed to spiritual dumbness because his attempts at being articulate were met by some destructive maxim

Phyllis (longingly): *"If some one left us a legacy—"*

Paul (eagerly): *"We'd be married next Monday and—"*

Both: *"Go on a trip to Rome!"*

And so in London rain and fog they played the game of

"Let's Pretend"

The Magical Trip to Rome

By OWEN OLIVER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McCAIG

IT WAS an April Saturday afternoon and raining heavily. Paul Wood shook the rain from his hat and waterproof when he reached the railway station, where he waited for Phyllis Read Saturday afternoons and five evenings a week. He shook her umbrella for her when she arrived and stroked the wet from her coat with his hand. Afterward he wiped it dry with his handkerchief.

"If only one of us had a home to go to," he lamented, "or any place where we could be by ourselves, the confounded rain wouldn't matter much."

"Well," she proposed brightly, "we can go to the Museum. It's quiet there."

"And free!" he remarked gloomily.

"Two sixpences saved," she commented, glancing at him with a mischievous little smile.

"For our house," he said; and then he smiled at her.

She put her little bag and handkerchief in his pocket, having none of her own, and tucked her arm in his, and they went off to the Science and Art Museum by rail and subway, deposited their wet coats and her umbrella, saved another sixpence by dispensing with a catalogue and wandered through the quieter courts arm in arm. They took more notice of each other than of the exhibits, though Phyllis grew animated over some old laces and a room of antique furniture, which "would do nicely for us, Paul boy!" They lingered some minutes between tall stands of old missals, to snatch a kiss. Presently they found a seat in an alcove in a deserted room. The seat provided for at least six occupants, but they squeezed close together in the space for a person and a half.

"It's almost as good as the country," she observed cheerfully.

"It isn't like a place of your own," he said mournfully. "If your people or mine lived in town we could go to them, and—"

"And be with each other," she interrupted. "Well, boy, we are!"

"That's the great thing, of course," he agreed. "It's splendid being with you, Phil, only— You don't know what I'd do for you if I weren't poor."

"Don't I, boy? I think I do! But you shall tell me." She squeezed his arm. "Suppose you had a great big legacy? What would you do?"

"Marry you to-morrow!" he asserted emphatically.

"To-morrow year!" she teased. "Oh, what a face, Mr. Grievous! To-morrow month then? I'd have to get ready, you know. . . . Will to-morrow week do?"

"Would you, Phil?"

"I suspect I would. Someone will see! There! Now be sensible."

"We only want a few hundreds to be perfectly happy," he remarked.

"Even without them we needn't be perfectly miserable," she philosophized. "Let's play that the legacy has come and plan out what we're going to do with it."

"You dear kid!" He gave her hand a squeeze. "All right. We're going to be married next Monday week. Where shall we go for the honeymoon?"

"Where would you like, Paul dear?"

"Wherever you wanted to go. I'd get my fun out of watching you enjoy things. You pretty kid!"

"I wish I were!"

"I've often told you—"

"Yes, yes, I know. You think I am. That's as good as if I were! It wouldn't really matter where we went, except—I think our love is worth just the best background."

They forgot the question of background for a time. Then Phyllis said, "Just look at my hair!" and put her hat straight.

"What's the biggest background, Paul boy?" she inquired with a hatpin in her mouth. "I know! We'll go to the great, great city. To Rome!"

"To Rome!" he echoed enthusiastically; but in a few moments he sighed. "We never shall," he declared.

"Oh, boy!" she protested. "You're not playing properly. We're pretending that you've got the legacy; or I have. It wouldn't matter which."

"Wouldn't it?"

"Of course not! Now play, like a nice, cheerful boy. The legacy came to you this morning—I'll let you be the one to have it—and we're going to be married someday." She looked at him mischievously, with her head tilted a little forward. It was a way of hers.

"Next week," he interposed hastily.

"Monday week, sir! We have decided that Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wood—doesn't it sound funny?—will have a little trip to Rome. You've brought a time-table and a guidebook and a map, to plan out the trip. You know that's just what you'd do! You'd have made up your mind about everything, so I should only have to say, 'Yes, Paul,' and 'No, Paul,' and, 'Which do you think best, Paul?' Now *you* play. . . ."

"Well, I think we might stay in Paris for a day or two first. There's a chap at the office who went last year, and he says there's a lot of things to see."

"What sort of things?"

"Well—er—I don't remember at the moment, except that the taxis went to the right instead of to the left. He says he expected a collision every moment. You'd scream and cling to my arm, little, little *bride!*" He whispered the last word.

"Now you're playing nicely! What fun we'd have, trying our French! We'd go and see the—whatever they call the places—and the shops. Oh, Paul! I should tease you for French hats and dresses! Wouldn't it be lovely to be able to buy things without weighing up what else you'll have to go without, if you do?"

"It would be lovely to buy for you, darling! That's what hurts in being poor, that I can't do things for you."

"I know, dear; but you *do*. Lots and lots of things. You take me out and give me chocolates and tea, and make me very happy Paul. . . . We're forgetting to play. We *are* rich, and you *can* buy things for me. Don't forget again! . . . You'd have to hurry me off from Paris before I'd spent all the money. I wouldn't be very extravagant, boy, but I'd have just one French hat and gown. Do you know, I've always wanted to be dressed properly *once* in my life, if I had to live on bread and butter ever afterward! A man can't understand how a woman feels about clothes! You'd buy them for me, wouldn't you?"

"I *would!*"

"I should look so distinguished in them that you'd be quite proud of me."

"I couldn't be prouder of you than I am, kiddie!"

"Couldn't you? Well, I could. Oh, Paul! I hate to be a nobody, and have to be in a show-room and serve a lot of stuck-up fidgety *cats!* Oh, I forgot that we were pretending that I'm a somebody! Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wood will sweep down the grand stairs of their grand hotel in Paris and tip the grand attendants. And where will they go next?"

"Well, I should like to have a long time in Rome."

"So should I then. We'll go straight on to Rome."

"First class! Reserved compartment! Do you know, dear, I've always thought I'd like to see Rome more than any place in the world. If you remember, I told you that— What are you grinning about? . . . Was that why you said Rome?"

"It would be your trip as well as mine, you see. Tell me about Rome. What do you know about it?"

"The head of our establishment goes every year. He has a lot of pictures of Rome in his room, and whenever he gets a new one he talks about it. There's a great column that's called after some emperor. I forget the beggar's name—"

"Romulus?"

"No-o. He wasn't an emperor, only a king, or dictator, or something. I think it must have been consul. They had a lot of funny offices. We'd learn them all out of the guidebook! I looked through his once. There's an enormous monument to one of their kings, Victor Emmanuel—that was the chap's name—a building with a huge gilt statue of him on a horse in front of it. Then there's the Forum, where their senate used to sit out in the open air, and they had triumphs and set up arches; and there's the Coliseum, where the gladiators used to fight."

"And they kept lions there, and fed them with Christians!" the girl contributed.

"Yes. And the beautiful Roman ladies used to sit in rows all round it and look down at the fighting, and hold their thumbs down—well, I think it was 'down'—if chaps who were beaten were to be killed. If we went there, a beautiful lady would look down from the old ruins! . . . What I feel is— As you say, we don't get a proper background for our big love, sweetheart!"

His voice shook with sudden passion, and the girl put her arm gently over his shoulders.

"Never mind the background," she whispered. "We have the foreground, dear old Paul!"

"Phil," he said rather huskily, "you're just an angel!"

"Just an ordinary little fool!" she told him, with smiling lips and wet eyes. "But I'd like to be rather angelic to you! I think I'll try a little harder to be nice. Then perhaps you won't mind so much about the trip to Rome. Oh, I do want it, Paul!"

THE next heavy rain was on a Tuesday evening. Paul had not brought his umbrella or overcoat that morning, and he was distinctly wet when he reached the railway station. His chiefs had been fidgety and the work had been worrying all day, and the damp had turned his headache to neuralgia. Little Phyllis was also wet and very late. An irritating customer had kept her after time, she explained, and she felt "savage."

"Where *can* we go, Paul?" she asked, almost petishly. "The Museum, everything, is shut. There is nowhere out of the rain except places where you pay; and we've no money to waste, goodness knows!"

"I can manage a picture palace," he suggested; but Phyllis did not care for that. She hated pictures, she declared, and they wouldn't be able to talk; and he was wet and ought to go home; and he mustn't waste money, and she wouldn't either, because they had to save for their house, and for "the trip to Rome."

"I've made up my mind to go to Rome," she stated, as if she challenged argument, "and we won't be married till we can."

"That's as good as saying we won't be married at all," he remarked.

"If you call that good," she quibbled captiously.

"You aren't quite yourself to-night, Phil," he suggested.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 51]

"You shall buy a fine new gown and a fine new hat; and I shall be proud of you"

The romantic story of a girl who always spoke the literal truth and, though a great heiress, had not been taught to read or write

Merlin's Necklace

By MARY BRECHT PULVER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"But I'm not usual," she had answered wistfully, "I can't write"

POOR *little Lorna West! Only twenty-one and all her life, so far, spent in central China with her father who taught her that she was beautiful,—which she wasn't,—who wouldn't let her learn to read or write, and who gave her the "Merlin's Necklace" of truth. Now her father is dead and she has come back to civilization, heiress to a great fortune. Her trustee, young Amory, and some old friends of her father, Col. and Mrs. Chance, take her in charge at Marseilles and bring her to New York. They find her naive and sweet, but most embarrassing at times because she is so thoroughly unsophisticated, and she will tell the truth. They are also distressed and worried when she announces that she is engaged to Victor Schlegel, a young German stenographer, at the Canton consulate, though she has seen him only a few times and he is clearly a fortune-hunter. But the Chances cannot convince Lorna of this. She rebels against the conventional falsehoods of her friends.*

"You should have heard *Father* . . . he *loved* the truth so! . . . M-my—f father—"

PART II

Lorna finds it hard to wear the necklace

"NECKLACE? Your necklace?" Mrs. Chance looked at her, puzzled. "We don't understand. What do you mean, Lorna?"

"Haven't you ever heard of Merlin's Necklace? That's what I mean. It's not real, you know. It came out of an old legend." Then, as the two women still looked their bewilderment, "It's a Truth necklace. Long ago, Merlin, who was a conjuror, put it on the neck of a little girl who told lies—and it cured her. For when she lied, it tightened suddenly and choked her; and when she resisted a lie and told the truth it grew long and beautiful. So that everyone knew. Father told me about it when I was tiny. And he told me always to wear it, always to speak the truth. And I've always tried to—to pretend that it was on my throat. Sometimes I can almost feel it. I cannot forget it, and I speak always what I think—what I feel. Father said there were hardly any truthful people in the world, but that I should never forget that I must be one, . . . and not to let others rob me. You should have heard *Father* . . . he *loved* the truth so! . . . M-my—f-father—"

She buried her face in her hands and sobbed quietly. Mrs. Chance went to her and put her arms about her.

"Thank you, dear," she said tenderly, "things are clearer now. I don't know whether we can stand your test. . . . We're not literally truthful. I sometimes think we weren't meant to be. I'm not sure that that *is* truth. It's the spirit that counts, what we stand for. But we're not going to talk it over now. You've had so much sorrow, and you're so tired. You must rest now, only rest. And try to believe that we'll love you and never willingly rob you of any ideal."

The girl clung to her tightly, and let the older woman kiss and comfort her.

"And so, Jim, what are we to do, exactly?" Mrs. Chance asked her husband later. "I've never heard of anything so improbable! Frank West, of all people! With his record!"

"It may have been reaction, Nell, a fantastic kind of atonement when he had brooded on things, or—or a kind of madness, like his teaching her she is beautiful; but it's going to turn out to be a white elephant, I'm afraid."

"She's a nice little thing, not pretty, but likable. Only— She can't go through life this way, Jim. She'll bring down vengeance on her own head."

"Oh—someone will give it to her, an unglossed, fiery truth that will both hurt and cure."

"Not yet. I hope, not yet. She's so ignorant and unprotected. I want to help her for a while. There are things that *will* hurt. If she discovers the truth about herself, . . . and Frank's story."

"They've got to come," sighed the Colonel. "I can take care of Frank's share if you'll look out for the rest."

"We'll do our best," the good lady promised.

The autumn Lorna West came "home" and the big, handsome West Court, closed these twenty-five years, was reopened, brought much food for curiosity to the pretty Long Island town of Eastbury. To the older generation the event brought back much forgotten rumor and gossip concerning the Wests, as well as speculation about this new member of the family. The younger set concerned itself entirely with the latter. Lorna's coming meant an eventual new member for their gay little country club set and a strong possibility for much social enjoyment.

But within a fortnight the breathless young folk had discovered that Lorna West was not like unto any other young person of their ken. The Chances had brought her back and were staying with her, but there was a governess as well, for—"Miss West can neither read nor write, she has to learn how like a child! Fancy! And she's twenty-one." "Miss West's father went quite mad in China and has let her grow up like a savage. She says the most impossible things! She speaks whatever comes into her mind, with horrible candor and no regard *at all* for one's feelings. She's quite impossible!" "Miss West is not pretty—only just average good-looking! But, my dear, I've heard she considers herself *beautiful!* I believe she has said so. . . ."

All of which was both horrifying and fascinating, but the most piquant of all was Lorna's engagement. "Engaged, my dear, think of it, before she ever saw America—to a young German baron she met in China! He was negotiating some loans with the Government, I believe. I don't see how—but, of course, it's the West money. But he writes her *pounds* of letters, I'm told."

This seemed quite true, for Lorna did not wait for the mail to come up to the Court but rode or drove in to the post-office to get it. On these trips she was usually accompanied by her governess, Miss Hyde, or by Mrs. Chance. She was living very quietly, being in mourning. But her days were full of novelty to her. She had an ardent desire to catch up her arrears, and spent her mornings in study. In the afternoons she often rode with Colonel Chance, who had selected a saddle horse for her. She was an apt pupil and enjoyed it, looking like some trim, eager-faced boy in her mannish togs.

Now and then she touched the younger life of Eastbury, passing motors full of light-hearted young people, who hailed the Colonel and candidly stared at her. In due time, of course, she realized, she would meet them all.

"I do so want to know them," she said wistfully, "they look so nice and happy."

The Chances were anxious for her to meet them, though they had misgivings. Some old acquaintances of the Wests had called, and there had been a few introductions to young people. Always there had been sore need of diplomacy.

"But anything to break up her infatuation with that young man out there," as they told young Amory.

The young man "out there" did not give them much chance. He wrote ceaselessly. A steady stream of thick, impassioned epistles continued to travel across the sea. The Chances could only guess their contents. They did not try to force Lorna's confidence, and she never asked their assistance. Undoubtedly, the Colonel reflected, Miss Hyde must be taking the burden of the loathsome correspondence.

But Morton Amory could have enlightened them. He wondered what his friends, what Eastbury would say, if they knew that Miss West's legal adviser and man of affairs was actually reading and writing her love letters. He hardly knew how he got into it. He had been a pitiable weakling, he told himself. He spoke sharply to himself for his lamentable lack of firmness. He said to himself that he positively lacked character.

What neither he nor his world would have guessed was that, like many another tailor-made young American, there was hidden in him a deep fund of knightly chivalry—as tender as ever Round Table Knight boasted—that in his own case was stirred by the injustice of Lorna's situation. There were moments when, as he said, "his blood boiled" to think of Mr. Francis West in the parental relation.

"But you don't expect your counsel to read and write your love letters?" he had asked her.

"But if I can't myself? If Father had lived, he would have done it. He told me once to get any help I needed from my lawyer. Aren't you my lawyer?"

"But it isn't at all usual," he protested feebly, as she pushed paper and pen toward him.

"But I'm not usual," she had answered wistfully, "I can't write," and his pity had swallowed his distaste.

So he had read the first letter to her most uncomfortably, and picked up the pen.

"Well," he said, "what shall I say?"

"Well— You must begin it first? What does one usually say?"

"Oh, I don't believe there's a precedent exactly," he smiled. "Do you care to copy Mr. Schlegel's style?"

"Oh, no, no!" she frowned. "That is for him to use. I couldn't say such things!"

"I might write formally: 'Miss West wishes me to state—'"

"That seems a poor way," she said thoughtfully. "I will tell him you are writing for me, but—it sounds so cool." She paused. "Oh, just—just *begin*," she said. "Go ahead and begin the way people always do, the way you did in the last one *you* wrote."

In the afternoons she often rode with Colonel Chance, who had selected a saddle horse for her. She was an apt pupil and enjoyed it, looking like some trim, eager-faced boy

"What makes you think I write letters like this?" he asked quickly, almost in irritation.

"Well, Mrs. Chance says you are *very* popular with the Eastbury girls. Last winter, she says, she is sure you were in love with Percy—Persis Latham?—a girl here. Are you still in love with her?"

He looked across the table at the small candid face above the schoolgirlish neck frill in mingled amazement and exasperation.

"That's hardly relevant, is it?" he answered. "It doesn't really matter, does it?"

"It does to me," she answered frankly. "I don't know why—but I'd rather you wouldn't be in love with anyone."

"Does it—? You think it might impair my legal ability?" he asked with a touch of irony.

"I don't know why, just now. Do you know?" she interrupted herself absently, "your hands make me think of Father's, they are long and slender as his were. He had beautiful hands. That's the only thing not so nice about Victor, his fingers are so short and thick. What are you writing?"

"I've made a beginning: 'Dear Victor.' How does that strike you. It's very safe and sane."

"It will have to do," she said doubtfully. "The rest should be easy. I haven't much to say."

Amory often smiled afterward to recall that first letter.

DEAR VICTOR [it ran]:

I am very well. Mr. Amory is writing this for me. He is very kind. Your letter was nice. Please write me some more. I love to get letters. I never had them before.

I have very nice friends. I shopped in Paris. Then we sailed on the ship. Colonel Chance met me before that at Marseilles. And Mr. Amory. They are both splendid. I like them. Colonel Chance is old—older than Father, but Mr. Amory is young. I hope you are very well.

LORNA WEST.

P. S. I believe you asked me if I still care for you. I am very fond of you. I often think about you. I shall not forget you. I told you that before.

It isn't necessary for you to ask me so often. L. W.

It came slowly—in halting phrases.

"Do you like it?" she asked. "Does it sound nice? You know I've never written any letters. I sometimes used to wish I knew a girl who would write to me. Girls do, you know. When Mrs. McCabe was young she had a friend who wrote every week. It must be awfully exciting. But this one—is it all right? If you were in love with a girl and she wrote you this, would it please you?"

"I think," Amory had answered diplomatically, "that Mr. Schlegel should be—will be—both delighted and honored. The essential thing is there, you know. In the postscript. After all, that's what counts."

Lorna breathed a sigh of relief.

"That's what I think. There's no need to say things over and over. Victor would not need to. But he does write a beautiful letter. I never heard things that sounded so lovely."

"They sound as if he enjoyed doing them," was Amory's comment.

They did indeed. All through the subsequent weeks, when Amory bore his share of the correspondence heroically, they continued a weltering ocean of impassioned phrasing. Miss West's admirer did not fear "spreading it on too thick," and the presence of a third person seemed only to stimulate him. Once or twice he dropped to a different key, a minor note, referring with vague, half-playful allusion to his impecuniosity, to Lorna's fortunate condition, "where the sordid necessities of the bread-and-butter world never oppressed her." It seemed to touch Lorna; she suggested sending him some money, an offer Amory deflected. But Mr. Schlegel received some very handsome presents, several costly pieces of jewelry, which he referred to lightly as "little bijous forever tender with association." Amory more than half suspected the fate of the "bijous."

He roundly and soundly hated Mr. Schlegel. The man's fervor could never be sincere, and only Lorna's inexperience kept her from understanding. He often speculated as to her feeling for Mr. Schlegel. In spite of her candor and literal honesty, she had made no statement, and her letters were all prim little notes.

He saw a great deal of Lorna. She was his special client, and the estate's business required many personal visits to the Court, where usually, after affairs had been discussed he had tea with Lorna and Mrs. Chance. He liked to be with her then—to tease her about her studies and enjoy her naïve questions. But he liked best the hours when she played for him, repeating unerringly bits of harmony from opera or symphony concert or, most often, her own melodies. Her music always moved Amory, and Lorna realized it. "I love to play for you," she said.

He had never known anyone like Lorna before, and had looked forward at first to every encounter with a certain amused interest; gradually his feelings had changed. In the face of Eastbury's gossip and comment, a fierce instinct for protection had surged up in his heart. He began to look upon her as a special charge, a sort of innocent young sister who must be saved from her own maladroitness.

"Do you know you are a very rude and ill-bred girl?"

One afternoon when he was there, two callers were shown in—Persis Latham and a Mrs. Sally Haynes, a rather vivid and sharp-tongued young widow who was staying in Eastbury.

Persis was a lovely white and pink and gold young person who ravished the hearts of countless young men. She divided her pretty smile now between Morton Amory and Lorna as she greeted the latter. Lorna was frankly fascinated, but her glance changed as she turned to Mrs. Haynes.

"Mrs. Sally" was a person who figuratively "twinkled." She atoned for scanty physical attractions by sensational dressing. Her small dark face was obviously "retouched;" her somewhat angular figure was revealed to its utmost in an eccentric Futurist costume wherein purples and yellows and vivid greens and reds mingled. She cuddled a "Pom" dog under one arm as she greeted Lorna effusively.

"Miss West! So delighted! We've heard so much about you."

"What have you heard?" asked Lorna gravely.

"Oh, lovely things, of course, charming!" She narrowed her eyes and laughed coquettishly. "We're all so delighted to have you with us, you know. Ah, Mr. Amory! . . . I've not seen you for ages. Why do you never come to see me any more? Come and sit beside me now and flirt with me. You do it so nicely. You've been abroad? Shall we flirt in French or German?"

She had turned away almost immediately from Lorna to Amory, but she was recalled by a cool young voice.

"How do you know he wants to flirt with you? Do you think it *nice* to talk to him like that?"

Mrs. Sally turned with lifted eyebrows.

"Oh, la, la," she shrugged, "the candid Miss West! *C'est une originale!* But of course Mr. Amory's dying to flirt—with Persis. And I don't intend he shall. You don't object, Miss West? You sound so—proprietary."

"He's my lawyer," said Lorna, with a slight tremor in her voice.

"That's so conclusive," laughed the other; "we'll not flirt, then. Two lumps for me," she twinkled at Mrs. Chance, "and one for Lolo, *please*. I've had him a week. He's a gem, isn't he?"

She lifted the bushy little dog and kissed it.

"You don't mind my doing *that*, Miss West?" she laughed, as Lorna looked frankly disgusted. "I adore dogs, don't you?"

"I couldn't kiss one," said Lorna coldly.

"No? We've been so busy, Persis and I. I've been to the dressmaker all morning—Madame Cochard, you know. She really does beautifully. So *different!* Thank you!"—as Amory brought her tea. "She always turns one out so perfectly! She built this frock,"—she turned mischievously to Mrs. Chance—"rather stunning, don't you think?"

Kindly Mrs. Chance tried to be polite and evasive with a mere monosyllable, but Lorna eyed the dress judicially.

"*I* think it's a hideous dress," she said bluntly.

"Oh—eh? Really?" Mrs. Sally eyed the girlish simplicity of Lorna's white wool house gown with amusement. "I'm not sure that isn't a compliment. Hideous—but effective! It takes rather a lot of courage to wear such things."

"They shouldn't be worn at all," said Lorna; "or, if they are, not by a person who is so plain."

Genuine color vied with false on Mrs. Sally's cheeks. She drew her breath in sharply.

Mrs. Chance, white-faced and embarrassed, spoke hurriedly, with an imploring glance:

"These are the prize carnations I was speaking of last week. The pink ones are over by the window. . . ."

She led the way to a great marble pedestal where the lovely blooms were arranged. The others followed.

For a minute Lorna and Amory were left by the table.

"Do you know, I'm afraid you did it that time?" The young man was genuinely concerned. "That was a knife-thrust for Mrs. Haynes, and she's the sort that never fails to get even."

"You mean because I said that? Aunt Nell isn't pleased, I can see it."—two spots of color glowed in Lorna's cheek—"but it was true. It *is* an ugly dress,

Lorna eyed the dress judicially. "*I* think it's a hideous dress," she said bluntly

and she *is* plain. . . . Do *you* think I did wrong?"

"Oh, for myself," he shrugged, "I have no love for Mrs. Sally. We're not any of us burdened with it. But it was wrong for you. I'm just wondering what weapons she'll fight with."

Mrs. Chance was concerned on a different score.

"It was dreadful, Lorna. You were her hostess. Think of it—and you insulted her!"

"I didn't *ask* her to come. She came herself. Must I lie to her because she came?"

"There was no need to speak at all. She did not ask you to. Sometimes it is best to be silent, kindest. We must keep our thoughts to ourselves. Would you like someone to say that to you?"

"Oh, but they couldn't. Mrs. Haynes *is* ugly."

"She may not think so. There may be people who even believe her pretty. Beauty is not an arbitrary thing. It's all in the eye of the beholder. It's a matter of taste. We don't admire the same thing—except in a few instances. I'm a plain woman. I've always known it. But it would have *killed* me to have had it said to me when I was young. No woman likes it. Besides, there are people who disagree. Jim has always liked my looks—*immensely*. And things run that way. Only a few people, like Mrs. Ranor and Persis, can be beautiful to everyone."

"Persis? Do you—does everyone consider her beautiful?"

"I never met anyone who did not."

There was a pause, then,

"Aunt Nell,—do you think? . . . Am I as—as nice to look at as Persis?"

Mrs. Chance turned slightly pale at the direct question.

"I— Why—my dear—"

"You don't think so," said Lorna gravely. She was suddenly pale herself. "But other people might think so. Don't you think they might?"

It was the time for a diplomatic but effective disclosure. But Mrs. Chance hesitated. She hesitated a shade too long.

Lorna's eyes were suddenly stricken.

"Aunt Nell,"—her lips could scarcely form the words,—"tell me—would people generally— Am I *beautiful at all?*"

"Oh, Lorna!" The good lady opened her kindly arms to her. Then, as the girl's eyes entreated:

"Not beautiful, dear, perhaps. To me—to those who love you, you're winsome and dear and sweet, but—"

"But not beautiful," Lorna's pale lips faltered the words. "Why—why, I've always thought I was. Father told me so— Oh, since I'm here, sometimes I've been puzzled. Do you know, I never *seemed* beautiful to myself—since I came back—but I thought Father—" her lips quivered—"I thought *he knew*. I *wanted* to be beautiful to him. I was *glad* to be—"

"No doubt you were. He loved you—and he thought you so. He had no thought, perhaps, of judging you by the world's standard. That's what I meant. There will be others to think so, too. You mustn't take it too hard, dear."

"Oh, I w-won't. Not if it's true." She lifted her head proudly. "Only it's so hard to tell—isn't it?—what *is* true. When people think differently but believe *sincerely*, each is right—"

"That's what I mean, Lorna. One person cannot make truth for all. You're trying to hew to the line, and you can't do it, because things are so relative."

The girl was silent a moment,

"Aunt Nell, it *does* hurt—*dreadfully*. N-not for me. I don't care much for myself—but—" She stopped. "I was so used to thinking,—and I suppose it struck Mrs. Haynes that way,—hearing the truth. Oh, I *thought* it did *then* and I didn't care. I detested her, . . . but I didn't realize how much it would hurt. You think she would forgive me if I asked her?"

Privately Mrs. Chance had [CONTINUED ON PAGE 35]

Mrs. Larry's Adventures in Thrift

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

"The housewife's pocketbook can beat its owner at keeping thin."—H. C. OF L. PROVERB NO. 4

THIS IS THE FOURTH PART *of the true story of a woman who wants to get the full value of the effort and money she puts into her household expenditures. So far she has investigated the Housewives League and the Municipal Markets of New York, the Brooklyn Market Club, the Chicago Clean Food Club and the Housewives Coöperative League of Cincinnati. As yet she has not found the method of economy suited to her own particular case. But she is still seeking.*

"Then it is a success, your store and your society? And the women believe in it and support it?"

MR. LARRY lounged in the doorway, watching Mrs. Larry array herself for her next adventure in thrift. Lena, the young maid, similarly occupied, sat on the shirtwaist box, with Larry, Junior, and his wee sister snuggling close.

"The money for the milkman is next to the sugar can," announced Mrs. Larry, settling her hat above anxious brows. "And you may boil rice for the children's luncheon."

"There ain't any, ma'am," answered Lena.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Larry, reaching for her veil. "I didn't have time to go over the groceries yesterday. When you take Baby out, buy a pound package at Graham's."

"Yes'm," murmured Lena. "But he's a robber, Graham is. Our grocer sells two pounds for what Graham charges for one."

"Yes, yes! But that is loose rice. The package is cleaner."

"Then, don't I wash the package rice, ma'am?" persisted Lena.

"Why, of course you do—you wash everything," answered Mrs. Larry, a bit irritably, as she drove a veil pin home. Whereupon Lena, the tactless, pursuing her own line of reasoning, remarked with a mere suggestion of triumph:

"If I gotta wash it anyhow, what's the difference whether it's clean or dirty to start with?"

Mr. Larry suddenly ducked out into the hall. The door bell rang sharply, and Mrs. Larry reached for her gloves:

"There is Mrs. Moore now. One more kiss, dears, and then Mumsie is off."

The babies watched her going with mute disapproval. Lena was all right in her way, especially during the daily outing, but Mumsie was a most wonderful person and greatly to be missed. But then, when one is properly trained, one does not cry; so Mrs. Larry made her departure without the accompaniment of childish wails. Nevertheless, the lines in her brow had deepened, and as Mr. Larry started to open the door for her, she laid a hand on his coat sleeve:

"Larry dear, these investigations of the high cost of living are getting on my nerves. I'm leaving the babies too much with Lena, and I haven't saved a penny yet!"

"The way of the investigator is hard, eh?" murmured Mr. Larry, as he bent for a farewell kiss. "But think what you will save when you have found out the right way! Anyhow, I think it is good for you to go about a bit. You were sticking too close to the house before you started to look for short cuts in economy. Here you are—out of the house and away at eight o'clock."

Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Norton were waiting in the reception hall.

"So you're all off for Montclair, home of the Coöperative Store, the Coöperative Kitchen and the School for Housemaids!" exclaimed Mr. Larry. "May I have the honor of escorting you as far as the Hudson Terminal?"

"Indeed you may!" answered Teresa Moore the audacious. "And you may help on the cause by paying our fares—all of 'em."

"Delighted!" answered Mr. Larry, falling into step. "Especially as I expect these investigations to make a millionaire of me someday."

"You may laugh, but I firmly believe that in coöperation, or, at least, the coöperative store, lies our one sure hope of reducing the cost of living. It works two ways—it actually cuts down the price of foodstuffs, and it teaches the woman thrift through investment in stock. You know this has really been proven."

"No! Where?"

"In England. The International Coöperative Alliance was originally founded to reduce the cost of living for the underpaid working classes. From a sociological and economic experiment it has grown to be the soundest and most democratic organization of its kind in the world, numbering among its shareholders men and women from all walks of society. Before the war broke out, families to the number of two million seven hundred and one thousand were buying their food, clothing and *homes*, through the Alliance. It employed more than eighty-one thousand persons, ran a dozen factories to supply its different stores, and had its own fleet of steamships for transporting the output of its various plants, which included plantations in Brazil and Ceylon. It sold more than half a billion's worth of goods annually on a margin of two per cent. And in 1913, it distributed among its stockholders of coöperative members, profits amounting to eleven million dollars. Think of the war breaking down an economic structure of such magnificent possibilities."

"Perhaps it will survive even war. But I don't know what you mean by its stockholders buying homes through a coöperative store."

"Oh, that is quite simple," explained the enthusiastic Teresa. "A member or stockholder decided that he wished to use his interest or profits to buy a home. When the next dividend was declared, he did not draw out his money. When his dividends had accumulated in the association treasury to the amount of one fifth of the purchase price on the home he desired to own, the association advanced the remaining four fifths, so that he could pay cash for his home. The association was repaid by future dividends. In other words, he could buy a home through the association without loading himself with the usual mortgage and its high rate of interest. The association was safe because it knew dividends would be forthcoming, and that once a man or woman is started on the path of thrift it amounts almost to an obsession to save and to possess."

Mrs. Moore stopped to open her bag and assure herself by means of the wee mirror against its gray lining that her hat was at the perfectly correct angle. Mr. Larry studied her in frank amusement.

"Teresa, you are a singular combination of the frivolous and the practical. Can you leave your mirror to tell me how they have managed to keep this English association free from graft?"

"Through the high ideals of the men who have founded and conducted it. The association has never deteriorated from its original design of saving through honest coöperation into any scheme whereby the mass of stockholders would save only a mere trifle, while the executive officers built up private fortunes through trickery, watered stock, et cetera."

"And you believe that men with the same high ideals can be interested in such a project here in America?" inquired Mr. Larry.

"Finding the right men and women to act as directors is not the problem," answered Mrs. Moore soberly. "The trouble is to convince individual stockholders, especially housekeepers, that coöperation eventually spells saving—a lower cost of living. It may be the fault of our bringing up, but we women seek economy in only one of two ways—an actual and considerable reduction in the price of goods sold or the money we put in the savings bank. We lack the economic vision of the man, which sees money invested, paying a profit six months or a year ahead. The feminine instinct for chasing so-called bargain sales blinds her to the bigger and safer saving which coöperation represents. Here in America coöperation is a form of fanaticism, not of everyday common sense."

Mrs. Moore assured herself that her hat was at the perfectly correct angle

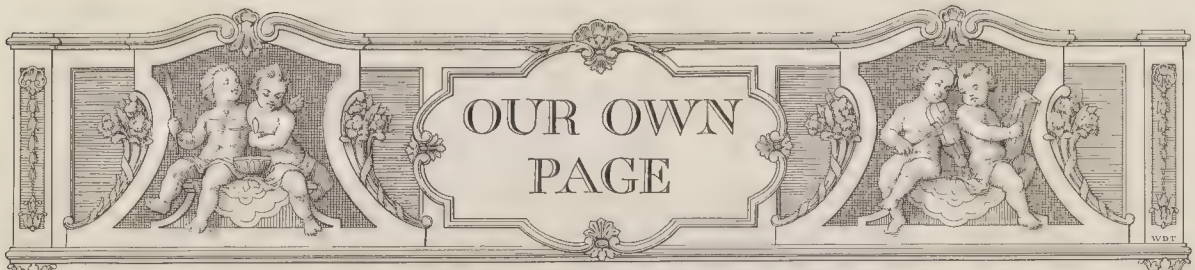
They were all sitting together on the elevated train, and Mrs. Norton remarked crisply:

"Then you consider that men have higher ideals than women?"

"No," said Mrs. Moore; "but in financial matters they have a broader vision. For example, a number of Boston men who had studied the plans and ideals of the English association started a coöperative society under the name of the Palmer Coöperative Association. It was designed especially to help the employees of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Road and its allied branches to reduce the cost of living. About two thousand of the railroad men subscribed to the stock, but they were very slow about paying up. The men believed in it, but their wives did not patronize the store. This was largely because all the business was done on a cash basis. There was no sending Johnny or Jennie around to have something 'charged.' Goods were delivered only when bought in large quantities, and on certain days.

"The women did not figure that in the average retail store delivery adds eight per cent to the cost of goods. Then the wives of the subscribers seemed to think that they should get goods at cost, because their husbands held stock. The manager of the store, an experienced buyer, saved them from fifty to seventy-five cents on a five-dollar order. The profits of the store were to go back to the stockholders in the form of dividends. The women, and some of the men, could not grasp the idea of future saving, of dividend paying. They felt that they were saving very little by paying cash; they were annoyed by having to make out orders for large quantities, when they had been accustomed to send round to the corner grocery three or four times a day. And so the association died.

"When you figure that those allied roads employ 60,000 men, each of whom would spend a minimum of $400 a year in a coöperative store, you find that such an association would do a business of $24,000,000 a year. At least three per cent would go back to the men in the form of a dividend, amounting in all to $720,000. Then, allowing an average saving of five per cent on goods purchased, you find that the store could have saved its stockholders $1,200,000 at the time of purchase, plus [CONTINUED ON PAGE 39]



The Editors of the COMPANION *cannot answer these letters. Will the readers help?*

HERE are two real letters, written in confidence to the Editor of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Frankly, we need help in answering them. We very specially request response from young men and young women whose experience is similar to that of the writers of these letters, or who have something to say, some light to throw, on the subject. Every letter received will be held in the strictest confidence; none will be published without the writer's consent. Those letters published will be paid for.

The Girl's Side of it

SO MANY people tell us nowadays that the happiest life for women is in marriage and home-making—just as ten years ago it was the fashion to urge us into the business world. Well, we went into business, thousands of us. I didn't—but I haven't achieved matrimony, either.

When I came back from college I settled down to a home life. I live in a Southern town, peaceful and lovely. I've been a good daughter—my father and mother dote on me, and depend on me for a great deal. But I am not satisfied. I am nearly twenty-seven, and I have absolutely no life of my own. It may be unwomanly to cry it aloud like this—but I want a home, I want a husband, and I want children—I want them all, terribly.

The young men who grew up with me, those that were worth anything, have all gone to the city long ago. Sometimes they come home—and bring their wives with them—girls they found and married far from our little town. There are a few well-to-do young farmers hereabouts; but I don't want to marry one of them any more than they want to marry me. We'd have not a single thought or impulse or taste in common. The other boys who were in my "set" are mostly in New York, or out West, save one or two ne'er-do-wells, who are below par either physically or mentally. One works in a drug store—and drinks too much. One is a justice of the peace and a sort of local politician, and he seeks only the company of girls who do not have good reputations. One has a grocery store of the dirty, untidy, smelly kind. Oh, honestly, I *couldn't* marry one of them! And right on this one street are no less than five girls who are in the same position as myself—nice, attractive, healthy, well-educated girls, all lovers of home, all good housekeepers, and not a single beau amongst the lot!

I used to think I'd meet The Man if I went visiting and traveled about, but, though I have met men in this way and had a proposal or two, I haven't met The One. And I do not want to be an old maid—I hate the thought of it! I haven't a lot of outside interests to keep me happy and content as I grow older, and when I think of the narrow, shut-in sort of life that I shall probably lead, and of the dull years from thirty to sixty, when I ought to be bringing up my own darling children, and living a rich, full woman's life, a mother's life—well, I rebel against it with all my strength.

What's going to become of girls like me, dear WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION? Is it fair? Is it right? I know I'd make a good wife and a good mother, just as well as I know that I've got blue eyes and brown hair—but what can a girl do when she doesn't meet any eligible men? There are ever and ever so many girls like me in little towns like this one, girls who have stayed at home and just withered up, while the men they should have married went to big cities, or far afield somewhere, and forgot them. It's all very well to say that marriage is woman's best life and that home-making is the greatest profession for women, but what about the women who don't get a chance at it?

Instead of agitating for votes for women I'll cheerfully join any sensible movement that will undertake to provide husbands for women, for the educated, refined, home-loving women who will die old maids unless someone rescues them and gives them their rightful chance at life. And I hope I may be one of the first ones rescued.

The Man's Side of it

I AM just thirty years of age. My college education was general and in the law. I am now right in the interesting and absorbing occupation of building a practice. The fruits of my profession enable me to live comfortably, to enjoy reasonable luxuries, and to maintain a properly equipped office. Most of my solitary evenings are happily passed with books; sometimes I go to the theatre, a dance or a party. Sundays I try to attend morning services at a church which I recently joined because of its friendly attitude toward me the first few times I dropped in there, and because I am beginning to feel the wholesome satisfaction of spiritual atmosphere.

I get lots of enjoyment out of an occasional hunting or fishing trip, and in the summer and late fall I play tennis several times a week and golf occasionally. I still keep in touch with the doings of my university's football team and I am very fond of baseball.

Truly, my life is very full and time seems to fly. But I must admit that, being a reasonable, ordinary man, there are times when I picture the possibilities of a home. But the fact is that I have never openly made love to any girl, consequently I have my first proposal of marriage to make. I confess that I have "rushed" several girls with ardor, and probably would have a string of proposals, as a great many men have, to soliloquize over had my home training been different. My mother, early in my adolescence, taught me impressively that an engagement is a serious, I might say sacred, matter.

By this time you are picturing me as a cold-blooded, cynical young man, beyond his years. If so, please dispel that vision at once, and conjure up if you can, an ambitious, healthy man just beginning to live, and therefore sanely thoughtful of the future. And let me remind you that, although I am speaking as an individual, there are many young, unmarried men in the same category as I.

I do not meet any girls who attract me, except superficially. They seem to me selfish, and, for the most part, very shallow. Nice to look at, but very hard to talk to. I want for my wife a woman who is, first, companionable, and, second, physically attractive. I do not expect to find a girl who likes to do everything that I like, but I hope that her life will have been so similar to mine that we can with simple adjustment pool our interests with but little deprivation. I feel that any marriage might be happy if based on congeniality of temperament, taste and intellect, plus physical love, not as a dominant, but as a secondary attraction.

Now it seems to me, since every normal girl, rich or poor, expects to marry, it is really her duty to prepare herself for that most wonderful of life's work—home-building. A lawyer, for instance, wouldn't get very far in his profession if he ceased studying and applying his law to practical cases just as soon as his examination admitted him to practice.

Just as soon as American girls quit looking for a prince out of the skies, and instead busy themselves with what should be the satisfying and intensely interesting occupation of fitting themselves physically and mentally for home management and motherhood, the everincreasing number of young unmarried men who are working and studying at their respective life work will dwindle. And I'm going to keep on looking for My Girl, let me tell you, until I find her.

The Country Woman's Opportunities

In church work *In a club of her own*
In the rural schools *For country boys and girls*
In neighborhood social life

By FRANK A. WAUGH

PROFESSOR OF LANDSCAPE GARDENING AT MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE

EDITOR'S NOTE

IN OCTOBER, 1913, the Secretary of Agriculture of the United States addressed a letter to fifty-five thousand country women, farmers' wives mostly, asking them to tell the Department how it could be of service to them and to present the principal problems that confront country women of their own communities.

The answers to this letter have now been compiled by the Department in four extremely interesting reports:

SOCIAL AND LABOR NEEDS OF FARM WOMEN
DOMESTIC NEEDS OF FARM WOMEN
EDUCATIONAL NEEDS OF FARM WOMEN
ECONOMIC NEEDS OF FARM WOMEN

In reading these letters it is strikingly evident that there is no one fixed type of country women. Some are contented, others discontented; some complain of isolation and monotony, others tell of interesting and varied lives. Their problems, as they relate them, are largely individual. Yet they express, many of them, a longing for more social opportunities, and they reiterate *that they might have them if they knew just how to go about it.*

Professor Waugh's article, presented here, offers definite suggestions to the country woman who feels that her life is lived too much to itself and desires to vary it. Professor Waugh was born and raised on a farm; and he has lived in the country, not only in the East, but in the West and Southwest. His life work, his interest, and his sympathies all belong to the country life of America. Hence, he is no theorist, but a friend among friends.

THE country woman, on the farm or in the rural village, sometimes feels that she falls seriously short of the social opportunities of her sister in the city. This is only partly true. Indeed, it is not true at all in any broad consideration of the field. The country woman's opportunities are different in some respects, but they are none the less vital, inspiring, interesting, and worth-while. A fair look at the situation will quickly show that it is far from hopeless.

Country Church Work

A WOMAN of enterprise and conscience, looking about for opportunities of service, perhaps usually thinks first of the church. Any live, wholesome woman anywhere with any church connection of any sort can always find church work to do. It may be questioned, of course, whether all the conventional forms of "church work" are genuine public service. Some of them surely appear to be a dreary routine into which well-meaning people have fallen and which nobody has the moral courage to annihilate. Other elements in the customary church program are unquestionably sound. Sunday-school work is usually of this quality; and the woman who can organize a Sunday-school class in a country church, teaching and training, entertaining and befriending her little group of boys and girls perhaps through all their adolescence, has in her hands a social opportunity which few city women can surpass.

But there are other kinds of church work, too, and some of them peculiar to the country. It ought to be a part of each churchwoman's ambition, if she belongs to a rural church, to understand these questions and to help in their solution. She should find and study such books as Rev. J. O. Ashenhurst's "The Day of the Country Church," President Kenyon L. Butterfield's "The Country Church and the Rural Problem" or Professor William A. McKeever's inspiring "Farm Boys and Girls." Here the great problems of modern country living are brought into direct relation with the work of the country church, definite programs of public service are expounded and the call for personal participation made very plain and persuasive.

The Rural School

IF THE country woman wishes to apply her talents to some other field of helpful endeavor she has the neighborhood school always at hand. She may have taught school herself and know something of the teacher's problems. In that case she will be wise enough not to be meddlesome or censorious, and she will know that only the most skillful tact will enable her to interfere in any way with the running of the school. Still, there are large and vital school questions of a public nature in which she may always safely give her help, providing she knows her ground and is ready.

The curriculum of the rural school is challenged on every hand. Everywhere one meets such questions as, Shall there be school gardens? Shall there be manual training? Shall the school teach domestic arts? Shall the school teach agriculture? Country men and country women have long entertained strong prejudices on these questions. They have believed, in a theoretical way, that such subjects ought to be on the rural school programs. But now the case has progressed, almost everywhere, beyond the realm of theory to the verge of accomplishment. Country schools are ready for some of these innovations; but the only way to get the thing done, even now, is for one or two energetic, clear-sighted men or women in each community to take hold of the matter and put it through. It is a fine opportunity for public service, in no manner second to that of the city woman who organizes a night school for foreign factory operatives.

There are other school problems, too. The consolidation of schools is a burning issue in many rural neighborhoods, surpassing in interest and importance any question discussed in the Presidential campaign. And the question whether, in any given neighborhood, certain schools ought to be consolidated, is one which the women are highly qualified to answer. It ought to be left to them. There is, further, the problem of keeping the schoolhouse and grounds clean and orderly, and of providing sanitary and attractive surroundings for teacher and pupils. As one drives through the country the school grounds and houses on every hand cry out for help—the help which any public-spirited woman or band of women could give.

It has been my experience that when one or two venture, others follow. A call on the teacher to secure her coöperation, or better still, a friendly meeting with the teacher and half a dozen neighbors, and the subject of the school grounds can be discussed and the improvements definitely planned. Someone will lend a team for a day to plow, someone else will spare a bag of fertilizer, another will contribute half a dozen shade trees, still another some rose bushes, or a spring-flowering shrub of some kind. The children will turn the work into play, and before you know it teachers from other districts will be coming to see your schoolhouse and learn from your work.

Rural Civic Art

THE salvage of the school grounds is only one undertaking of many. The rural cemetery is usually a by-word of neglect. The roads need improvement. Every sort of fair grounds, picnic grounds and public place of whatever kind probably needs a cleaning up. It is not primarily a question of beautifying, yet there may be park and roadside trees to plant, shrubbery to arrange, and even some embellishment of flowers to place upon the cemetery or the church grounds. If flowers can brighten the world anywhere they should certainly be at home in the country.

In the big cities they have planning commissions and landscape architects to design more convenient and beautiful municipalities; in the smaller towns they have village improvement societies to promote the same high purposes; but the country needs to be planned, too,—to be made more convenient and beautiful. A rural improvement society is just as feasible, and would be just as useful as a village improvement society. In such organizations women may take a leading part. They should always bear an important share.

The Country Woman's Club

EVERYWHERE there are country clubs and woman's clubs, but it is seldom enough that one hears of a genuine country-woman's club. Yet a woman's club made up of real country women, enthusiastic for their country homes, earnestly devoted to the better country life, intelligently seeking to promote the welfare of their own neighborhood in all economic, educational and spiritual ways, would be a most praiseworthy organization. It would occupy a field equal in opportunity to the very best of the city clubs.

At the present time the best of the country-women's clubs are also men's clubs. Perhaps this is the best way. Amongst such organizations nothing compares in popularity or in the efficiency of its social work with the Grange. In hundreds of thousands of rural neighborhoods it is the center of social life. In its literary programs it offers limitless opportunities of intellectual stimulus, while its very definite program of public service gives ample outlet for the work and good will of every high-spirited man or woman.

The country woman who wishes to make herself useful, however, will not confine her thoughts to a club for herself, nor even for herself and husband. She will be especially concerned for the boys and girls. She may find it in her heart to promote an organization of Camp Fire Girls or Boy Scouts. Country boys are keenly in love with camping, fishing, hunting and field sports; yet in these human and useful instincts they are usually repressed, seldom directed, organized and encouraged. Then there are boys' corn clubs now forming or flourishing in every part of the country. Surely they are worthy of all sympathy and support. Parallel with them run the girls' tomato clubs, which have already accomplished wonders in many difficult neighborhoods. Here are forms of organized work and play, fully tested, perfectly adapted to rural conditions, and capable of adoption almost anywhere. How can any woman lay down her magazine and say there is no opening in the country for her?

Old-Fashioned Country Festivals

IT IS not necessary, however, to wait for all these forms of organization. Organization comes hard in the country, and it may be doubted whether much of it is desirable. The most informal country picnics, the unprecedented old-home weeks, the impromptu plowing matches, often yield the most fun, excite the most good spirit and bring the most substantial blessings to the community. In this class of irregular entertainments—"movable feasts"—appear several of traditional worth. The old-fashioned husking bee is much more valuable as a social function than as a means of getting the corn husked. It is such a jolly and wholesome festival that it is a pity to let it be disused. Any country woman, with the help of a reasonable husband, can get up a husking bee, and the chances are ninety-nine to one that it would be a better hit socially than any pink tea, auction bridge or reception that was ever pulled off. The old-fashioned spelling school is another country entertainment that richly deserves revival. The "last day of school" can always be made worth-while when parents coöperate with teacher. And there are dozens of other opportunities in the course of the year for genuine native country frolics, clean and wholesome, and capable of promoting good will and friendly relations amongst all neighbors. Really it is worth while.

I should like to say a word, too, about hospitality; just plain hospitality, where we invite our friends to eat with us whatever we happen to have, without the fuss and worry of special preparation. I shall be sorry to see the day when the country woman thinks she must give a guest grapefruit with scalloped edges, and salads made after an embroidery pattern. Potatoes, boiled with their jackets on, and eaten with salt and butter, a slice of ham from your own smokehouse, a jar of last summer's preserves, a loaf of homemade bread and a pitcher of milk form a meal that any country woman can offer a guest, with a minimum of labor and a maximum of pleasure for the guest. Don't let us superimpose city fashions upon the country table. They do not belong there.

Home Interests

LIKE every good woman, the country wife and mother will find her first and greatest interest in her own home: It has been greatly to the discredit of country living in the past that the housework has been an abounding, never-ending drudgery. Farm women have broken down under it—if not in body at least in spirit. They have had no surplus of time or strength for civic affairs or for social interests outside their own homes. Often they have been so heavily burdened that they could not keep their own domestic duties up to a creditable standard, nor give to their own children the care and companionship which their hearts yearned to offer. If there ever was excuse for such conditions the time for them has fully passed away in America.

The average country woman of the present day has reasonable leisure or can make it if she will. For her the home duties of cooking, sewing and caring for children, instead of being a routine of drudgery, may be transformed into a fascinating profession. It is a curious and deeply significant fact that in the great modern state colleges where advanced agriculture is taught, the home-making arts follow strictly parallel courses. It is as though by a supernatural inspiration, the educational world had recognized that the advancement of rural life requires better methods indoors and out, better housekeeping marching hand-in-hand with better farming. For the educated women, especially, it ought to be no problem to make the cooking and child-training assume an outlook as engaging as any work could ever offer to any eyes.

Some women there are who crave the city life. Let them live it. To others the country makes the stronger appeal. They love its breadth, its quiet, its simplicity, its wholesomeness, its unquestionably better environment for children. Yet in the past many women have given it up out of disgust with its grinding labors, and many still fear that country life does not supply the opportunities for the serviceable employments of civic and social life which they feel they should undertake for the sake of humanity and their own consciences. It is time all doubts on both heads were cleared away. The slavery of woman's work has been or can be abolished on every farm; and in every country neighborhood from ocean to ocean splendid and manifest opportunities of social service are ready and waiting.

The Camping Caravan

Making camp for the night

For a vacation trip there is nothing so comfortable as this

Homemade Gypsy Wagon

Designed by
WILLIAM J. ALBIN

FOR those who want a novel, comfortable vacation trip there is nothing that equals caravaning in a home-built gypsy wagon. In England the country roads are full of these caravans during the summer months. Such a vehicle renders the travelers independent of hotels and boarding houses; it is not expensive to build or to maintain, and it turns a camping-and-tramping trip into quite a luxurious thing—indeed, it is a complete house on wheels. It contains two bunks, which form seats in the daytime, a folding table, a kitchen table, a stove, and a case of drawers and bins, lockers, a feed box and a tank for water. Detail views of these and of the wagon are shown below. The canvas curtains which roll up at the side are a practical feature, and when camping form a welcome shade on both sides of the wagon and a shelter for those who prefer to sleep out of doors.

The wagon is not difficult to build and may be attached to the running gear of any wagon with good springs and wheels. Be sure that the measurements as given here for the camp wagon agree with your running gear, and if you find they do not, alter them to fit.

To make the wagon body take two pieces of 1 inch by 12 inches by 14 feet, fir or pine as the case may be, for the side pieces; one piece of 1 inch by 12 inches by 3 feet 6 inches for the front. The floor of the wagon may be made of 1 inch by 4 inches by 14 feet No. 2 flooring. Nail the flooring securely to the bolsters of the running gear, then miter the two side pieces at each end, and put in the front pieces, mitered to fit the sides. At the rear end, miter two pieces 7½ inches long at each side which will leave 27 inches for the door.

For the upper part of the body begin by taking two pieces of 1 inch by 18 inches by 12 feet to make the overhang, nailing securely to the sides, so that it will project 17 inches over the sides.

After this is in place put five braces on each side an equal distance apart under the overhanging board. The braces are made by bending 1-inch by 1½-inch irons to fit the bottom of the wagon and extend up at an angle until they hit the overhanging board at the extreme outside. There should be ¼-inch holes drilled through each iron, so that they can be bolted in place. Now the foundation is made, proceed to the frames for the sides and roof. The posts or stanchions are made out of 1½ inches by 1½ inches by 5 feet with a tenon ¾ inch by 1½ inches (see illustration) cut into the top of all the posts. In all, there are fourteen posts. Four of the posts should be 12 inches longer. They are for the front and back of the wagon. Take two pieces of 1½ inches by 1½ inches by 14 feet 6 inches long to make the plates, and mortise holes into them for the side posts. The first mortise should be cut into the plate just 24 inches from the front end of the plate, and the last hole cut just 6 inches from the other end. The other three holes should be spaced an equal distance apart. After the holes are all cut into both plates, the side posts can be fitted into the plates, and two screws put through the tenons, so as to tie the whole structure together solidly. Great care must be exercised in this, as the sides must be rigid. It would be a good idea to make two braces for each post, about four inches long, out of ¾-inch by ¼-inch flat iron, bent at right angles, one to bolt against the side posts, on the rear side and extend along the under side of the plate, the other to bolt on the inside of the posts and extend along the under side of the roof pieces.

After the side posts are in place, the whole structure is braced temporarily. Now put the front and rear roof pieces in place, bolted on top of the side plates, with an angle iron bolted at each corner. The roof piece can now be made. Take four pieces of 2-inch by 4-inch, 7 feet long. To get the curve of the roof, choose a thin strip of wood that will bend easily. Now take one of the 2-inch by 4-inch and draw a pencil mark 1½ inches from the edge. Tack a nail through this line ½ inch from each end. Tack another nail in the center as near the edge as you can. Take the thin strip of wood and press it at the center until it touches all three nails. Mark along this strip on the 2-inch by 4-inch, saw to this mark, and the curve will be sufficient to shed the rain. After they are planed up they are ready to bolt on the top of the plate and directly over the side posts.

The roof is made of ⅜-inch ceiling well nailed to the roof pieces, especially at each end. After you have sawed the ceiling off and smoothed the ends, the canvas can be tacked on, using carpet tacks, tacked about one inch apart. The canvas should be laid across the top rather than lengthwise. After it has been securely tacked down, paint with two or three coats of good roof paint to make it watertight. Two pieces of 1 inch by 6 inches by 12 inches are used for the sides, which should be bolted to the posts above the overhanging pieces, which secures them from slipping. This side piece should extend across the front and at the rear up to the door posts, which should be fastened to the floor and braced as the other posts.

The door can be bought from the mill, as it is a stock size, 2 feet by 6 feet by 1¼ inches, and the top panel can be taken out and glass put in, if desired. Now the seat can be made and a place left under it for tools, etc.

Directly back of the seat and between the posts should be ceiled up with ⅜-inch ceiling. A small opening can be left for a window, say 12 inches from the roof. The back at each side of the door is also ceiled up. Now we are about through with the outside of the wagon, with the exception of the water tank and feed boxes, which are placed under the body and between the wheels. The water tank is made out of heavy tin, with a faucet that can be reached from the outside, and a cover that fits tight into the raised rim of the tank. This tank should be made to slide into the box, so that it can be taken out and cleaned.

The feed boxes can be used not only for the horses, but for storing vegetables as well. They make a very handy cupboard. The screen wire is now tacked on, using the side posts to tack the screen to, and after the screen is put on, a small molding is used to cover the joints. The side curtains are next made and put on, using a round pole about one inch in diameter and twelve feet long. Tack the canvas, after it has been sewed together to this pole, as on a window shade.

The canvas should be long enough to reach the ground, and when you stop to camp this curtain can be extended on both sides of the wagon by erecting two posts at each end of the curtain, and fastening a guy cord to pegs driven into the ground.

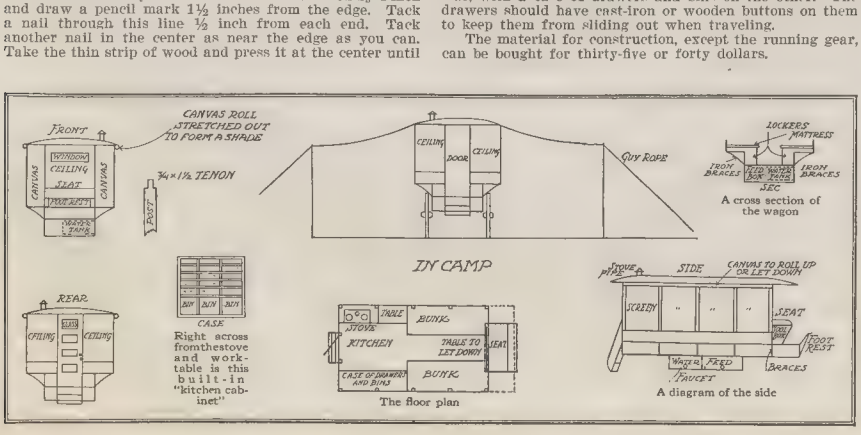
We are now ready to fix up the inside of the wagon. Four pieces of 1 inch by 3 inches by 6 feet 6 inches are needed to form the frames of the lockers. Now out of 1-inch by 4-inch flooring make two covers 26 inches wide and 6 feet 6 inches long, and fasten to the frame by hinges so that it will swing up. The front of the lockers will take two pieces of 1 inch by 14 inches by 6 feet 6 inches long, which should be fastened to the floor on the inside by clips or angle irons.

The space under the hinged covers makes a good locker for clothes, etc. At the foot of the lockers or beds, a partition is made to extend to the ceiling and a space left open in the center for a door or portière. The table is made to fit between the two posts at the front of the wagon, and hinged to them, so that it can be folded up to the wall and hooked there. A leg can be hinged to the under side of the table to hold it level when let down.

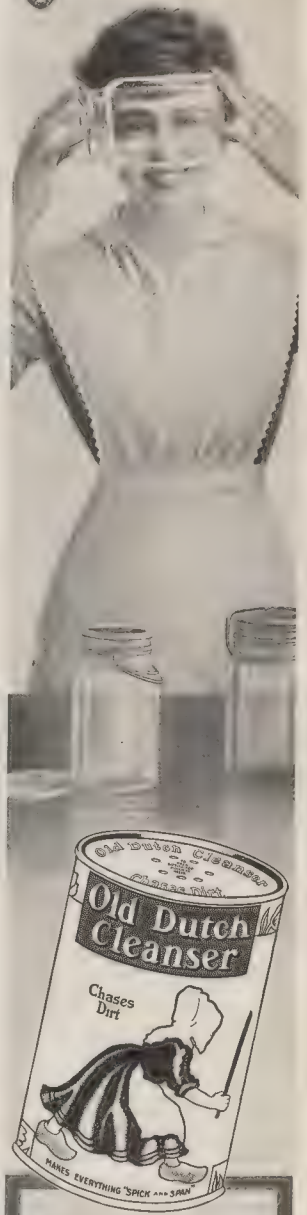
The beds or lockers will be the only seats needed at table. A mattress can be bought and a cover of heavy denim or corduroy made for it. This will make a bed and a cushion as well, a great comfort on a long trip.

The kitchen will finish the house on wheels. In it there must be a table to work on, and a small camp stove on one side, with a case of drawers and bins on the other. The drawers should have cast-iron or wooden buttons on them to keep them from sliding out when traveling.

The material for construction, except the running gear, can be bought for thirty-five or forty dollars.



For Clean Clear Glassware



It is important that you use this Hygienic Cleanser On your table glassware and fruit jars.

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can build back to health only by avoiding wrong habits of eating and drinking.

One of the most harmful of these habits is coffee-drinking—a frequent cause of stomach, heart and nerve troubles.

Coffee may agree with some persons for a time. To others it is a definite poison, and its daily blows at health finally show.

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POSTUM

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This pure food-drink, made of whole wheat and a small portion of wholesome molasses, is absolutely free from caffeine and tannin, the drugs which make coffee injurious to most users.

If you conclude that it's more fun to be well than to drink coffee, remember there's a delicious Java-like flavour in POSTUM—and some genuine nourishment, too—including the vital mineral salts which Nature requires for her rebuilding of body, brain and nerves.

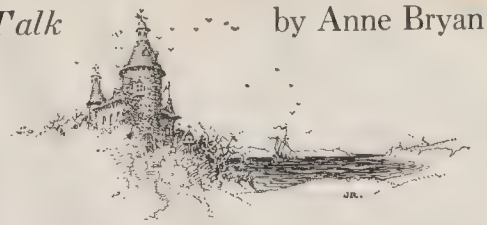
It's easy to shift from coffee to POSTUM, and

"There's a Reason"

The World Takes Holiday

A Tower Room Talk

by Anne Bryan McCall



SUMMER is generally accepted as the holiday time. Not alone school and college give over their work, but almost everyone manages to have or could manage to have, it would seem, if they tried, a good deal of recreation and pleasure. The world takes holiday, with much gayety and frivolity and amusement and laughter, by sea and river and shore—for the world loves to laugh and loves to be gay.

Yet there are people who have practically no gayety in their lives at all, and that is bad enough and sad enough; but, what is worse, there are those who, having given over such things for themselves, see no necessity for others having them—people of older or saddened or embittered lives, who look with disgust and disapproval on gayety in the lives of others.

"Always gayety and pleasure and recreation will be a part of life. It rests with us to make these lovely, not unlovely; worthy, not unworthy."

And the cure for all this is, of course, to shut the door on our too-personal experiences and opinions, and to look upon this whole question of amusement and gayety in a more out-in-the-world manner.

If we go down the road, as it were, of the world's experience and history we shall from time to time, on that road, come upon certain great epochs as upon certain great cities, and we shall find that these epochs which are the most advanced and beautiful and kindly are just those in which amusement is notably evident. If you stop at that marvelous epoch which we call the Great Greek Age, you shall find the masses of the people turning out for holiday again and again, a festive and festival-loving populace. And in that age which we call the Renaissance, there, too, were pageantry and gayety and dance and song. And in the Elizabethan Age, which is so much our pride, we will find the English of city and countryside making merry with pageant and festival and rustic dance, and Shakespeare, the greatest genius of his age, devoting his magnificent gifts to the making of plays.

And what is further noteworthy and memorable is that these times when gayety and amusement most flourished were the very times, too, when the greatest work was being done.

While the Greek plays and festivals and games were at their height, so, too, were Greek art, Greek philosophy, Greek civilization, Greek glory. While the pageantry and frivolity of the Renaissance advanced, so, too, did that progress and blossoming of wisdom and beauty, the like of which the world had not seen before; and while the amusements and gayeties and plays of the Elizabethan period were enacted there was enacted, also, that great drama of progress and discovery, colonization and advancement, which first made England a great and noble country.

Brightness and gayety and amusement go hand in hand with the nobler powers of life. And when we turn the parable toward our own lives it applies no less truthfully there: our lives are healthiest, most powerful, most useful, when there is along with their more serious purpose brightness, gayety and recreation and amusement.

What Amusements Shall we Have?

BUT this is to talk in generalities. What amusement, you say? What gayety? The answer to these questions can only be determined, of course, individually. Our lives vary so much that their amusements are likely to be as different as their circumstances. Taste and temperament, too, enter so largely into the matter, and our tastes are apt to change as the years go.

There was a time when to me the most delightful form of amusement was to go to a cotillion in a pretty evening gown and satin slippers, and dance well. I confess to-day that a horseback ride across country, or a hunt through autumn fields and woods, or a picnic supper on the slope of a late afternoon hill, outrank the cotillion very far. There was a time, too, when to see a star actor or star singer in some good play or opera was to me the *ultima Thule* of delight. Though I still delight in the theatre and the opera, were you to give me a chance to go, instead, canoeing on a quiet river, or on a walking tour through lovely country, or on a long sailing trip—I should, I think, leave the theatre and the opera unvisited.

Dancing and the Theatre

BUT just here one comes to a serious side of this question. I mean personal prejudice against certain forms of amusement. I am soberly aware that there will be those who, reading for the first time in the Tower Room a recommendation of dancing and the theatre, will make this the last time that they read the Tower Room. Dancing is, I know, very especially, anathema to many people.

It is impossible, of course, finally to settle a question concerning which there are so many and varying opinions. The extremes of either side of the question are sure to be wrong. To maintain that no wrong ever comes of the theatre or the dance, would be to shut one's eyes to large facts and many instances. To maintain that dancing and the theatre are pernicious influences and bad for everyone is equally to ignore facts, history, and entire communities.

There are people, and there are even communities, though fortunately they are apt to be rather small ones, of so unsound moral strength and of so inferior an order of intelligence that these two arts, the drama and the dance, are lowered by them to a point of moral weakness and intellectual fatuity. So, too, there are those who lower the great art of music to mere riotous ragtime and vulgar topical songs: those, too, who can get from great masterpieces of painting such as adorn, let us say, the Sistine Chapel, only vulgar and wanton suggestion; those who reduce literature to a taste for vicious books and stories.

Deplorable enough! What is one to do about it? Will even the most extreme person say, "Because this is so, it is the duty of the community to denounce and banish all these things; all manifestations of the dance, the drama, all pictures of all kinds, music of whatever order, and all books"?

But even the most ardent extremist does not say this. He would be thought clearly to have lost his wits if he did so. He moderates his intolerance and confines it to two arts, namely, the drama and dancing. You cannot argue with him about it. These are prejudices that he has inherited, or has been taught with such persistency by others that it never enters his mind to think the matter over for himself,—really for himself.

Some, I know, will say that they *have* thought the matter over carefully and, even so, they feel they cannot tolerate these things. But this intolerance arises mainly in thinking of these things as mere amusements, and forgetting to give them consideration as arts.

For that is what they are—arts. The fact that you or I dislike them does not alter that fact. There are people who dislike the great art of music, also. I knew an estimable old Kentucky mountaineer who thought books little less than inventions of the devil, because his son having learned to read them had from that gone on to want a better education, and then developed a desire to go to the city. "You kin come into my house and welcome," he said to me, "but don't you bring no books with you."

It is so with many of us. It is our personal experience that we judge by and not the large truths and facts of the case. The art of the dance and of the drama are as old as the first civilization of mankind. Man first used them as a part of his religious services. By drama the moral truths and lessons were set out and taught in the temples, and by the dance joy and thanksgiving were expressed.

And however the fashions in these things have altered, you will note that in the main their purpose remains the same: the drama still teaches, even while professing to amuse, and the dance is still expressive of gladness.

Amusement and Recreation

IF WE look back into the history of words we find convincing testimony of the same sort. We speak, for instance, of taking a holiday, and we mean, usually, indulging in some diversion and pleasure. But the word comes little changed from the old word holy-day, in which in times gone and with a more simple and glad faith they danced and made gay, and sang songs of rejoicings. So, too, our word *recreation*, which meant originally to recover from illness, to be refreshed, made new, restored, given fresh life, came to mean diversion and amusement which, it was found, did all this for one who was ill, or who was worn or tired with work. So, too, *amusement* in its original meaning was that which made one ponder and muse and think, as all the arts were like to do.

All this is far too large a subject to enter here; but surely these are truths which it were dull of us to ignore. For in these words and old customs and amusements lies hid the history of the very peoples from whom we ourselves are sprung. These are old treasures and heirlooms of the world. They belong to you and me. We have inherited them. And to discuss the drama and the dance as mere harmful rubbish is mightily like throwing treasures out of the window by someone who does not know what is precious from what is trash.

But still, you contend bitterly, dancing often *is* trash; theatrical performances often *are* harmful, you think, to our young people, and you point out to me instances.

Yes, certainly, so they are. But, we return to the old argument. So are some pictures vulgar; so are some books vicious. From vulgarity in dancing, as from vulgarity in books, it is important enough that our young people should be shielded.

But that, mind you, is not what most people opposed to these things contend for. They make it a matter of personal prejudice and opinion. They do not say: "Let us educate our young people to good taste in these things." Not at all. They say: "Away with these amusements!"

Our Own Duty

THE world has always taken holiday, and always will. Always gayety and pleasure and recreation will be a part of life. It rests with us to make these lovely, not unlovely; worthy, not unworthy. Every day we can add to the vulgarity and temptation of the world's holiday, or we can add to its wholesomeness and charm. It is not putting a ban on dancing and the theatre that will rid the world of harmful influences, but setting high standards and resolves for ourselves.

I always like to remember Browning's lovely heroine—the little mill girl who had just one holiday in the whole year, you remember—she might have been excused, perhaps, for spending it as selfishly as she chose. Ah, but that was not Pippa. Some native loveliness in her went wherever she went, and some lovely influence was about her. As she went she wrought beauty and goodness in the lives of others, not even knowing that she did so.

That is in a sense the ideal holiday. I wish all our holidays might be as lovely, and they could, in many a varied and lovely way, if we but resolved that they should.

Alderbrook Farm

IN JULY

We do our haying in the old-fashioned way
We sow three kinds of cover crop
And we enjoy life

By ROBERT LANE WELLS

WHEN haying time came to Alderbrook Farm I looked forward rather joyfully to the task, and wished we had more hay land. Hay is a safe and profitable crop on many acres of farm land in this section. It is an easy crop to grow, requires little capital, little labor, and it always sells at a good price. With five acres of fairly good mowing, and with the clean-up of the roadsides, and with other small patches, we had enough to give us a good taste of the work. Louis Fresne, our French-Canadian hired man, could swing a scythe and he loved to do it. I was deeply prejudiced against the small and fussy work of hand mowing, but Louis Fresne eventually proved to me that he could make enough hay in that way to pay a handsome profit on his wages. Indeed, I see quite plainly that many of our Western prejudices against the small labors and economies of New England are either dead wrong or are the result of misunderstanding. Thrift is something the whole nation needs, and if the Yankee farmer could impart this virtue to anybody it would be a public benefaction.

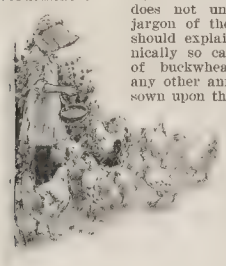
Let me say, however, that some of these economies go wrong. This haying offers a prime illustration. Here we are cutting our hay in July. In this I was following the old Ohio practice and also the coaching of Louis Fresne and the example of most of the neighbors. But I noticed that a few of the very best farmers, and notably my shrewd neighbor Handy, got their haying all done in June. There was sound reason for it. Early-cut hay, though possibly lighter than late-cut, contains very much more nutriment. The good digestible proteids, in particular, decrease rapidly between June and July as the grass stems harden and ripen, and are replaced by dry and comparatively useless carbohydrates.

But the poorer class of farmers are influenced by other considerations than chemical composition. They have more time for haying in July than in June, and the weather is apt to be fairer, and the hay dries out more rapidly. Of course it does, for it is nearly ripe and ready for firewood, anyway, by the middle of July. And thus the poor chap who delays his haying by a month in order to save in labor loses it all in proteids.

We put up seven tons of hay, such as it was; but next year we hope to be earlier in the field and to get better results.

Cover Crops

NEXT to spraying, I suppose cover cropping is the highest refinement of modern orchard practice. To anyone who does not understand the professional jargon of the scientific fruit grower I should explain that a cover crop, technically so called, is a special planting of buckwheat, clover, cow peas, or any other annual quick-growing species, sown upon the ground between the rows of fruit trees for a short term of a few months. Orchards which are vigorously cultivated with plow or harrow during May and June, perhaps to mid-July, cannot safely be left alone for the remainder of the year. For one reason, unprofitable weeds promptly take hold of the ground the moment the harrow is hauled into the shed. Or, in case those weeds do not grow and the ground stands bare then the snows of winter blow away instead of lodging there, and the snow is wanted for protection during freezing weather. But worst of all is the erosion that takes place on unprotected land from the heavy rains of March.



Hence the buckwheat or the clover. These are sown between the apple trees or the peach trees about the middle of July when the last turn of tillage comes, and some sort of growth develops during August and September. These, after holding the snow through the winter and the soil through the early spring, are turned into the land with the spring plowing. They add vegetable matter, fiber, humus, to the soil, and clover or cow peas will catch from the surrounding air some of the high-priced but almost inaccessible nitrogen. This nitrogen goes into the land when the crop is plowed under.

We were determined to keep abreast of good practice in the matter of cover crops. The real question was whether to sow red clover, crimson clover, peas, cow peas, buckwheat, rye, rape, or something else. So we experimented a little. We planted three different kinds of cover crops—crimson clover, cow peas and buckwheat.

Then the Drouth

THIS first year the buckwheat outdid the crimson clover and the cow peas most scandalously. This wasn't the way we wanted the experiment to turn out, but that's just the way with experiments. Of course there was a reason. This time it was the drouth. August was fearfully dry. There was hardly a decent dew the whole month. The soil was like ashes. How could clover seed germinate? How could young and tender plants of any kind live through those dry, weltering hot days? It doesn't seem reasonable that they should, but the buckwheat did. Not only lived, but grew. On the western orchard strip, which was the poorest, roughest land, where we sowed the buckwheat, we had a good, strong cover crop serving all purposes except that of collecting free nitrogen from the air. But the cow peas and crimson clover collected precious little nitrogen, for there was precious little of them to do the work.

The conclusion of this experiment plainly is that buckwheat is the cover crop for us. Our plan is to sow it rather early, that is, not later than the middle of July. We put on one bushel of clean seed to each acre. The sowing is done at the time of the last cultivation. Indeed we make this a sort of double cultivation, going over the land first with the harrow and opening up the soil. Then we scatter the seed broadcast, following immediately with the harrow again, thus covering up the seed.

We will not stop experimenting with cover crops, though, for under different conditions something else might prove much better than buckwheat. The neighbors all say that last year was unusually dry. But Neighbor Handy says it is always dry like that "for six weeks in summer."

If the late summer drouth is the rule and not the exception in this region, then the local farming system needs some readjustment. Why not make the yearly plans in view of a probable drouth and work them out on that line? What about irrigation? What about earlier planting? What about special methods of moisture saving, of which I have heard? I can't answer these questions—yet.

Peas—Potatoes—Poetry—Profits

MY FATHER, on the old Ohio farm, used to have a fixed idea that we must always have green peas and new potatoes for dinner on the Fourth of July. He always worked toward that end and rarely missed it. I can well remember, too, how good those small tender round potatoes used to taste all cooked together with the peas in an abundance of cream.

Well, I remembered my father's amiable whim, and I tried to equal his record. But I didn't make it. The best I could do was to get a fair dish of peas and potatoes together by the sixteenth of July. Margaret cooked the fresh peas and the young tender potatoes together and drowned them in cream, quite according to the dictates of my memory.

It is odd how much of the enjoyment of all such things comes from purely psychological associations—from the memories of youth; how much of it, in short, is pure imagination—simply poetry. Many of the joys of country life are of this poetic, imaginative sort. Indeed, right here lies the point of disagreement between those honest persons who think farm life all drudgery and those who think it all so glorious. The matter-of-fact man or woman finds everything hard enough, but the person of imagination, who can see the poetry of life in simple things, finds large rewards in country living.

While we were eating our peas, potatoes and cream, I theorized that all those folks over there in the city eating canned peas and last year's potatoes would be as happy as we were to get the real thing. So I tried hard to open up a trade in those delicacies. Briefly I may report that the business has thus far been a flat failure. The reason? Well, there are several: It will not do to put such delicate products as new peas into the ordinary green grocery markets. The wilting and the waiting and the handling take off all the poetry very quickly and irremediably. But to go and look up the retail customers, the final consumers, and to make the bargains for such very small quantities as each family wants takes so much time and labor that the profit is all gone. All gone, and more, too. The peas, potatoes and poetry are for us on the farm. The profits have not as yet been located.

The Good Old Summer Time

SUMMER in the country, as the city people see it, is one thing: summer on the farm, as the farm family lives it, is obviously something else. And no one need jump to the conclusion that the city transients see the best of it, either. "The husbandman," say the scriptures, "must be first partaker of the fruits," plainly meaning that if there is anything good in the country the farmer gets it first.

The problem of taking care of the children for the summer is a serious one for many city parents. Now on the farm there is always something to do. Robert, Junior, Janet, and even seven-year-old Jamie have their chores. A few regular daily duties go a long way toward establishing orderly, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 35]

One of
Borden's
Better
Babies

This sturdy boy is a prize-winning "Better Baby." Not long ago he captured the silver Loving Cup in a State Contest. Talbot was 13 months old when this photograph was taken. He weighed 23 pounds, had 8 teeth, and when standing measured 29¾ inches.

Talbot is a typical "Eagle Brand" baby. He has been brought up on Gail Borden "Eagle Brand" Condensed Milk since he was three weeks old. And his mother before him was raised on this same body-building, health-giving food.

You can make your own baby a "Better Baby" by giving him

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

Summer-time is danger-time for babies. Make it a glad, happy, comfortable time for your baby and an unworried time for yourself by giving baby the food that has built three generations of sturdy, healthy, rosy-cheeked boys and girls—Gail Borden "Eagle Brand" Condensed Milk.

Gail Borden "Eagle Brand" Condensed Milk is made of pure cow's milk scientifically prepared under the closest and strictest supervision, to make it a food which the most delicate baby's stomach will digest perfectly.

In "Eagle Brand" you have the bone and muscle building elements that are in cow's milk. And you know that it is pure—safe—protected from dust and dirt. Easy to prepare. Simply boil the water and when cooled to the feeding temperature add Gail Borden "Eagle Brand" Condensed Milk.

Send this coupon today. Protect your baby from threatening summer dangers by giving him the food that will build him up and make him strong.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
"Leaders of Quality"
New York

Established
1857

W.H C.7-15

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.,
108 Hudson Street, New York City.
Please send me your helpful book "Baby's Welfare" which tells me how to safeguard my baby and make him plump and rosy. Also send—Free—"Baby's Biography"—for the record of his life.

Name.....

Address.....

This Meal for 3c

Prepared by a Famous French Chef

A meal of Van Camp's will cost, on the average, about 3 cents per person. It is as nutritious as a meal of meat. And it is, if you wish, a complete meal in itself.

It comes to you ready, with the fresh oven flavor. Even the sauce is baked into it. Serve it hot or cold.

It is welcomed by all, and all will pronounce it the most likable dish of its kind.

Not Like Yours

Van Camp's isn't like your home-baked beans, or like other kinds you know. It's a delicacy, prepared by master chefs, baked in new-style ovens.

No beans are hard, none mushy, none crisp. All are whole and mellow.

It doesn't tax digestion. It gets hours of baking in a humid heat, impossible at home. And a wondrous sauce gives to every bean delicious tang and zest.

All the faults you know in old-time Pork and Beans are completely wiped out in Van Camp's.

VAN CAMP'S PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

These are some things that Van Camp's has done:

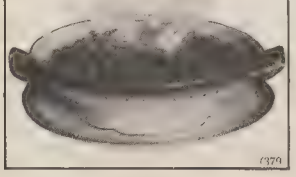
It has made a homely dish a dainty. It has multiplied the use of Baked Beans. It has made them digestible.

To a million homes it has brought ready-cooked meals, ready for instant serving.

It has changed the meaning of Baked Beans. Our national dish in this form has a unique appeal.

Let it help you out this summer. It means less cooking, better meals, a likable, nutritious, inexpensive dish. You will serve it so often when you find it out that you'll buy it by the dozen. Try serving it tonight.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.



1379

"Made-in-America" Vacations

By ALBERT LEE

IV. AN ALL-WATER TRIP FROM BUFFALO TO BOSTON

THE first of the series of articles of which this is the fourth described a trip through the Southwest—the Grand Canyon of Arizona, the Yosemite, the San Francisco and San Diego expositions; the second took the traveler to the great cities of the Atlantic seaboard—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond and Washington; the third extended through the Northwest, including the Canadian Rockies, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Portland and the Yellowstone Park. The present trip covers the Northeastern section of scenic and historic America, from Buffalo to Boston, including Niagara Falls, Toronto, the Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, the Saguenay, the St. Lawrence River, Charlottetown, on Prince Edward Island, and Halifax. Practically the entire journey is accomplished by boat. There is only one short stretch of railway travel (from Pictou to Halifax) and two brief trolley trips (from Niagara Falls to Lewiston and from Quebec to Ste. Anne de Beaupré). Boat travel, in summer, is the ideal way to get about—and is also considerably cheaper than the railway—but tourists should not fail to take warm wraps, for the decks are breezy, and at night, even in August, it becomes very cold in these northern waters.

EVERY *American must see it at least once—that marvelous, colorful, curving wall of water we call Niagara Falls*

The tour is planned to be completed within the period of a two-weeks vacation, and at a cost of $123.70 a person, for two traveling together. This includes meals, transportation, tips—everything. In the previous articles the economic advantage of two people traveling in company has been fully explained. Buffalo has been chosen as the starting point because of its central location in respect to the greatest number of probable tourists. Those who live considerably west of Buffalo may add greatly to the delight of their holiday by prefacing the present tour with a trip through the Great Lakes, from Duluth or Chicago. The boats from Duluth require five days to make the trip to Buffalo, and the cost is $35 a person, including stateroom berth and meals. From Chicago to Buffalo, two and a half days; cost about $29, meals being *à la carte*.

The boats down the St. Lawrence, from Quebec to Charlottetown, Pictou, and Halifax, make fortnightly trips only. It has therefore been necessary to plan our tour to begin on a Friday, in order to meet the sailing date at Quebec, which is Friday of every alternate week. Intending tourists should write for a schedule of sailing dates when planning their vacation. (See Itinerary and Schedule of Costs for further particulars.) This also makes it possible for those living west of Buffalo to start at the beginning of the week, and take the Great Lakes trip; it allows them, likewise, a couple of days in the third week (at the conclusion of the two-weeks tour) for their more extended journey home.

Almost all railroad tickets to Buffalo from distant points are good to Niagara Falls without increase of price. We shall assume, therefore, that our tourists either arrive in Buffalo on an early train, or have arrived the night before, and are prepared to set out on their vacation voyage by taking the 8:02 train of a Friday morning, which lands them at Niagara Falls shortly before nine o'clock, with a full day ahead of them for sight-seeing. Since the establishment of the Canadian and the American National Parks, the extortionate fees for everything, that were formerly in vogue, have been abolished, and now practically all the natural wonders may be seen at no cost; the few commercial enterprises that are worth patronizing give ample returns for small expenditure. Visitors should walk from the railroad station to Prospect Park to get their first view of the Falls. Fifteen million cubic feet per minute pour over the rim of the great cataract—one cubic mile of water each week! After satiating yourself with this imposing sight, follow the Parkway to the Goat Island bridge, whence there is a fine view of the Upper Rapids. A little farther on are the Biddle Stairs and the office, where a guide and rubber costumes are obtained for the descent to the Cave of the Winds. Upon reascending and resuming normal apparel, walk on to Terrapin Rock for the best view of the Horseshoe Falls. Return then, to the mainland, and take luncheon at any one of the many restaurants. Afterward, cross the New Steel Arch Bridge to the Canadian side of the river, and spend an hour in visiting Queen Victoria Park, where, from Table Rock, the most wonderful view of all is to be had. Find your way then to the landing of the "Maid of the Mist," at the foot of the Inclined Railway, and make the trip across the river within the very spray of the Falls. Perhaps, after all, this is the most sublime and awful view of the foaming, roaring cataract. By this time the tourist will no doubt be quite willing to rest a while, have dinner, and seek an early bed.

TWO *landmarks of history worth the remembering—La Salle's house in St. Paul Street, Montreal, Montcalm's headquarters in Quebec*

On the following morning, have an early breakfast and board the trolley which follows the American side through the Gorge to Lewiston. On this seven-mile trip we pass, first, the Whirlpool Rapids, then, the mighty Whirlpool itself, getting excellent views of both. At Lewiston board the steamboat for Toronto. There will be time enough to obtain a general survey of this busy Canadian city before the departure of the lake steamer at 3 P. M. Sight-seeing cars are waiting on the dock, and deliver passengers back again on time.

The boats which ply Lake Ontario and go on down the St. Lawrence through the Thousand Islands are large and commodious. Meals are served on the American plan. You sleep on the boat Saturday night, and find yourself at Kingston at six o'clock the next morning. Here begins the delightful sail of several hours through the Thousand Islands. At Prescott passengers transfer to the "Rapid" steamers, and from then on, down to Montreal, is to be enjoyed the strange and exhilarating sensation of shooting the rapids. We arrive in Montreal in ample time for dinner.

There are several sight-seeing trolley rides that may be taken in Montreal; but the tourist will doubtless wish to reserve this method of exploration until afternoon, using the morning hours to walk about the city. Visits should be made to the churches of Notre Dame, and Notre Dame de Bonsecours. Interesting landmarks will be found at the corner of St. Peter and St. Paul streets, the site of La Salle's house; in Vaudreuil Lane, the warehouse where John Jacob Astor laid the foundation of the Astor millions; at St. Peter and Notre Dame streets, the site of Montgomery's headquarters in 1775. The pleasantest sight-seeing ride to take in the afternoon is to Mount Royal.

The boat for Quebec leaves Victoria Pier at 7 P. M., and dinner may best be eaten on board. As the arrival in Quebec, next morning, is quite early, the first duty of the traveler should be to locate his hotel for the night's lodging, and get breakfast. Then sally forth into the quaint, old, narrow, hilly streets of the ancient French town. The chief objects of interest in the city proper may be covered in a morning's walk. They should include the Dufferin Terrace, a fine broad promenade with a wonderful view of the river and of the lower city; the Citadel; a tour of the walls, where one still sees many batteries of old cannon; the Basilica; Montcalm's headquarters; the lower town, with the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires.

After luncheon take the electric train for Ste. Anne de Beaupré, passing Montmorency Falls on the way. The Church of Ste. Anne is most interesting, being filled with relics and offerings placed there by those who have undergone miraculous cures. There is also a "holy staircase" here, copied from that of Rome, where the devout may constantly be seen ascending on their knees The great day of the year at Beaupré is July 26th.

There will be time, upon the return to Quebec, for an hour or so among the curious and interesting shops, and in the evening, as likely as not, there will be a band concert on the Terrace, where the youth and beauty of Quebec may be seen at its gayest.

NOT *so much a river as a deep silent fjord—the Saguenay's waters are bordered by threatening precipices of sheer rock*

The boat for the Saguenay trip starts at eight in the morning, and the entire day's ride is through grand and picturesque scenery, the Laurentian Mountains rising in bold headlands from the very water's edge. Reaching Tadousac at dusk, the trip up the Saguenay is made during the night, depending upon the tide; and the start down-stream from Chicoutimi, next morning, also depends upon the tidal schedule; but two or three hours may always be had ashore. The Saguenay is no doubt one of the most remarkable rivers in America. It is a deep, silent fjord bordered by precipices of sheer rock which rise, at Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity, to the height of 1,700 feet. This tremendous chasm, some sixty miles in length and averaging less than a mile in width, is a wild solitude. The stream in places is immeasurably deep, and at its confluence with the St. Lawrence the bottom is six hundred feet lower than that of the greater stream.

We reach Quebec again at six o'clock Friday morning, and have six hours for additional sight-seeing. These may best be spent by taking a ride on the observation car, which starts at 9 A. M. and makes a tour including the Plains of Abraham and Wolfe's Monument.

Vacation tours in America are the last things one might suspect would be affected by the war in Europe, but nevertheless the fact that the steamships which usually carry travelers from Quebec up the Saguenay and on down the St. Lawrence to Charlottetown and Halifax are being used for military transports makes it necessary for us to cover our tracks all over again between Quebec and Tadousac. The boat for the gulf leaves at noon, and we pass along the same route we followed two days before. Yet such beauty and grandeur may hardly become monotonous. All day Sunday we steam along rugged coasts, and early Monday morning pass by Gaspé, a quaint little French village, where Cartier first landed in 1534 and took possession of the land in the name of the King of France. Later in the day, the boat passes Percé with its wonderful arched rock rising abruptly from the sea about a mile off shore, on the top of which nest literally millions of sea gulls and cormorants. We reach Summerside, a favorite resort for Canadians, early Monday morning and spend several hours ashore. At Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, we also have ample time to visit the strange and picturesque little Northern city. Pictou is reached very early Tuesday morning, and thence, by rail, we move onward to Halifax.

The afternoon should be spent in making a tour of the Park, where there is an interesting old Martello tower. The morning of the following day may be devoted to a visit to the Citadel, or to such parts of it as are shown to visitors in war time. In the afternoon, see the Parliament Buildings, the Cathedral, Dalhousie College, and the Public Gardens. There is much enjoyment to be found, too, in merely wandering about the curious and hilly streets, with many interesting shops, and the constant sight of soldiers moving to and fro. The steamer for Boston sails at midnight, but passengers may go aboard in the early evening.

NOTE: A complete itinerary and schedule of cost for this trip will be sent to those interested on receipt of two two-cent stamps.

Veranda Handicraft

Of many fascinating kinds for summer days

New Trimming Stitches

TO MAKE the fine crocheted edge (designed by Katherine Knieling) draw three threads a quarter-inch in from each edge, and baste the edge in a tiny hem. Crochet over this hem into the drawn part, using No. 90 crochet cotton and a very fine steel needle. Make one single crochet in the space after every fourth thread of the drawn part, and after every seventh single crochet, chain 5, and catch for a picot.

In rice stitch

For rice stitch, as described by Mrs. B. W. Jones, insert needle and bring through at apex of petal. Next insert needle at base of petal, out at apex, take up the thread attached at apex and wrap around needle eight times. Pull needle through, drawing toward center. This forms the first half of petal. Next bring needle entirely through from base to apex, thus leaving thread attached at apex as in the beginning, and repeat as for first half. Finish by inserting needle at base and begin new petal like first.

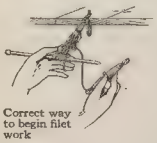
A tiny crocheted finish

Picot edge for scallops

To make picot edge on scallops, designed by Mrs. J. F. Brett, crochet along edge of scallop, beginning just below center until 4 stitches past point of scallop, 3 chain, fasten with a slip-stitch into fourth stitch on next scallop. Turn 6 crochet over chain of 3. Crochet 6 along the material, chain 7, fasten into center of bar crocheted between scallops, 7 chain, fasten into sixth above bar, turn, 4 crochet on chain of 7, 4 chain for picot, 6 crochet, picot, 4 crochet.

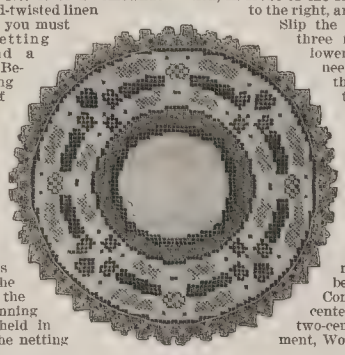
On the other chain of 7, crochet 4, picot, 3 crochet, 8 chain, fasten in center of other crocheted loop, turn, 4 crochet, picot, 4 crochet, picot, 4 crochet, picot, 4 crochet. On the rest of chain of 7, crochet 3, picot, 4 crochet. Again crochet along scallop edge, make picot at top of scallop, and repeat.

Centerpiece in Real Filet



Correct way to begin filet work

THE net of the centerpiece is made of No. 40 or a somewhat coarser hard-twisted linen thread, and you must have a netting needle and a mesh stick. Begin by taking a length of cord of about ten inches, tying the ends together. On this ring of thread the meshes of the first row are made, and the ring must be made fast to something before which the worker sits. Having made the ring firm and filled the netting needle with linen thread, tie the end of the latter in the end of the ring. Hold the left hand crosswise, the fingers straight out, the palm toward the worker, and the stick between the thumb and the forefinger and running parallel with them. The ring is held in such a way that the beginning of the netting thread lies just above the stick, with the needle in the right hand. Draw the thread down over the stick and along the inside of the first three fingers, back between the third and fourth fingers, up behind the fingers and the stick, in front of the ring to the left, then above that back to the right, and down again behind all four fingers. Slip the needle into the loop over the first three fingers, entering upward from the lower left inside the hand, passing the needle beneath the stick and into the ring, then out through the loop of thread thrown over the ring. In doing this the thread brought down behind all four fingers is formed into a loop held by little finger. Draw up the mesh. Slip the first three fingers out of the first loop and draw that up tight without letting the little finger drop the loop it holds. The loop over the first three fingers forms the mesh and must be drawn close around mesh stick each time, that all meshes may be same size. This must be done before releasing loop on little finger. Complete directions for making the centerpiece (CK-99) will be sent for two two-cent stamps. Address Crochet Department, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, New York.

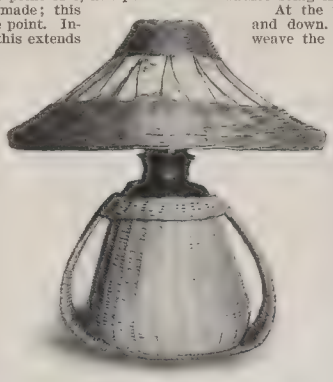


A Bungalow Lamp of Wicker

TO MAKE the base of lamp cut 12 pieces of No. 4 reeds, in 8-inch lengths, and one 5 inches long for the spokes. Cut inch slits at the middle point of 6, and push the other 6 through the cut thus made; this gives 24 spokes crossed at the middle point. Insert the short spoke at the middle; this extends from the center and makes 25 spokes in all.

Weave 8 times around the center with a strand of raffia, separating the spokes so that they radiate evenly. With a pliant No. 2 weaver, weave 20 rounds. Then take a No. 3 weaver and finish the bottom, which should measure 8 inches across.

When the weaving covers the bottom spokes to within an inch from the ends, insert spokes for the sides. These are of No. 3 reeds used in pairs, and 8 are cut 24 inches long, and the rest 18 inches long. The long spokes are placed on opposite sides and form the handles. The spokes for the sides are inserted so as to extend along beside the spokes at the bottom for several inches, one on each side of the bottom spokes. Finish weaving the bottom. Turn up the spokes for the sides and weave 3 rounds with the triple-twist weave. As the spokes at the sides are even in number, it will be necessary to weave alternately with 2 weavers. After weaving an inch, flaring gradually from the bottom, draw the sides in, and continue the slant to the top, which should be made to fit the bowl of the lamp, the entire basket being in the simple over and under weave.



DESIGNED BY MARGARET RICE

At the top, turn the spokes abruptly back and down. They must be very pliant. Now weave the rim in 10 rounds. Insert the ends of the long spokes at the bottom to form the handles. Finish the rim or border at top by turning each spoke under the next to the right, over the next, and in.

To make the handles, reinforce each of the outer spokes by inserting an extra heavy reed, preferably a No. 6. Begin weaving at the bottom, weaving over and under the spokes and through the sides of the basket at the bottom, for several rounds, to keep the handles from pulling out. In weaving the handle, weave over and under in the usual way, but make an extra turn or twist around the outer spoke each time you pass over it.

Directions for the lamp shade will be sent on receipt of two two-cent stamps. Order by number, H-277, and address Handicraft, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

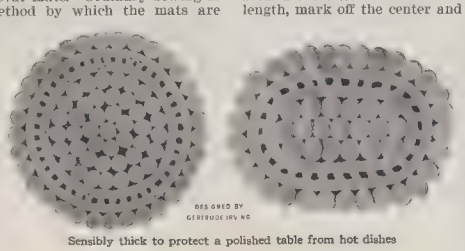
"Safe and Sane" Mats

The wheel, the four-strand braid and the lovers' knot

THEY are safe because they prevent damage from heat; they are sane because they are easily made with no strain to eyes and nerves.

The tubular cord for these mats comes in balls, and two balls are needed for a set of one round and three oval mats. Ordinary sewing is the method by which the mats are made, using coarse strong white sewing cotton.

Cut the cord in lengths of eighteen inches each. Divide one length in halves, marking its center. Run the needle through one end, and wind the thread firmly around it. Then begin to coil the cord around the end (now the center of a wheel) always sewing the coiled cord in place, until the center of the length of cord is reached. Fasten off the sewing cotton and, beginning again at the other end, make a second wheel, coiling oppositely. For the center of the oval mat, sew five wheels in a straight row. The fifth wheel must be made separately, of a nine-inch length of the cord. Around this center of five wheels sew a string of fourteen wheels.



DESIGNED BY GERTRUDE IRVING

Sensibly thick to protect a polished table from hot dishes

The border rounds on all the mats are made alike: Measure twice around the outer edge of one of the mats, and cut four pieces of cord of that length, making a four-strand braid of them. Sew this braid around the mat.

The next round is the lovers' knot. Measure three times around the edge of the mat. Take a piece of cord of this length, mark off the center and fasten it at that point to a table. Make a loop with the cord at the right, laying it over the cord at the left, so that the end of the right-hand cord forms the upper half of the loop. Put end of cord at left under end of right-hand cord, over upper half of the loop, and through the loop, going under the left-hand cord. Sew completed strip around the mat. Make another four-strand braid, and sew outside lovers' knots. Finish with row of wheels.

For white woodwork

DID you ever try Bon Ami on white paint? It dissolves the grime like magic and restores the fresh, white new look. Frequently one magic sweep of the cloth, wet with a little Bon Ami lather, will erase an obstinate finger-mark that resists floods of plain water!

You mustn't use coarse, gritty soaps or powders to scour that grime away—they would scour off the white paint too.

Bon Ami

To meet the wishes of housewives who like their cleaners in powder form, we are now making Bon Ami that way as well as in the well-known cake form.

The new powder is made of exactly the same fine materials as the cake; it will do exactly the same work and like the cake, *will not scratch.*

We leave you to choose between our cake and powder. Both of them are wonderful for cleaning windows and mirrors, bath-tubs, tile, paint, and polishing metals; not for scouring or rough work but for all the *finer* kinds of cleaning and polishing.

Made in both cake and powder form

THE BON AMI CO., NEW YORK

"Hasn't scratched yet!"

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM

You can buy Mennen's Talcum in a variety of shades and perfumes

For example—the Cream Tint Talcum with the fragrant Narangia odor, made for those who find a white talcum unbecoming. Another is the Flesh Tint, a powder rich in Rose color and perfume.

The perfumed white powders are Violet and Sen Yang, in addition to Borated, the standard Baby Talcum.

All the Mennen talcums are made according to the original Mennen Borated Formula, and have the standard Mennen quality, which you can only get under the Mennen name. Mennen's is the one universally recommended by doctors, nurses and mothers.

For sale by more than 100,000 Dealers

We want you to know *all* of the Mennen Talcums so that you can select the one best suited to your skin. For 5c we will send you any one sample or all five for 25c. Send for them today.

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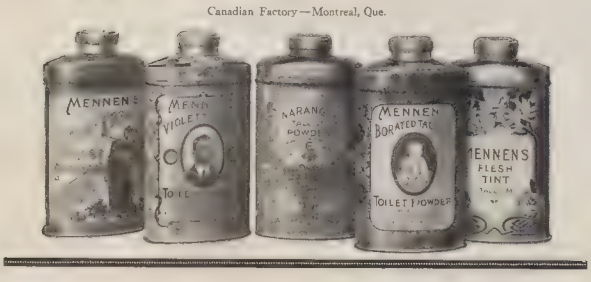


Two Easy-to-Make Gifts

Cross-stitch and crochet for little girls

Designed by HELEN MARVIN

In quaint flower design for a girl's room

ON A JULY afternoon four little schoolgirls sat upon a shady veranda and wished for something to do.

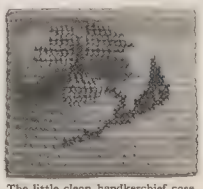
"It's too hot for playing tennis," said the first little girl.

"Or even for croquet," said the second.

"And a long way down-town for an ice cream soda," said the third.

"If we knew what to make, we could begin Christmas presents," said the fourth.

So to help those four girls and all other girls who have vacation hours to spare, some ideas for useful and pretty gifts that are pleasant to work on in warm weather are suggested.



The little clean handkerchief case for traveling days

The first is a pincushion design of flowers in filet crochet. The pattern is good for cross-stitch, too, but the crochet is a little more unusual. The pincushion top is made with No. 30 white crochet cotton, and it has one row of holes around the design, then the scalloped edge, which is worked as follows: Make one hole and four double crochet alternately all around, increasing at the corners. Join the round, then make eight single crochet stitches in each hole of the edge.

When completed the crochet is tied to a long colored satin pincushion with rosebud ribbons.

Rather nice to go with the pincushion is a dresser scarf to match. This is the way in which it should be made: Begin with enough holes for the width of the scarf—about eighteen inches—and work the design in the center of the width, beginning at the bottom of the garland of flowers and working to the top. When the design has been completed make one row of holes, then continue on the twenty-nine holes at each end, working row after row of holes, until enough has been crocheted to give half the length needed for the scarf, less thirty-seven rows.

In the next row begin the design, the rows crossing the pattern, and working so that the bottom of the design is toward the outer edge of the strip of crochet. After the design, work as many rows all holes as were worked before it, then connect the two strips with a chain long enough to make rows, and chain together the same length as the first long rows.

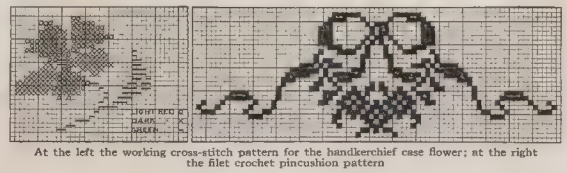
Make one row of holes, then work the design for the second end of the scarf, but begin at the top of it. Make a final row of holes, and work the two edge rounds used for the pincushion on the outer edges. Overhand the crochet to a center of linen, and finish the two ends with four tassels, one at each corner and two between. These tassels should be about six inches long.

The same design would be decorative on the end of a guest towel. Be sure to do the work tight, with a fine steel hook.

A thoughtful present for a girl to give her mother to use when she takes trips away from home is a handkerchief case for her bag. It is crocheted of white perle or pearl crochet cotton No. 3, and worked tight with a steel crochet hook.

Begin with a chain of forty-two stitches. Turn, skip the first two chain stitches, and in each of the others make one double crochet. This row should be about five and one-fourth inches long. On it work back and forth in single crochet, picking up the stitches on the double thread until there are seventy-six single crochet rows; then make one row of double crochet, and fasten off.

In working the cross-stitch pattern on the crochet, begin the top of the pattern in the fourth single crochet row from the end, and use pearl embroidery cotton No. 5 for the cross-stitch. When the embroidery is finished insert a length of featherbone beneath the turned back double crochet row at each end, hemming the latter down; then fold the case double and overhand the sides together. Do the sewing with white buttonhole twist; or crochet the sides together with the crochet cotton.



At the left the working cross-stitch pattern for the handkerchief case flower; at the right the filet crochet pincushion pattern

A Vacation Chance

Prizes for Companion young folks

IN THE middle of vacation imagine a rainy day or a very long dull day, when you are tired of everything you've been doing all summer. That's your chance!

For what? Why, to try for a July prize in one of the Children's Contests.

Girls' Stories; *Subject:* "A Guess." Length not over three hundred words. First prize, $2.00.

Boys' Stories; *Subject:* "My Invention." Length not over three hundred words. First prize, $2.00.

Verse: "A Seashore Song." First prize, $2.00.

Drawings or Photographs: "A Real American." First prize, $2.00.

Twenty one-dollar prizes for good work in the contests, and a number of books and toy prizes will be given.

Now, Vacation Boys and Girls, why don't you all try for a prize?

Special to the Fourth of July

Are you patriotic?

Did you celebrate?

How did you celebrate?

For the best letter telling how you spent your happiest Independence Day, an American flag will be given as a prize. The same rules as for the other contests apply to this one.

Just a word to the boys and girls who don't read the rules very carefully. It seems such a pity to miss getting a prize for a good story simply because you forgot to mention your age or, possibly, your address. Be quite sure you've followed *all* the rules before you put your contribution in the post box.

Rules—Be Sure to Read Very Carefully

1. All work must be original.
2. Write on one side of paper only.
3. Write name, age, and address plainly on contribution.
4. Do not roll manuscripts or drawings.
5. Send contributions before July 8th.
6. Address all contributions to *"Children's Contest Department," care of the Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.*

"Playtime" was photographed by Maurice Pursell, aged ten

Frank Goes Fishing

And learns the right tackle for trout and bass

By C. H. CLAUDY

FRANK and his elder brother Jack stood knee deep in the swiftly running river. Uncle Ben was close behind, interested in his younger nephew's first experience with game fishing.

"*I* don't see anything hard about *that!*" cried Frank, watching Jack make a skillful cast of the bright-colored artificial bait, with its little propeller in front, its three sets of triple hooks flashing in the sun. "Watch me try."

Frank took his rod, twirled the reel, and, in clumsy imitation of his brother, threw the bait from him. It fell short, and a laugh came from both brother and uncle watching him.

"Easy—give him some line!"

"You needn't laugh!" cried Frank peevishly. "I never tried it before! What's wrong, anyhow?"

"I'm not laughing at your cast, it was good, for a first try!" Jack said. "But you cast up-stream. You must cast down-stream for black bass. They feed up-stream."

"Oh!" puzzled Frank. "But in pictures I've seen—"

"That's trout fishing!" cut in Uncle Ben. "Trout come down-stream, so we fish for them up-stream. And that's fly fishing, which is quite different from bait-casting for black bass. There are no trout here. Look at that!"

Uncle Ben had been casting as he spoke, twitching and jerking his eight-foot rod. There was a whirl in the water, a buzz from the reel, and Uncle Ben had both hands on the rod "playing" the fish. Frank watched interestedly. Suddenly came a cry from Jack, and he, too, had a fish on the end of his line and was excitedly working it into his landing net. But the water was cold, and the sport, though interesting, was not exciting to Frank, standing knee deep. So he cast, down-stream this time, and worked his rod in imitation of his companions. Suddenly he, too, saw the swirl of water as the fish "broke," felt the tug on his line, and became, then and there and for life, a fisherman.

"Easy, now, easy—give him some line!" cried Jack. "Don't do it all with the rod—reel him in! Quick, quick!" Jack was as excited over Frank's fish as if it had been his own first one. "Don't give him any slack! Oh, a whopper! Now, the net—there!"

At the end of the long morning, when it was time to stop for luncheon, Frank had caught four good-sized bass, Uncle Ben had ten, Jack had seven.

"But we can come back this afternoon!" argued Frank. "We are not through!"

"Yes, we are," said Jack gravely, and Uncle Ben nodded. "We have all we can eat, both here and at home."

"But can't we catch them just for fun, and put them back again?" asked Frank.

"Nothing to it!" responded Jack vigorously. "I don't know for sure that a bass, put back, dies. But most trout do, unless they are very strong."

"Right!" cried Uncle Ben. "No good fisherman catches more than he can eat, or than his friends can eat. No good fisherman likes to put back a caught fish, unless it is a big, strong one."

"How about the fellows who fish with just a line and worms?" asked Frank.

"Oh, that's not *game* fishing! In game fishing, you know, you put your wits against the fish's cunning and skill. Anyone can run a seine up this river and catch all the bass in it. But it isn't sport. That's why we have fine rods and light lines, and use our skill."

"What's fly fishing like?" Frank wanted to know.

"Well, fly fishing," answered Uncle Ben, "let us say trout fly fishing, is the art of getting the trout to swallow a book incased in something he thinks is an enemy or good to eat, no one is quite certain which. You saw the way the bass went at the bait? Well, the bass probably thinks that a little painted fish full of hooks is something to kill. He doesn't do it as if he was hungry, so much as if he was angry. In fly casting for trout, we use a long, light rod, ten or twelve feet if we are expert. For you, Frank, I've got just the nicest little split bamboo rod, nine feet long, you ever saw! It doesn't have a multiple or duplex reel above the handle, like the bass rod, just a plain reel below the handle. But it's feather-light. We have a taper line for it, a line heavier in the middle than at either end, and a book full of flies. See here—"

Uncle Ben dipped into his pocket and brought out a little leather book of flies. Frank opened it with a cry of delight. Curious and bright-colored affairs they were, of different material, each concealing a hook and looking like some bright-colored insect.

"Aren't they pretty!" cried Frank. "What do you call them?"

"That's a 'Royal Coachman'," pointed Jack eagerly, "and this is a 'Paramanchee Belle,' and this, a 'Silver Doctor'."

"Yes, they all have names," agreed Uncle Ben. "In fly fishing for trout," he went on, "we use several of these things, each on a 'leader' of gut, fastened to the line. It is an art to cast for trout, for the line must go a long way from you, so the trout doesn't know you are near. It must be most artistically twisted and moved, so that the fly seems to the fish to swim or to crawl upon the surface. That means a light rod. Then the trout, when he swallows the thing, darts away, and you have to 'play him,' much as we played the bass, only more so. There are fly rods and bait casting rods, and rods for still fishing or 'wait for a bite' fishing, and trolling rods and salmon rods and salt water rods," went on Uncle Ben. "Fly rods have the reel below the handle—bait-casting rods for bass, especially like these we use, have the reel above the handle, so its action can be controlled. If you can't have but one fly rod, a five-ounce rod nine feet long is about right. If you can have two, have a longer one for fly fishing, and a short, stronger one for bait casting."

"It isn't so easy to choose, then, is it?" wondered Frank.

"Easier than to choose tackle," answered Uncle Ben. "There are about sixteen hundred varieties of hooks, and fully a thousand kinds of line. I told you fishing was an old art."

Another "Playtime," photographed by Florence Stolte, aged 12

The Knack of Sharpening Your Knife

By Frederick M. Holmes

FEW boys who undertake to sharpen a knife have any great difficulty in getting a sufficiently keen edge; it is in keeping this edge that the trouble arises. This is due to holding the knife blade too flat when sharpening.

By holding the knife blade very flat a sharp edge can be readily produced, but is so very thin that it is easily broken and the blade is marred by jagged nicks.

The men who are employed in factories to sharpen the best grade of knives hold the blade at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and really sharpen only the cutting edge itself. This method leaves the blade behind the immediate point of contact, sufficiently thick and strong to stand any ordinary usage.

"What luck to find
This Campbell 'kind'
Right in the milky way!
'Twill make a bisque
Worth all my risk.
I'll eat some more today!"

And there's no higher to go—

When you've had *Campbell's Tomato Soup* prepared as a bisque or cream of tomato you've enjoyed a soup that cannot be excelled for quality and flavor.

And it is so easy to prepare! A child could follow the simple directions on the label, and have this delightful nourishing tomato bisque ready to serve in three minutes.

Besides this, there are many other tempting ways to prepare this wholesome Campbell "kind," so many, in fact, that practical housewives now-a-days order it by the dozen or the case, so as to have it always on hand.

Don't *you* need another dozen *today?*

21 kinds **10c a can**

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The 1916

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

$750

MODEL 83 FOB TOLEDO

The Newest Overland—$325 Less Than Last Year

The 1916 Overland is essentially the same as the 1915 Overland—*the famous Model 80 that sold for $1075.*

But the price is $325 less.

The stream-line body is the *same* as the $1075 model of last season.

It has the *same* magnificent finish; that deep, rich tone of dark Brewster green with fine hairline striping of clear ivory-white.

It has the *same* powerful, economical thirty-five horsepower, four-cylinder motor, *but weighs less.*

It has high-tension magneto ignition.

It has the *same* underslung rear springs. It has the convenient arrangement of electric control buttons on the steering column.

It has the *same* easy-working clutch which any woman can operate; the *same* "easy to handle" shifting levers; the *same* "easy to steer with" wheel; the *same* positive brakes.

It has 33" x 4" tires which is unusual on a car at this price.

In detail, finish, mechanical fineness, comforts and conveniences, this newest Overland gives you all there was in the $1075 Overland *and even more power.*

And it costs you but $750 *—$325 less than last season's large 35 horsepower Overland.*

Deliveries are being made now all over the country.

Every Overland dealer already has a waiting list.

Place your order immediately and you can be sure of a speedy delivery.

United States Prices

$750 *Touring Car* — *f. o. b. Toledo* — **$725** *Roadster*

Canadian Prices

$1050 *Touring Car* — *f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont.* — **$1015** *Roadster*

1916 catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 199

THE WILLYS-OVERLAND COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Specifications

- *35 Horsepower motor*
- *High-tension magneto ignition*
- *5 Bearing crankshaft*
- *Thermo-syphon cooling*
- *Underslung rear springs*
- *33" x 4" tires non skid in rear*
- *Demountable rims, with one extra*
- *Electric starting and lighting system*
- *Headlight dimmers*
- *Rain vision ventilating type, built-in windshield*
- *Instrument board on cowl dash*
- *Left hand drive, center control*
- *One-man top and top cover*
- *Magnetic speedometer*

"Made in U. S. A."

When You Make Out Your Grocery List

Remember that for all-round cooking purposes, Crisco is rapidly becoming the choice of intelligent women the country over.

Its many points of superiority over lard, and its marked economy as compared with butter are the good and sufficient reasons.

The daily experience of a multitude of American housewives is your guarantee of the value of

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

It costs much less than butter—generally about half. It is more digestible than even the best of lard—and its year-round cost is lower.

It is more convenient than either butter or lard. It can be kept indefinitely in ordinary kitchen temperature without getting too soft or too hard, or turning rancid.

It reaches a proper frying temperature without causing any of the smoke that makes cooking disagreeable and leaves odors in the kitchen.

Rose Leaf Cakes

1 cupful rose leaves	1 cupful milk
3 cupfuls flour	2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 cupful sugar	1 lemon
½ cupful Crisco	½ teaspoonful salt
3 eggs	

(Use level measurements)

Cream Crisco and sugar thoroughly together, then add eggs well beaten, flour, baking powder, salt, milk, grated rind and 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, and fresh rose leaves. Divide into Crisco-ed and floured gem pans and bake in moderate oven from twelve to fifteen minutes. Sufficient for 35 cakes.

If you would care to know more about Crisco write for a copy of the "Calendar of Dinners", a 2 cent request to Department I 7, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O., enclosing *five 2-cent stamps*. You will receive a book of 615 new cooking recipes and a complete account of what Crisco is, how and where it is made, and what it will do to simplify and improve your cooking.

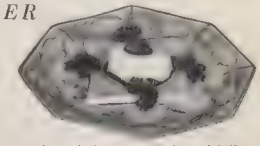
Tempting Cookery for the Invalid

These individual recipes were especially planned

By FANNIE MERRITT FARMER

Toast meringue is a fluff of egg and cream

NOTE: *In my recipes all measurements are made level. Measuring cups divided into thirds and quarters are used; also tea and table measuring spoons.*



A poached egg cooked "just right"

IT IS certainly true that if families were properly fed it would seldom be necessary to know much about cooking for the sick. Statistics prove that two thirds of all disease are brought about by errors in diet. Either the food principles have not been properly maintained or the food has been improperly cooked. To one accustomed to visiting children's hospitals or children's wards in general hospitals this statement cannot seem an exaggeration as the results of malnutrition may be seen on every side. The recovery of a patient is much hastened if the cook does her part intelligently, for "good cooking saves the digestion half its work."

BARLEY GRUEL: Add two tablespoonfuls of cold water to one tablespoonful of barley flour to form a thin paste; then add gradually, while stirring constantly, one cupful of boiling water. Bring to the boiling point and let boil fifteen minutes. Add one-half cupful of milk, bring to the boiling point, add one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, and strain.

THICKENED MILK: Scald one cupful of milk in a double boiler, reserving two tablespoonfuls. Add reserved milk to one tablespoonful of flour gradually, while stirring constantly. Pour into scalded milk and stir until mixture thickens, then cover, and cook over hot water twenty minutes. Season with a few grains of salt. An inch piece of stick cinnamon may be cooked with the milk if liked, and tends to reduce a laxative condition.

OATMEAL GRUEL: Add one fourth of a cupful of uncooked oatmeal mixed with one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt to one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water. Bring to the boiling point, and let boil two minutes, then cook over hot water (in double boiler) one hour. Strain, again bring to the boiling point and add milk or cream to meet the need of the patient.

INDIAN-MEAL GRUEL: Mix one tablespoonful of granulated Indian meal, one-half tablespoonful of flour, and one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Add gradually, while stirring constantly, three tablespoonfuls of cold water to form a thin paste; then add gradually two cupfuls of boiling water and let simmer one hour. Add milk or cream to meet the needs of the patient.

KUMISS: This dish is of great value in the sickroom, as it is one form in which milk seldom fails to be retained by the patient. Kumiss made at home in the following way is most satisfactory: Heat one quart of milk to 75° Fahrenheit, add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of sugar and one fourth of a yeast cake broken in pieces and dissolved in one tablespoonful of lukewarm water. Fill sterilized bottles to within one and one-half inches of the top. Cork and shake. Place bottles, inverted, where they can remain at a temperature of 70° Fahrenheit for ten hours; then place in ice box for forty-eight hours, shaking occasionally to prevent cream from clogging mouth of bottles.

MOCK-BISQUE SOUP: Scald two thirds of a cupful of milk and thicken with three fourths of a tablespoonful of flour diluted with cold water until thin enough to pour. Cook in double boiler ten minutes, stirring constantly at first. Heat one fourth of a cupful of stewed and strained tomatoes to the boiling point, add one fourth of a teaspoonful of sugar and a few grains of soda, and add gradually to thickened milk. Add one-half tablespoonful of butter, bit by bit, and one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Strain and serve at once. If not served immediately this soup is liable to curdle.

DROPPED EGGS ON TOAST: Butter the inside of a muffin ring and place in an omelet pan of hot water to which one teaspoonful of salt has been added. Break an egg into a saucer, then slip into the muffin ring, allowing water to cover the egg. Place a tin cover on pan and set on the back of the range. Let stand until white of egg is of jelly-like consistency. Take up the ring and egg, using a buttered griddle-cake turner, and place on a circular piece of buttered toast. Remove the ring and garnish the egg with toast points and parsley. By using a muffin ring there is no waste, and the cooked egg is also much more attractive.

EGG NOGG: Beat the yolk of one egg slightly and add three fourths of a tablespoonful of sugar, one fourth of a teaspoonful of vanilla and a few grains of salt; then add gradually two thirds of a cupful of cold milk. Strain into a glass, sprinkle with a few gratings of nutmeg, and add the white of one egg beaten until stiff and dry.

EGG LEMONADE: Beat one egg until thick and lemon-colored, using an egg beater. Add the juice of one orange and of one lemon, and sweeten to taste, using powdered sugar. Pour into a glass one third full of finely crushed ice. Place on a plate covered with a lace-paper doily and accompany with straws. This is a very refreshing beverage.

TOAST MERINGUE: Cut one slice of bread one fourth of an inch thick, remove crusts, and toast on both sides. Heat one third of a cupful of thin cream in a small omelet pan, and when the cream is nearly at the boiling point add one-half teaspoonful of butter and the white of one egg beaten until stiff and sprinkled with a few grains of salt. Fold the egg over and over in the cream until firm; then pile on the toast; pour around the toast the cream that the egg has not absorbed. Garnish with a sprig of parsley.

ORANGE JELLY (in sections of orange peel): Cut a circular piece of peel one inch in diameter from the stem end of an orange. Place the handle of a silver spoon into opening thus made, remove pulp and juice, and strain. The forefinger may be of assistance in loosening pulp lying close to skin—which should be discarded as it is apt to make a cloudy jelly. Soak three fourths of a teaspoonful of granulated gelatine in one-half tablespoonful of cold water, add one tablespoonful of boiling water, and as soon as gelatine is dissolved add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of sugar, one fourth of a cupful of orange juice and one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Strain through cheesecloth. Fill orange with mixture, place in pan and surround with cracked ice to which a small quantity of water has been added. Be sure that it is well balanced, and watch carefully lest it be upset by the melting of the ice. As soon as the jelly is firm cut in sections. Arrange on a plate covered with a lace-paper doily and garnish with green leaves.

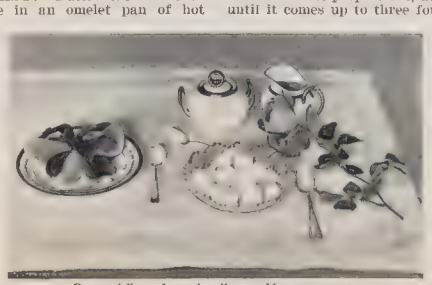
COFFEE JELLY: Soak three fourths of a teaspoonful of granulated gelatine in one half of a tablespoonful of cold water three minutes. Add one third of a cupful of hot boiled coffee, one half of a tablespoonful of sugar and a few grains of salt. Strain through cheesecloth into a mold, first dipped into cold water, and chill.

WINE JELLY: Soak three-fourths teaspoonful of granulated gelatine three minutes in one-half tablespoonful of cold water. Add one tablespoonful of boiling water; when the gelatine has dissolved, add one tablespoonful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of sherry wine and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Strain into an individual mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill.

MARSHMALLOW PUDDING: Put two-thirds teaspoonful of granulated gelatine in a small bowl, add one-third cupful of boiling water, and dissolve by placing over hot water. Put one-fourth cupful of sugar in another bowl, add white of an egg, and pour over strained gelatine; then add one-fourth teaspoonful of vanilla and a few grains of salt. Beat mixture until stiff. Turn into a shallow pan first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from pan and cut in pieces the size and shape of marshmallows. Arrange in serving dish and accompany with sugar and thin cream.

VANILLA ICE CREAM: Mix one-half cupful of thin cream, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and a few grains of salt, and freeze. One-fourth cupful of heavy cream and one-fourth cupful of milk may be used in place of one-half cupful thin cream. Finely crushed ice and rock salt, or coarse salt, are necessary for the freezing of ice creams. These are used in the proportion of three measures of ice to one measure of salt. If more salt is used the cream is coarser and less smooth in texture; where less salt is used more time is required for the freezing, with no better results. Cover bottom of the pail with finely crushed ice (an old lard pail may be used), put in baking-powder box or tumbler containing mixture to be frozen, and surround with ice and salt in correct proportions, adding ice and salt alternately, until it comes up to three fourths the depth of the box or tumbler. Turn the box or tumbler with the hand, and as soon as the mixture begins to freeze, scrape the frozen portion from sides of the box or tumbler and beat mixture with a spoon, so continuing until the entire mixture is frozen. Miniature ice cream freezers are a great convenience when freezing small quantities.

MILK SHERBET: Add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice to one tablespoonful of sugar, and pour on gradually one-half cupful of milk (or one half milk and one half cream) then freeze.



Orange jelly and marshmallow pudding are sure to refresh the jaded appetite

The Better Babies Bureau

offers its help and advice to

ALL MOTHERS
AND MOTHERS-IN-WAITING

THE PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS' CIRCLE

EVERY prospective mother who reads the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION is cordially invited to register in the Prospective Mothers' Circle. Just send your name, your address, and the date when your baby is expected to the Director of the Better Babies Bureau.

THE MOTHERS' CLUB

EVERY mother who reads the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION is invited to register in the Mothers' Club, sending her name and address, and stating her special problems of health, education, discipline, etc. Her letter will be promptly and fully answered.

BETTER BABIES CAMPAIGNS

EVERY social worker who is interested in Better Babies Campaigns, either through Contests, or Health Exhibits, or Baby Conferences, is invited to use the helpful literature and other material prepared by the Better Babies Bureau.

INQUIRIES

A STAMPED and self-addressed envelope must accompany all inquiries. When ordering books and pamphlets not prepared by this Bureau for free distribution, price must be sent with order. Address Better Babies Bureau, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Better Babies News

THE following letters show individual ways in which Better Babies literature and posters are being used to good advantage. We shall be very glad to send this material to other librarians, teachers, social workers, and club women who wish to follow these successful plans.

FROM A KANSAS LIBRARIAN: We should never have been able to start a Better Babies movement here without your help. Here, in our public library, we are making our Mothers' Department a clearing house for information about the care and guidance of children, eugenics, sex hygiene, education; and, as you suggested, I arranged a corner in the library where mothers meet once a week and discuss some topic in connection with Better Babies. We have been using the material you send out for Mothers' Clubs. I have not been able as yet to buy all the books you recommended, but have a number of them, and have also hung up the posters, which we find most interesting. The women are reading the books eagerly. Once a month our doctor gives us a talk on the care of children, and the two ministers are each giving us a series—one on the "Religious Training of Children," the other on "The Training of Young People for Parenthood." We have succeeded in getting women to join the club who have never come into the library before, and they are tremendously interested. Some have driven ten to fifteen miles in from the country for these meetings. And now we are starting a campaign for a better schoolhouse.

FROM A KINDERGARTEN TEACHER IN TEXAS: Some time ago I asked you to let me join your Mothers' Club, and when you enrolled me you sent such interesting material that I thought it was a pity some of the mothers I knew had not seen it. Then I had an inspiration: I got the principal of our school to allow me to organize a Mothers' Club to meet at the kindergarten once a week and talk over the problems of children. It is amazing how much we have learned in the few weeks we have had the club! The women are all very eager to have their babies Better Babies, and I find that since we have the club here at the kindergarten, they are much more willing to coöperate with the school authorities in the care of their children. There are a number of Bohemian women here, and their ideas of bringing up children are so different from ours! But I find them very eager to do anything that will help their babies.

FROM A HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER IN MINNESOTA: I am trying, in my domestic science department, to teach my girls something of the glories of motherhood. I want to prepare them for the life that most of them will no doubt lead; and the materials you have sent me—the list of books and the suggestions for subjects to study—have been of great assistance to me in outlining my course. Whenever you get out anything new, won't you let me have it?

FROM A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE OF WASHINGTON: My husband is a physician, and he thinks the work you are doing is perfectly splendid. He has written you for a supply of your leaflets to give to his patients, and now I am coming to you for help. The ladies' aid society of our church started a Mothers' Club at the church mission—using your material, which you sent us sometime ago—and it is now so big and flourishing that we want to have a health exhibit or a contest at the mission. Some friends of mine in Texas got up a Better Babies contest last summer, under your directions, and it was a tremendous success. It made women realize that the health of their babies is the most important thing for them to work for. Now we want the women in our Mothers' Club to have the inspiration of a contest, too. So please send us the necessary instructions.

FROM A SOCIAL WORKER IN GEORGIA: I am a social worker in a mill town, where I see terrible ignorance on the part of mothers and dreadful suffering on the part of children. I want to educate the women and I need your help. I have distributed your leaflets and talked, and talked, and talked, and at last they are beginning to see what is meant by Better Babies.

I secured permission from the mill authorities to hang up your posters in the mill where the operatives would be bound to see them. Now, after months of preparation, I want to have a Better Babies Health Exhibit at the County Fair this summer. Won't you give me full instructions how to conduct it, and let me have all the leaflets you can spare to give these poor, ignorant women?

Mother Calendar for JULY

I

Keep the babies cool, inside and out. Have clothing loose and light. The child two years or more needs nothing but sandals and rompers, with a thin knitted shirt, low-necked and sleeveless, if there is a tendency to bowel trouble.

II

Babies require only knitted belly bands, shirt and diaper, with a plain slip if desired. For cool nights and mornings add lightweight kimono, nightdress or sacque of Shaker or outing flannel.

III

On very hot days give baby a cleansing bath in the morning, a cooling bath before bed time. When baby is feverish eight ounces of alcohol may be added to one quart of warm water and used as a sponge bath.

IV

When the baby suffers from prickly heat do not use soap, but put a cup of bran meal in a cheesecloth bag and stir this in the bath water until the water takes a milky hue.

V

Never expose the baby to the sun in hot weather. If protected from the flies by mosquito netting the baby may take an outdoor nap in the shade of the porch or tree.

VI

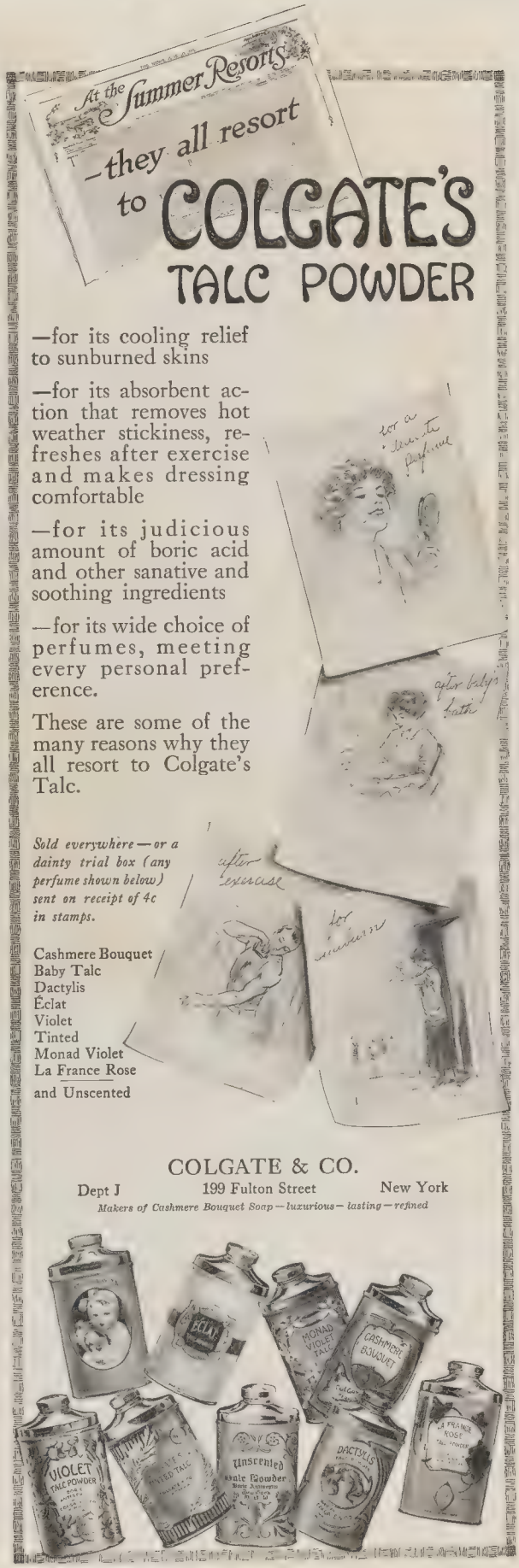
No baby, whether breast fed or bottle fed, should be given sips of ice water, iced tea, lemonade, ginger ale, root beer, soda water or any other hot weather drink.

VII

Water that has been boiled and cooled and kept covered is sufficient to quench a baby's thirst.

VIII

Baby should be fed more lightly in summer than in winter, and if he shows a tendency to vomiting, colic or indigestion, the mother should eat more lightly, or if baby is bottle fed, skim milk may be used instead of whole milk.


At the Summer Resorts
they all resort to
COLGATE'S
TALC POWDER
—for its cooling relief to sunburned skins
—for its absorbent action that removes hot weather stickiness, refreshes after exercise and makes dressing comfortable
—for its judicious amount of boric acid and other sanative and soothing ingredients
—for its wide choice of perfumes, meeting every personal preference.
These are some of the many reasons why they all resort to Colgate's Talc.
after bath
after exercise
Sold everywhere—or a dainty trial box (any perfume shown below) sent on receipt of 4c in stamps.
Cashmere Bouquet
Baby Talc
Dactylis
Éclat
Violet
Tinted
Monad Violet
La France Rose
and Unscented
COLGATE & CO.
Dept J 199 Fulton Street New York
Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious—lasting—refined
VIOLET TALC POWDER
Unscented
DACTYLIS

Summer Ices

Cooling creams and ices "stand better" and are smoother if made with

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

(It's Granulated)

It is the secret of home-made frozen dainties—this Grape Juice Sherbet will prove it.

Send for FREE Recipe Book

It contains many economical Dessert, Jelly, Salad, Pudding and Candy Recipes. It is free for your grocer's name. Pint sample (enough to make this grape sherbet) for 2c stamp and grocer's name.

CHAS. B. KNOX COMPANY
309 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

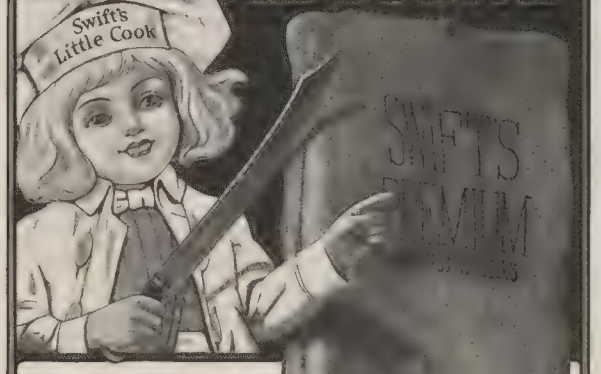
Grape Juice Sherbet

Soak ½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ½ cup cold water 5 minutes. Make a syrup by boiling 1 cup sugar and 1½ cups boiling water ten minutes, and add soaked gelatine. Cool slightly and add 1 pint grape juice, 4 tablespoonfuls lemon juice, ½ cup orange juice; then freeze. Serve in glasses and garnish with candied violets or fruit, if desired.

Yellow Package

Blue Package

Look for this Brand



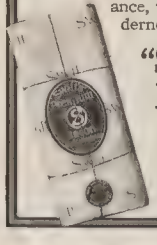
When you purchase bacon ask the dealer to show you the double

"Swift's Premium"

brand. Or if you 'phone your order, look for this brand when the bacon is received.

To be sure of the best—best in appearance, taste and tenderness—demand

"Swift's Premium"



Swift & Company U.S.A.

Hot-Weather Menus

By CORA FARMER PERKINS

IN CHARGE OF MISS FARMER'S SCHOOL OF COOKERY

NOTE: *The menus on this page are planned to meet the needs of the average family and are given merely as suggestions. The recipes for starred dishes will be found below.*

JULY MENUS

1

Breakfast
Cereal; broiled liver; creamed potatoes; rye gems; coffee.

Dinner
Pan-broiled lamb chops; Turkish pilaf; shell beans; baked Indian pudding with cream.

Supper
*Jellied veal loaf, horseradish sauce; Parker House rolls; chocolate éclairs; tea.

2

Breakfast
Blackberries; cereal; dropped eggs on toast; coffee.

Luncheon
Fish chowder; Dresden sandwiches; iced tea.

Dinner
Tomato soup, crisp crackers; baked mackerel; *Alphonso potatoes; beet green salad; snow pudding, custard sauce.

3

Breakfast
Raspberries; French omelet; buttered toast; doughnuts; coffee.

Dinner
Veal cutlets, brown sauce; potato cubes; string beans; *rice soufflé.

Supper
Egg and potato salad; finger rolls; cocoanut cream pie; iced tea.

4

Breakfast
Cereal; raspberry shortcake; coffee.

Dinner
Iced mock-tomato bouillon, pulled bread; creamed sweetbread timbales; cold sliced boiled ham; asparagus salad, finger rolls; strawberry bomb; fancy small cakes; fruit punch.

Supper
*Stuffed eggs, tomato purée; dressed lettuce; finger rolls; devil's food cake; lemonade; *summer fudge.

5

Breakfast
Cereal; boiled eggs; blueberry muffins; coffee.

Dinner
Consommé, bread sticks; roast stuffed chicken, giblet gravy; potato croquettes; summer squash; watermelon sherbet; nut wafers; demi-tasse.

Supper
Tomato rarebit; lettuce sandwiches; cup cakes; ginger ale.

6

Breakfast
Cereal; blackberry shortcake; coffee.

Luncheon
Ramekins of creamed fish; pin-wheel biscuits; fancy crackers, pimiento cheese; egg chocolate.

Dinner
Veal cutlets, *horseradish sauce; baked potatoes; Swiss chard; dinner rolls; Spanish cream.

7

Breakfast
Cereal; fresh currants; German toast; coffee.

Dinner
Broiled ham; baked potatoes; dressed lettuce; coffee cream.

Supper
Boston baked beans; dressed cucumbers; brown bread; *Rochester squares with whipped cream.

8

Breakfast
Canteloupes; Spanish omelet; hashed browned potatoes; quality muffins; coffee.

Dinner
Iced currants; roast leg of lamb, brown gravy; Francoia potatoes; green peas; ginger ale coupe; Berwick sponge cake; demi-tasse.

Supper
Deviled sardines; brown bread sandwiches; nut caramel cake; lemonade.

ROCHESTER SQUARES: Scald one cupful of milk, and when lukewarm add three-fourths yeast cake broken in pieces; when yeast cake is dissolved add one and three-fourths cupfuls flour. Cover, and let rise. Then add one-fourth cupful each, butter and lard mixed, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-fourth cupful sugar, yolk of one egg and flour to knead, the amount required being about one and one-half cupfuls. Knead, cover, and let rise. Spread in a buttered dripping pan, brush over with melted butter and arrange parallel rows of steamed prunes (from which stones have been removed) lengthwise of the pan. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, again let rise, bake in moderate oven. Cut in squares, serve hot or cold with Whipped Cream.

WHIPPED CREAM: Soak one teaspoonful granulated gelatine in one tablespoonful of cold water five minutes, and dissolve by placing cup containing mixture in saucepan containing boiling water; then cool slightly. Mix one and one-half cupfuls heavy cream and one-fourth cupful of milk, and add dissolved gelatine. Beat until stiff, using an egg beater. Add two-thirds cupful powdered sugar, one teaspoonful vanilla and a few grains salt. This is an excellent way to prepare whipped cream, especially during the summer months, to prevent quick liquefying.

ALPHONSO POTATOES: Wash and pare five medium-sized potatoes, and cook in boiling salted water until soft; then cut in one-fourth-inch slices, and slices in one-fourth-inch cubes. Parboil six minutes one green pepper from which seeds have been removed, and cut in one-eighth-inch squares. Add to potato cubes with three-fourths cupful milk, one-fourth cupful cream, and one-half teaspoonful salt. Let simmer fifteen minutes. Put in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with one and one-half tablespoonfuls grated Parmesan cheese, and bake ten minutes. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

JELLIED VEAL LOAF: Soak one tablespoonful granulated gelatine in one-fourth cupful cold water five minutes and dissolve in one cupful boiling water; then add one-fourth cupful sugar, one-fourth cupful vinegar, two tablespoonfuls lemon juice and one teaspoonful of salt. Strain, cool, and when mixture begins to stiffen add one and one-half cupfuls cold cooked veal cut in small cubes, and one and one-half canned pimientos, cut in small Julienne-shaped pieces. Turn into a narrow pan, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold to serving dish, and garnish with crisp lettuce leaves. Cut in thin slices crosswise and accompany with Horseradish Sauce.

HORSERADISH SAUCE: Mix one tablespoonful tarragon vinegar, two tablespoonfuls grated horseradish root, one teaspoonful English mustard, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and a few grains of cayenne; then add one-half cupful heavy cream beaten until stiff and three tablespoonfuls mayonnaise dressing.

STUFFED EGGS, TOMATO PURÉE: Clean and chop two chicken livers, sprinkle with onion juice and sauté in butter. Cut four hard-boiled eggs in halves lengthwise and separate yolks from whites. Rub yolks through a sieve and add to livers. Season with one teaspoonful finely chopped parsley, and salt, pepper and tabasco sauce to taste. Refill whites with mixture, sprinkle with grated cheese and bake until cheese melts. Remove to toast rings and pour around tomato purée. To obtain tomato purée, drain liquor from canned tomatoes, put pulp in saucepan, simmer twelve minutes; rub through a purée strainer; again simmer to a thick pulp.

RICE SOUFFLÉ: Pick over and wash one-fourth cupful rice. Add one-half cupful boiling water and cook in double boiler until rice has absorbed water; then add two cupfuls scalded milk and cook until rice is soft; then add two tablespoonfuls sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful salt. Beat yolks of two eggs and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Pour rice mixture slowly on egg mixture, return to double boiler and cook, stirring constantly until it thickens. Remove from range, and add whites of two eggs, beaten until stiff. Chill, flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla. Serve in glasses, garnish each with one teaspoonful raspberry jam.

SUMMER FUDGE (uncooked): Cut one-half pound dipping chocolate in pieces, set saucepan in larger saucepan of boiling water, and let stand until melted. Beat two eggs until thick and add one cupful of powdered sugar gradually, while beating constantly. Add to melted chocolate, and when well blended add one teaspoonful vanilla, a few grains salt, two-thirds cupful of English walnut meats, broken in pieces, and one-third cupful glacéd cherries cut in pieces. Turn into a buttered pan, and let stand to set. Cut in cubes and pile on a dish.

NOTE: In these recipes all measurements are made level. Measuring cups, divided into thirds and quarters are used; also tea and table measuring spoons.

The Exchange

A department of household news

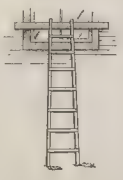
Contributed by COMPANION READERS

PRIZES FOR EXCHANGE ITEMS—Every month prizes amounting to $16.00 are awarded to contributors, awards being made as follows:
$5.00 for the best original item (not illustrated) of general interest and helpfulness in solving housekeeping problems
$3.00 for the second best.
$5.00 for the best description of an original homemade household convenience or labor-saving device, accompanied by a rough sketch.
$3.00 for the second best.
All other contributions, whether illustrated or not, are paid for at the rate of $1.00 each. Contributions must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only, and must contain not more than two hundred words (preferably less)

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS TO CONTRIBUTORS—The monthly competition for prizes closes the 8th of each month
Contributions received between June 8th and July 8th are eligible for the October prizes.
All accepted contributions and all prize-winners will be published in the October number. If you do not receive a check for your contribution by the time the October number is published, you will know that it has not been accepted.
Contributors are asked to keep copies of their items. Please do not enclose postage for the return of manuscripts sent to this department, as positively no contributions will be returned. Address "THE EXCHANGE," care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York.

Efficiency in window washing

When washing the outside of bungalow windows any short light-weight ladder may be used by simply nailing across the upper end, on the under side, a light strip of board. The board should be long enough to reach from one side of the window casing to the other, measured by the widest window. The ladder is easily moved. *Mrs. W. F. F., Oregon.*



For transparent blouses

One of the little niceties of finish which every bride in the hurry and flurry of honeymoon traveling is sure to thank herself for taking the time to make, is to include in her dressy, transparent lingerie or lace blouses a little underbodice of net or of the same material as the blouse. Those made on brassière lines or with the straight top, are especially pretty. These can be attached at the belt line of the blouse and lightly tacked under the armscye, so that they will always stay in place. Finish the top with a net casing with draw string of moire or satin, preferably white. *V. W., New York.*

"Left-over" covers

The inconvenience of using plates or saucers which do not fit to cover dishes containing "left-overs," may be avoided by the use of paraffin covers. Fill dishes frequently used for such purposes nearly full of mashed potatoes or food that may be smoothed off, then cover half an inch thick with melted paraffin. When it is nearly hard, press into the center of it a screw eye or brass ring.

This makes a durable and perfect-fitting cover which may be used indefinitely, especially if kept cool. *Mrs. W. J. K., Minnesota.*

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S REMINDER

JULY is the month—

To celebrate a jolly, but sane, fourth.
To make raspberry jam.
To serve simple hot-weather meals.
To can green peas and string beans.
To watch for grass stains on the children's clothes.
To get up a good picnic outfit, and use it at least once a week.

A picnic stove

This is quickly and easily set up and lies flat for carrying. Four half-inch iron rods were sharpened at one end and bent in a double curve at the other. Holes were made in each end of two pieces of heavy hoop iron, two or two and a half feet long, and as many other strips of hoop iron as desired were provided. To set up the stove, drive the rods into the ground the proper distance apart, hang the two strips of iron with the holes in the end on the loops, and lay the other strips across. This is a great camp convenience. *Mrs. L. M., Kansas.*

Salt box inventions

There is a little ten-cent wooden salt box about six inches square, with a high back in which a hole is pierced to hang it by. With the front cut out and the lid taken off, it makes a hanging bookshelf for about four ordinary small books. A row of them standing side by side, with lids or without, at the back of a little table transforms that table into a desk. One nailed firmly at each end of a 6 x 24 inch board, boxes with backs toward each other, will make an excellent book holder to stand on a big table. Nail one up on the wall in a convenient place for incoming or outgoing mail. A small hole bored in the bottom of one will make it a holder for a ball of string. With the lid removed, it can receive a tumbler for cut flowers. *A. J. M., Pennsylvania.*

No excuse for disorder

Very often the top dresser-drawer is filled with small articles and sometimes there is difficulty in keeping them in order. I made a tray of light wood that fits easily inside the drawer and nailed wooden cleats across each end of the drawer on which the tray can rest and be slid back and forth. The tray is just half the width of the drawer, so that when articles are wanted from beneath, it can be pushed to back of the drawer out of the way. *M. H., China.*

Tomatoes canned whole

Select medium-sized, smooth and perfectly sound, ripe tomatoes. Put a few at a time in a colander or wire basket and plunge them into boiling water; then remove the skins and hard stem end and put carefully into wide-mouthed jars. Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of salt in two gallons of boiling water, fill the jars to the very top, and steam about fifteen minutes.

This steaming may be done by putting the filled jars into a wash boiler with hot water covering about three fourths of the jar; or, better still, by putting them into a steam cooker. Then seal.

These tomatoes may be eaten cold with salt, pepper, sugar or mayonnaise. They are especially tempting each one on a lettuce leaf, topped with mayonnaise and a slice of hard-boiled egg. *Mrs. W. H. Z., Pennsylvania.*

Homemade vases for garden flowers

Everyone knows how hard it is to arrange flowers in a low open bowl, yet for those who cannot afford the devices to hold short-stemmed flowers in place there is a clever way out of the difficulty. Cover the top of the bowl with an open square mesh work in raffia, finished on the outside so that it fits snugly over the mouth or rim of the bowl.

This open work, which can be removed when the vase is washed, serves as a framework through which to thrust the stems of the flowers, holding them up regardless of the length of the stems.

For these, even ten-cent glass bowls will serve, and ordinary glass tumblers, when given a similar top in raffia, become useful little flower vases. *N. W. W., New York.*

To clean lace yokes

Lace yokes may be cleaned by an application of any white paste (not liquid) for cleaning white shoes. Rub paste on smoothly, allow to dry, and then brush it off. Do not use any cleaning preparations which require water for mixing. *A. G. Pennsylvania.*

A new flavoring

Several tablespoonfuls of peanut butter creamed with the shortening will give your spice cake, or cookies (or any dark cake) a novel flavor. Try it next baking day. *C. L. C., California.*

Handy invalid's table

The top of the table is a board twenty-six inches long by eighteen inches wide, with a tiny edge of molding to prevent books and papers from slipping. Underneath, across the middle of the board lengthwise, is a small piece of wood, one inch square. To this are fastened the standards by thumb screws admitted by means of open slits in the upper part of the standard, by means of which the table is raised or lowered. The foot rest is fastened by thumb screws in the same way. The table part can be tipped for holding a book to read. *G. A. C., Michigan.*

A caution

I am afraid the article on cleaning photographs in the March "Exchange," by E. B. D., Massachusetts, may be the cause of spoiling some old and valued photographs; so I would advise our readers to try it on the corner carefully. Alcohol can be used only on the newer photographs, as the paper used a few years ago will not stand alcohol. It will take the image completely off. Just a piece of cotton dampened with water is all that can be used. The correct cleaner for the new black and white photographs is equal parts of water and refined wood alcohol. *Mrs. G. S., Massachusetts.*

This is the End

Of the Road in the Art of Cooking As Applied to Grain

On every housewife—every mother—we wish to impress this fact: Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice represent the final limit in fitting grain for food.

It took ages to get here, but this is perfection. And all future ages cannot get beyond that.

Every Food Cell Exploded

These are whole grains, in the first place. Not an element is lacking.

They are toasted by an hour of fearful heat—a heat that would burn them to cinders were the grains not constantly rolled.

But the great fact is this: Within every food cell this heat creates a bit of super-heated steam. At the end of the process that steam is exploded by shooting the grains from guns.

Over 100 millions of these explosions occur in every grain. Every food granule is thus blasted to pieces, for easy, complete digestion.

That is what Prof. Anderson did when he invented this remarkable process. Other methods of cooking break up part of the granules. This method breaks them all.

Not all grains can be puffed in this way. But the grains that can—Wheat and Rice in particular—represent the utmost in these whole-grain foods.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

CORN PUFFS

Delicious Toasted Bubbles

And these perfect foods are delightful. The grains are puffed to bubbles—to eight times normal size. They come to you airy, fragile, crisp, with a taste like toasted nuts.

They are food confections, used in many ways like nut meats. They are used in candy making, eaten dry like peanuts, used as a garnish for ice cream. They are served with cream and sugar, mixed with berries, floated in bowls of milk. Every day in summer you'll find uses for them. Keep them on the pantry shelf.

Puffed Grains in milk, in countless homes, now form the bedtime dish.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(914)

When Your Face and Hands are
SUNBURNED
the skin is inflamed, sore and painful, and should never be rudely touched, or rubbed—simply moisten a soft handkerchief or some absorbent cotton with
Hinds Honey and Almond **Cream**
and gently, *very gently*, apply it to the injured surface; let it remain a few minutes, and repeat at intervals, or, if possible, keep the skin covered for an hour or longer. The effect is refreshing, cooling—usually it heals over night. To *prevent sunburn* apply the cream before and after exposure. It keeps the skin *soft, smooth and clear*. It is guaranteed to contain all its advertised ingredients, and to conform to the required standard of purity and quality.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price.
Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute.

Samples of Cream will be sent for 2c stamp to pay postage

A. S. HINDS, 273 West Street, Portland, Maine

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No soap samples.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

All out-doors invites your

KODAK

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

Catalog free at your dealer's, or by mail.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

DESIGNED BY ROBERT RODES MCGOODWIN

Over a wide expanse of water look the windows of the living-room, bedroom and living porch

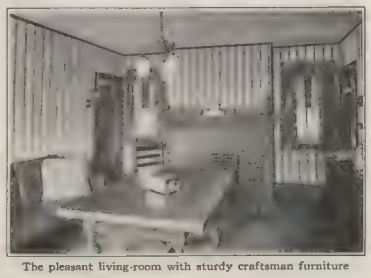
A Seashore Bungalow

that includes even the garage

Described by CHARLES VAUGHN BOYD

THIS bungalow is constructed of hollow tile coated with white cement stucco; the roof is of red asbestos shingles. The general exterior trim is painted ivory-white, but the cornice is, instead, stained deep brown.

The living-room, the bedroom, and the living porch are at the rear of the house, where the occupants can enjoy an outlook over the sea, and the kitchen porch and the garage entrance are built to face the street.



The pleasant living-room with sturdy craftsman furniture

The porch furniture varies in material and design, but is all finished in black enamel. The cushions are of old-rose and ecru striped linen, harmonious with the awning material used on the adjacent triple window.

The walls of the living-room are hung with a two-toned, striped ecru paper, carrying also stripes of deep rose color. The woodwork is of chestnut, the craftsman furniture of oak, both stained to the warm brown hue of the one large woven grass rug used as a floor covering. At the windows are simple hangings of ecru scrim, with valanced over-draperies of cretonne having a pheasant design in brown and rose, with touches of wistaria and green.

A small but adequate kitchen

Solid comfort artistically expressed in the bedroom

The fireplace is of rough-textured brick, laid in ecru mortar, and the lighting fixtures are of oxidized copper with amber globes.

The bedroom walls are treated with flat-finish paint of a soft ecru tone which harmonizes with the gray-brown coloring of the standing woodwork. The oak furniture is of craftsman design in "Scotch gray," that color exactly matching the woodwork of the room.

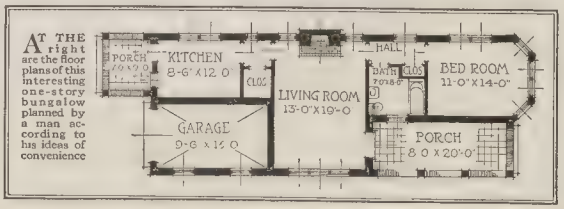
Two natural wicker chairs and a box couch are cushioned with linen pongee, which has wide alternate stripes of ecru and old-blue, accented by very narrow lines of the deep rose color seen in the living-room.

The window draperies, topped with shallow lambrequins, are of similar linen pongee and the inner hangings are of a changeable mercerized sun-proof material in old-blue and gold. The grass rug is of plain old-blue, with a darker border; the lighting fixtures are of oxidized copper, and the bureau covers are of ecru linen.

The woodwork of the passage which connects the living-room, bedroom, and bath is of fumed chestnut; that of the bathroom is of poplar, finished in white enamel, while the woodwork in the kitchen is of hard-varnished pine. The walls in these rooms are, however, all treated alike with flat-finish paint in a lovely deep ivory tone.

DESIGNED BY ROBERT RODES MCGOODWIN

Back porch and garage entrance face the street



AT THE right are the floor plans of this interesting one-story bungalow planned by a man according to his ideas of convenience

In Childhood

—and All Along Life's Way

Grape-Nuts

and Cream

supplies in splendid balance, those rich, true food elements from whole wheat and malted barley—including the "vital" mineral salts—which build healthy nerves, brains and bodies.

Economical—easily digestible—delicious!

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

For 26 years America's beauty and brains have found delight in

Coca-Cola

Times change & styles change, but the fundamentally good things of this world change neither in themselves nor in popular esteem. For 26 years Coca-Cola has held and increased its popularity That's because it is fundamentally delicious, refreshing and wholesome.

THE COCA-COLA CO. ATLANTA, GA.

Merlin's Necklace

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

her doubts. But she was rejoiced to have brought Lorna to an understanding of her mistake.

Suddenly the girl shivered and covered her face with her hands.

"What is it, dear?"

"Oh—I've just remembered something *horrible*. Why, I said— Oh, oh,—I *published* it—about my looks. I 'thanked God I was born beautiful.' Oh, Aunt Nell—I said so before *him*." She finished with a sudden fit of wild tears.

"Do you mean the Colonel?" Mrs. Chance stroked her hair. "He adores you. No doubt he considers you lovelier than you *ever* believed yourself. . . . Or, perhaps,"—she forced herself to speak the distasteful name with an effort—"you mean Mr. — Schlegel? He—he—doesn't he—?"

"Oh, V-Victor thinks I-I'm b-beautiful—he s-says so often—enough."

"Then you have everything you wish, haven't you? If the people who love you feel that way, the rest don't matter. You must forget what you said. We all know that you weren't reared like most girls."

"No." She lifted her tear-stained face a moment. "I *love* my father—I *do*—but I can't help blaming him. . . . It—it isn't *right* to let a girl think a thing like that of herself. . . . I'm so ashamed *-so ashuned! . . .*"

"If only that were all," sighed Mrs. Chance to her husband, "but there are the other things, too. This idea of hers, this 'necklace,' and all it leads to. People don't understand when you try to tell them. I've explained to several, but it only makes confusion. I believe there's a rumor about that Lorna's father 'sold her to the devil,' figuratively speaking; that she holds a queer religious belief. Mrs. Ryde referred the other day to the 'amulets' she wears, and asked if she uses 'incantations.' Such absurdity! She'll be the most unpopular girl, the most shunned, on Long Island, if we don't watch. Jim, have you told her about her father yet?"

"Not yet, Nell. It doesn't do to be too sudden. . . . I'm leading up to it—"

"You're not procrastinating, are you?" Mrs. Chance looked at her husband almost severely.

Why—no! The idea! But it's a delicate thing—

"It should be done. A good, plain talk, Jim. If you aren't careful, someone else will—"

In the next week Mrs. Chance's worst fears seemed realized. There were no more visitors for Lorna. Without hearing it, she was well aware that gossip hummed regarding the girl. People whom they met in passing bowed pleasantly, curiously, but no one offered any overtures toward acquaintance.

Lorna seemed indifferent to it.

A change had come upon her. She was quieter, more restrained. Her forthright speeches continued, but they came now only in answer to questions. She was no longer Truth's challenger, only its defender.

She seemed very happy in a peaceful fashion. She lived a great deal for her studies and for her music. She relied more upon her friends, was sweeter, more affectionate. The Chances loved her genuinely.

"If people only knew her better," said Mrs. Chance to Morton Amory. "She's going to make a splendid woman—a *genuine* woman. If only this wretched Victor! Morton, do you think she still loves him? If she ever did. Couldn't you— Why can't you— If she could care for *you*—"

Amory flushed very red.

"Heavens!" he laughed, "what sort of a figure could I cut beside Mr. Schlegel?"

"You've cut plenty beside other young men. You've always been kotowed to by our girls far too much. You could do it—if you ever fell in love with Lorna. I don't see why you don't!"

"'Any port in stormy weather'," he smiled. "But there's no use expecting me to save her. Miss West looks on me as if I were a—a rubber mackintosh or an old shoe or—any old, everyday comfort."

There was no denying Lorna's reliance on him. More and more his business calls at the Court involved his opinion on irrelevant matters. He was with the girl a great deal, and their talks, at first impersonal, presently took a different tone. They became friendly interchanges on all sorts of topics Lorna was interested in.

Only one thing was never discussed—Mr. Victor Schlegel and his place in Miss West's affections. Amory was still writing letters, but once the matter was attended to it was decisively dropped until next time. He had tried several times, by deft, harmless questions, to elicit some more information about Mr. Schlegel, but he had no success. Lorna had hurriedly, rather nervously, changed the subject. He found the Chances were no better informed than he. Except for Mr. Schlegel's manner the affair might have been considered "off" for any reference by the girl. Her suitor continued to woo, to promise an early coming, to apostrophize and worship. But there were times of late when it seemed to him Lorna had appeared depressed after hearing them. Amory was oddly elated at the thought. He wondered what time and Mr. Schlegel himself might not do to end the thing.

Lorna was more confiding on other matters. She had long since discussed her "necklace" with him—and the present social situation.

"You know people aren't going to come to see me," she said gravely. "They don't like me—that is for wearing my necklace. But how could I change things if I wanted to, when I've worn it all my life?"

"You might save it as a precious, intimate thing for just a few. You could wear it when I'm around—and the Chances. Your real friends will never mind hearing the truth," he smiled, "no matter how bad."

She smiled back wistfully.

"That's the trouble. There isn't anything 'bad' to hear. I love you all so, and you're all so nice."

"Careful!" he warned. "That's the trouble with this literal-truth business. One's feelings spoil the vision. Besides,"—he laughed, then wished he had not spoken,—"you gave me rather a knock-out blow once when we first met."

She misunderstood him. A deep red suffused her face; she buried her face in her hands.

"I said some *dreadful* things. I didn't know it—but they weren't true. You must have thought me insane."

"You mean—you've changed your mind—?"

Young Amory had a heady, light-hearted sensation he couldn't have explained. They were both at cross-purposes now.

Lorna looked up, her lips quivering.

"I had to be told the truth myself. . . . Oh, I know something of what it's like. That's why, if I ever get the chance, I'll ask Mrs. Haynes to forgive me. Perhaps she'll like me then—"

"Better not," he advised quickly. "Patching would only make it worse—a thing like that. We've only got to be patient and wait."

"But I don't think it will do any good. I won't be any different. People won't like me any better. I've said other things Aunt Nell thinks wrong; when Mrs. Huvisham called and asked Aunt Nell how she looked after her operation, and I said 'Dreadful.' She *did*, too. She looked even worse after I said it, and Aunt Nell said it was because I was cruel. I didn't mean to be. And when old Mrs. Harper asked if I would have guessed she was seventy, and I said I would have thought her at least eighty. And when the Minturns interrupted my writing lesson and said they were so sorry, and I said I was, too. And when I told young Mr. Cleveland he rode 'terribly.' Oh, I've said so many things that seem to be 'wrong.' And I *want* to be liked! But I never will be."

She looked so pathetic, so young and forlorn, with two big tears suddenly shimmering on her eyelashes, that young Amory's heart melted with pitying tenderness, and he had some ado to remember she was another man's fiancée and not to take her hands in his and comfort her. He was doing all he could with their social world, loyally to condone, explain and support Lorna.

It was largely due to his efforts that Lorna and Mrs. Chance were included among the guests for a Christmas musicale at the Lathams'. Lorna was just out of deep mourning, and as the affair was an informal one among old friends, it was arranged they should go.

Lorna was radiant with delight. She came in to show herself to Mrs. Chance before going, in the simple white mull dress she was to wear.

"Isn't it lovely to be going out?" she rippled, then she flushed wistfully. "Do you like the way I look?" she asked.

"You look pretty. Pretty enough for anyone." Mrs. Chance kissed her warmly.

All too soon, it seemed to Lorna, she had reached the Lathams', passed up the stairs, and found herself in a dressing-room of softly chattering young girls.

Most of them spoke politely, half-graciously, yet with a certain shy reserve. She was, after all, the formidable Miss West, this quiet-looking young person in white with the starry eyes and the schoolgirlish braids about her head.

None of them included her in their chatter. By twos and threes they moved out and presently Lorna, alone, followed to the staircase.

The hall below was lit by a Yule log, was full of holly and groups of pleasantly chatting people. Mrs. Chance awaited her at the foot of the stairs, and farther back she saw Morton Amory with several other young men. She paused a moment with a sort of shy pleasure in the pretty, gracious picture below, then she heard a light footfall above her, and turned.

Mrs. Sally Haynes had come out from a dressing-room and started to descend. There was that in Mrs. Sally's appearance, in the extreme low cut of her trailing, vivid red gown, in the harsh coloring of her face, and the eccentric high coil of bejeweled hair, to have arrested anyone for a breath-taking moment; but Lorna was conscious only of a wave of eagerness, a swift and contrite longing to atone.

She turned and raised her face to Mrs. Sally impulsively. And one observer below muttered a sort of prayer in his throat:

"Don't let her do it—not here—Don't let her do it!" But the prayer was unanswered.

Mrs. Haynes would have swept languidly by, her unseeing glance deliberately brushing Lorna aside as one might a cobweb. But she could not.

Lorna blocked her path directly, her face flushed, her eyes shining. And so to those watching below the little drama was played, unheard, but very clear in pantomime.

"Oh, Mrs. Haynes, I've wanted so to see you—"

"Ah, Miss West." Mrs. Haynes paused, her head slightly higher. She smiled a small, cold smile, but her eyes were like jade.

"I didn't expect to see you here tonight; you wanted to speak to me particularly?"

"Oh, yes! For a long, long time. Ever since that dreadful day when I offended you. When I—I said that dreadful thing and hurt you so—"

A well-imitated expression of bewilderment appeared on Mrs. Haynes's face.

"I don't think I understand what you refer to. You have never 'hurt' me by any remark, Miss West. Indeed, I do not recall anything you ever said. Not very complimentary, but quite true." She would have trailed past Lorna, but the girl stayed her.

"Oh, you *must* remember. Anyone would. I—I said you were 'so plain.' Don't you know? That's what I mean, and I'm so—so sorry I said it. It was so unnecessary. One shouldn't speak one's thoughts so plainly. It must have hurt you so. I *know*—for I've found out about myself—it's dreadful—having the truth flung at one so."

"Ah!" Mrs. Haynes stared at her a moment. "Are you trying to be insulting *again*, . . . Miss West? . . . Do you know you are a very rude and ill-bred girl? . . . if you care for equal candor."

"Oh, no, no!—you will not understand me. I don't mean to be rude, even if I sound so. I was rude that day. Aunt Nell has made me see that. But now I'm only trying to tell you how sorry I am. I—I've wanted you to forgive me for a very long time. It was just one of my mistakes. I make a great many of them—because I try to tell the truth. And sometimes—it's hard to know—"

"Do you consider yourself an authority on truth?"

"My father taught me always to tell it."

"Your father!" Mrs. Haynes sent a cool, amused glance from the girl's head to her feet, a glance that set Lorna's heart beating in troubled fashion.

"Really, Miss West, I'm afraid you have rather poor backing. I doubt if your father's acquaintance with truth was extensive enough to be helpful."

The girl met her eyes blankly.

"I don't understand—" she faltered.

"No?" Mrs. Haynes picked up her skirt and started slowly downward. "If you do not, suppose you get someone to tell you. It might be wise. Ask Colonel Chance to tell you why your father ran off to China. Ask him to tell you why your father's position regarding truth is a delicate matter—to explain the famous West swindle he perpetrated." All of Mrs. Haynes's suppressed anger and irritation spoke beneath the purring, cruel tone she used. But Lorna did not notice it.

She stood an instant, pale and immovable. Then she put out her hand as though to stay the other.

"I—I—" she began, but did not finish.

She turned, instead, with a little blind, fumbling gesture and faltered her way up-stairs.

[CONTINUED IN THE AUGUST ISSUE]

Alderbrook Farm

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

methodical habits, toward inculcating patience, industry and responsibility.

But Janet and Robert at least were old enough (twelve and fourteen respectively) to help in thinning the apples on the old trees, in raking hay and picking the peas.

All the children, too, looked forward eagerly to the Fourth of July. The main features of our celebration were eminently safe and sane. Margaret put up a big dinner and we all drove to Cedar River, away up in the hills. We took along our tackle and caught two trout, and we gathered some wild strawberries, not yet all gone up here in the cool hills, and we had the grandest picnic dinner in the woods that anybody ever had. We came home before sundown, and after the chores were done Mr. and Mrs. Handy and their children came over, and we set off some Roman candles and rockets from the gate down by the brook, where we had the forest and the hill for a background. They made a very pretty sight and it was perfectly safe down there.

Then we went back to the house, and Mr. Handy took out of the back of his buggy a freezer full of ice cream that Mrs. Handy had made for the occasion, and two big rich cakes to go with it. The children didn't refuse any of that, nor the grown-ups, either. And so we concluded the holiday very appropriately, feeling that we had had about as much entertainment as could safely be crowded into twenty-four hours.

Does it all seem very simple and bucolic? Perhaps it does; but I challenge anyone to mention any scheme of life, liberty and happiness (Independence Day ideals) that is better or wholesomer.

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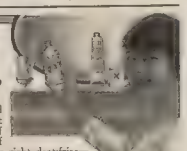
What do you do for your teeth?



Much of the good effect of your most earnest care of your teeth is lost if you fail to use the right dentifrice—

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

Two minutes spent twice a day with your tooth brush and either of Dr. Lyon's perfect dentifrices will give you a lifetime of good teeth and good health.

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Save the valuable coupons in every Dr. Lyon's package. They are good for a highest grade tooth brush—FREE.

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is the most modern and thoroughly musical player made today. Send for catalog.

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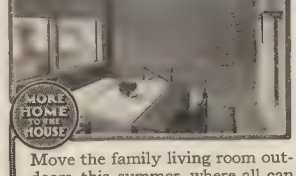

Move the family living room outdoors this summer, where all can breathe the pure, fresh air all day long. You can add a cheery room to your house—a shady, cool retreat for summer days—an outdoor sleeping room at night—by equipping your porch with

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PORCH SHADES

They give just enough seclusion to make the porch homelike, and add a decorative touch to the whole house.

AEROLUX Splint Fabric Awnings do not absorb and hold the heat of the sun as canvas awnings do—they keep it all outside, making your rooms shady, airy and seven degrees cooler.

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Complete illustrated catalog of fresh air furnishings sent free

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YOU know how it is with a boy—growing almost while you look at him—romping around all day—forever demanding "something to eat" and brutally critical of what is set before him.

There is never any difficulty in getting him to "eat plenty of bread"—*if the bread can be made to appeal to his palate.*

Try him with Beech-Nut Peanut Butter and see!

There is the nutriment he needs—the balanced food—the flavor of the finest Virginia and Spanish nuts, blended, delicately roasted, lightly salted and crushed to a smooth golden-brown butter.

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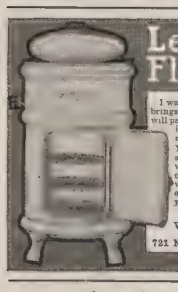
BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.



Lend Me 3 Feet of Floor Space for 30 Days

H. L. Smith, President

I want to put a White Frost in your kitchen on a month's trial. Postal brings free catalog. Tell me what style you like best. Send no money—I will pay freight—so you can find out what a real refrigerator is like. Send it back at my expense if I am wrong. I make the only round metal refrigerator in the world. I have no dealers, but sell direct to you. You can buy a White Frost on easy terms wh ile enjoying its beauty, sanitation, ice economy and modern improvements. Enameled snowy-white inside and out, revolving shelves; cork-cushioned doors and covers—noiseless and air-tight. Cooling coil for drinking water—new feature. Nickel trimmings. Move-easy casters. Many features found in no other refrigerator 25-year guarantee. Lasts a lifetime. Immediate delivery. Handsome catalog and factory prices yours for a postal

WHITE FROST REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
H. L. Smith, President
721 N. Mechanic St. Jackson, Michigan

THE GREAT White Frost SANITARY Refrigerator

TRIPLE MOTION

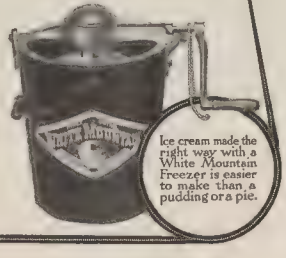
White Mountain Freezer

THE "WORLDS BEST" ICE CREAM FREEZER

Ice Cream versus Pudding and Pie

BY ACTUAL TEST

Two apple pies made ready to put into the oven in thirty-five minutes (to say nothing of the baking). Two quarts of delicious ice cream mixed, frozen and packed ready to serve in twenty-one minutes and no hot fire to fuss over. That's why we say: "Ice cream made the right way with a White Mountain Freezer is easier to make than a pudding or pie." We have proved it:—so can you. If you don't know the right way ask your dealer for our folder or write to us direct.



Ice cream made the right way with a White Mountain Freezer is easier to make than a pudding or a pie.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.
Nashua, New Hampshire

July Entertainments

Patriotic affairs that are easily planned for the Fourth

A FIRE-CRACKER PARTY: The invitations are written on strips of paper about three inches wide, rolled up and wrapped with red tissue paper to resemble fire-crackers. A bit of string at one end forms the fuse. Small sticks of candy are broken into even lengths and wrapped in the red paper. Four or five of these "crackers" held together by the "fuses" are laid at each place. Cannon crackers made of stiff paper rolled and covered in similar manner, contain salted nuts or candies.

A feature of the party is the "bomb" contest. Small paper bags are covered with red tissue paper and then folded flat again. The object of the game is to see who can unfold five bags, blow them up and burst them in the shortest time. While the contestant is trying to blow up his bags, the company try to make him laugh.

The illustrations show some funny figures which may be copied for place cards or score cards. Trace the designs carefully on water-color paper, the hot-pressed paper being easiest to use. Outline these with black waterproof India ink, and dry them thoroughly. Then fill in the figures with bright red. The tops of the crackers should be dark gray where the inside shows: the fuse, also, is gray. Departing Cracker has bits of red, orange and yellow to indicate the sparks at the top, and his suit case should be brown; Foolish Cracker's companion should be light brown with orange-red where the top is burning, the smoke may be light gray. Retired Cracker has a white bandage around his head, and Departed Cracker is gray and black where the inside shows.

Long narrow cards should be cut for score cards, and red stars used on them. For place cards the paper may be cut about three by four inches, allowing space to print the names of the crackers and to write the names of the guests.

For refreshments, serve a salad of tomato jelly molded into appropriate shapes, sweet sandwiches filled with red jelly, or stuffed olives chopped, plain olives wrapped in paper to resemble torpedoes, strawberry or raspberry mousse, and small cakes or cookies iced with frosting colored with vegetable red, or red, white and blue.

A large "bomb" covered with red paper may be suspended above the table filled with confetti, and in it can be hidden little favors for each guest. Red ribbons attached to each favor hang out of the "bomb," one ribbon leading down to each plate. After luncheon the ribbons are pulled and the bomb "explodes."

GERTRUDE S. TWICHELL.

Forgotten Cracker

Retired Cracker

Departing Cracker

Foolish Cracker

Grandpa Cracker

Cracker Twins

Safe and Sane Cracker

Departed Cracker

TABLEAUX FROM AMERICAN HISTORY: Boys and girls can get up this entertainment easily. The background should be a dark curtain with curtains to draw across the front:

1. LANDING OF COLUMBUS: Columbus standing with upraised eyes and hands holding the standard of Spain in one hand. Around him kneel men from his ship, wondering Indians in the background. COSTUMES: Columbus—Black loose coat and red loose underdress reaching to knees, broad belt, chain around neck, coat edged with fur or cotton wool, red sleeves should show from elbow to wrists. Some of the Spaniards should be dressed more or less in this way, and some like common sailors, with baggy trousers to knees and loose shirts, sashes tied around waists and heads tied up, rings for earrings.

2. CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH AND POCAHONTAS: Captain Smith lying on ground with his head on a log. Pocahontas kneeling beside him with raised hand to ward off blow of Indian with club. Indians standing about. King Powhatan sitting on throne made of box covered with fur rug. COSTUMES: John Smith—Baggy trousers tied at knees, breastplate made of pasteboard covered with silver paper. Shoes tied with bows, white flaring collar, beard and long hair. Indians should have their faces, necks and arms stained with walnut powder. Bright pieces of cloth can serve for blankets, and beads, feathers, bows and arrows are all easily obtained. Pocahontas should be dressed in a Camp Fire Girls' costume.

3. PILGRIMS LANDING ON PLYMOUTH ROCK: Heaped-up boxes covered with gray cloth, to represent Plymouth Rock, with cotton wool and crushed paper for snow. Two stepladders can be laid on their sides for the boat and covered with brown cloth, a green rug for the sea. Pilgrims steadying boat against rocks. Mary Chilton has jumped out and is standing on rock. COSTUMES: Men—Baggy trousers of black or dark gray, capes, broad white collars, sugarloaf hats with wide brims, buckled shoes. Women should have simple dark dresses, capes, broad white collars and cuffs, and white caps or woolen hoods.

4. BOSTON TEA PARTY: Arrange the stage to give an idea of the deck of a sailing ship. Boys dressed as Indians breaking open chests of tea and pouring it over sides of ship. Night: stage lighted by lanterns.

5. THE MINUTE MEN AT CONCORD BRIDGE: Planks laid on uprights can serve for the bridge, which should be crowded with boys dressed as Colonial farmers, with old guns and sticks for arms. Two British soldiers dressed in red can be in foreground, one lying dead and one wounded.

6. SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE: In almost any illustrated history of America will be found a copy of Trumbull's picture to serve as a guide. The group around the table will be sufficient.

7. BETSY ROSS AND THE FLAG: Betsy Ross and George Washington looking at flag which she is proudly holding up. Thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and thirteen stars in circle on blue field. Betsy wears flowered overdress looped up over plain skirt, elbow sleeves and ruffles, soft kerchief about neck, powdered hair.

8. RECEPTION BY PRESIDENT AND MRS. WASHINGTON: They are standing on platform covered with rugs, silk curtain draped behind them. Groups of boys and girls standing about dressed as ladies and gentlemen of the time.

9. OPENING OF THE WEST: Band of pioneers camping by the wayside. Kettle over camp fire made of sticks and red paper. Men, women, children, a dog or two, grouped around it. One man serves as lookout.

10. THE EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES: A boy dressed to suggest Lincoln standing in the midst of a group of ragged slaves, with hands spread as if in blessing.

11. LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD: A pretty, tall girl, dressed in white Grecian draperies, stands on a pedestal holding a torch. This should be an electric one or a cardboard horn filled six inches deep with sand and packed with red, green, white and blue tableau powder. Groups of girls and boys dressed in white, waving flags of all nations and singing "America," in which the audience joins.

PICTURES in histories or other books will help in the grouping and costuming. A simple drop curtain painted to represent a blue sky would be a great addition in several of the tableaux. LUCY ABBOTT THROOP.

NOTE: A list of poems and quotations for each tableau will be sent on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Entertainment Editor, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

The Puzzle Page

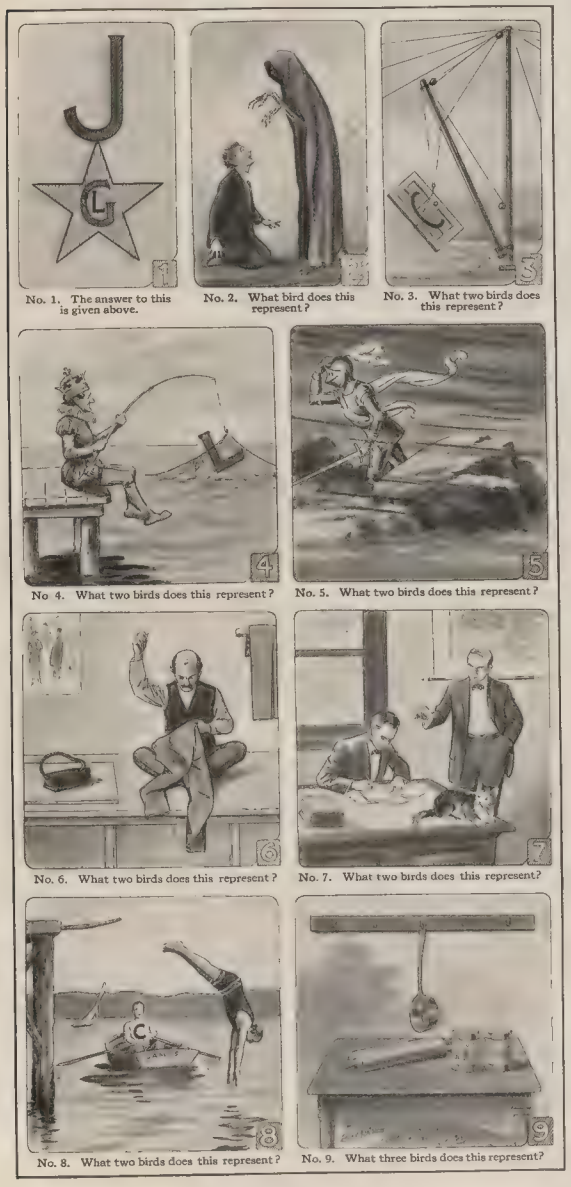
Can you guess these hidden birds?

By SAM LOYD, JR.

EACH one of the pictures below represents the name or names of birds. For example, No. 1 stands for Jay and Starling (star l in g). Can you guess the others? For the best complete set of answers and the most helpful letter of suggestion for the Puzzle Page

A Prize of Ten Dollars

will be awarded. One dollar each will be given to the twenty next best answers and letters of suggestion. The letter must not contain more than twenty-five words. The competition closes on July 8th, and all contributions must be received on or before that date. Address Sam Loyd's Puzzle Page, in care of WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



No. 1. The answer to this is given above.

No. 2. What bird does this represent?

No. 3. What two birds does this represent?

No. 4. What two birds does this represent?

No. 5. What two birds does this represent?

No. 6. What two birds does this represent?

No. 7. What two birds does this represent?

No. 8. What two birds does this represent?

No. 9. What three birds does this represent?

May Puzzle Answers

The answers to the puzzles published in the May COMPANION are: No. 1, Primrose; No. 2, Virginia creeper; No. 3, Daisies, Ivy (days ees) (4 in Roman numerals is IV or Iv); No. 4, Hyacinth (high a c in th); No. 5, Peonies (a peon nt ease; No. 6, Carnation (car nation); No. 7, Sunflower and Morning glory; No. 8, Rose (rows).

April Prize-Winners

The Honor Prize of Ten Dollars for the best set of answers and the most helpful letter of suggestion is awarded to Miss Alice Puddefoot, Indiana.

The twenty one-dollar prizes for the twenty next best answers and letters of suggestion are awarded to the following solvers: Mrs. James Fairhead, Nebraska; Amos Clement, Maine; Jessie Howser, Iowa; Lelia E. Morris, Virginia; C. K. Stotlemeyer, Maryland; Mrs. E. W. Ledbetter, Alabama; Mrs. Homer Weber, Kansas; George S. Dunn, Ohio; Leayat Littel, New York; Mrs. H. E. Davenport, Missouri; J. L. Carson, Jr., South Carolina; Ruth G. Allyn, Connecticut; Susan M. Doane, Massachusetts; Howard Lockwood, Kansas; Miss Helen Pidgeon, New York; Mrs. E. P. Goodwin, Vt.; L. M. King, Tenn.; Mrs. E. H. Dadey, N. J.; Alta Baker, Ohio; Alleine Langford, N. Y.

In the **Heart** of Each **Corn**
Kernel Lies a Bit of Sweetness with Wondrous Possibilities. From That Come These

Toasted Corn Bubbles

These centers are milky when the corn is green. Then they ripen into white, sweet bits. From them are made some of the choicest dainties known in cereal foods.

One familiar form is toasted corn hearts. These have stood for years as a premier breakfast dainty.

Now come bubbles made by steam explosion. Tiny pellets of corn hearts are super-toasted by an hour of fearful heat. This creates a most bewitching flavor. Then explosion puffs these pellets into drop-size globules, thin and airy, sweet and crisp.

We call them Corn Puffs. They are food confections. You will be amazed to know that Indian corn can yield titbits like bubbles.

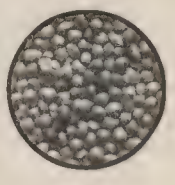
They're shot from guns, like Puffed Wheat and Rice. They are made by the famous Prof. Anderson process. In form, texture and flavor they are entirely unique from other products of toasted corn.

You will find in these a new delight which every person, young and old, will welcome at your table.

CORN PUFFS

"The Witching Food"

15c per Package



Order them today. Let your breakfast table introduce them to your folks.

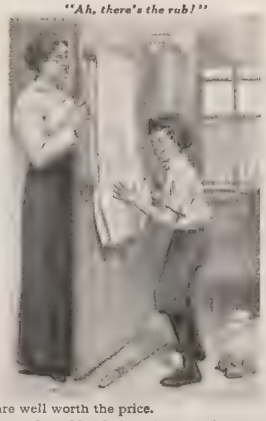
Then, for hungry children in the afternoon, prepare some Corn Puffs this way: Douse with melted butter, to be eaten like peanuts or popcorn. They will like Corn Puffs better than either.

We promise you here a toasted corn product which you will be glad to discover. But it will have a double fascination if you serve it while it's new.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers (908)

"Ah, there's the rub!"



Save Your Towels! —Your General Summer Housework

CHILDREN from play have very little thought for the fabric towel—"a lick and a promise" and the dirt generally goes on the towel. Here Absorbent ScotTissue Towels, always clean and sanitary, would save a lot of work and laundry.

But remember, ScotTissue-s are more than towels, though in that capacity they are well worth the price.

For instance, try them for draining grease from fried foods—they are absorbent and perfectly clean. Save a clean fabric cloth when drying fish, meats, lettuce, etc. You can even polish your windows with ScotTissue Towels.

Have a roll of ScotTissue Towels hanging in the garage for greasy hands and other purposes. Take them with you for toweling and napkins on your summer trip and picnics. Avoid the carrying home of soiled napkins and towels. Three sizes.

Absorbent

ScotTissue Towels

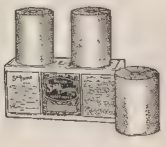
Junior Roll, 10c. Standard Size, *25c Large Size, *35c.

ScotTissue Toilet Paper Soft and Linenlike — A very soft, white absorbent paper of the finest grade put up in big, tight-wound 10c rolls.

Sani-Tissue Toilet Paper Soft and Clothlike — A balsam-treated toilet paper of strong and soft texture. Three rolls in dust-proof carton, 25c.

Ask your dealer for these products or

Take Up This Big 50c Offer



On receipt of 50c (in Canada 75c), we will send you, all delivery charges prepaid, the following: 1 roll Standard size ScotTissue Towels, 1 neat Towel Fixture, 1 Pure White ScotTissue Table Cover, 1 package containing 12 ScotTissue Dydees, 1 roll of Soft Absorbent ScotTissue Toilet Paper, 1 roll of Sani-Tissue Toilet Paper and 1 other roll of high-grade Toilet Paper. All for 50c (75c in Canada).

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY, 724 Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

*Prices slightly higher west of the Mississippi River and in Canada.

Highest Quality at Lowest Price

HEISEY'S TRADE MARK GLASSWARE

A. H. HEISEY & CO.
Dept. 29 Newark, Ohio

New Triumphs in Desserts. Write for "Freezer Book" (free) with Mrs. Rorer's recipes, and showing how expertly and easily you can make frozen desserts in the

LIGHTNING FREEZER

Your dealer can supply the Lightning Freezer

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

I Am Making A Special Factory Price On 10,000 *Rapid* Fireless Cookers

Big bargain to introduce cooker into new neighborhoods *quick.* Write before price advances.

30 Days' Free Trial Cooker is aluminum lined throughout. Complete outfit aluminum utensils free. Write for Free Book with 150 recipes and Bargain Prices direct from factory.

Wm Campbell Co., Dept 27, Detroit, Mich

Serve Junket Enjoy

A nourishing food dessert, good for invalids and children. Made with milk. Healthful and delicious.

At druggists and grocers—

10 Junket Tablets 10¢

Protect Yourself At Soda Fountains *Ask for* ORIGINAL GENUINE

The Food-Drink for All Ages

Nourishing Delicious Digestible

Others are Imitations

ALADDIN HONEYMOON HOME

HERE'S a little nest for the new bride! ALADDIN designers worked hard to make it perfect. You'll agree they have succeeded. It's furnished complete, ready to nestle in.

Price Includes this complete ALADDIN Ready-Cut house, Dollar-a-Knot material all cut to fit, hardware, etc., all furniture for dining-room, living-room, bedroom and kitchen; electric fixtures for complete house; rugs for entire house; complete bathroom outfit, bath tub, lavatory, closet, kitchen sink; complete furnace ready to install—everything ready to furnish complete. Get the ALADDIN catalog No. 200 today. It tells all about this house and a hundred others.

The House —All Fixtures & Furniture **$968**

NORTH AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION CO., *Homebuilders to the Nation*

863 Aladdin Avenue Bay City, Michigan

Half a Dozen Good Ideas

For the housekeeper, the school-teacher and others

By COMPANION READERS

A HOUSE BUILT OF ADS: Someday, I am looking forward to planning and owning a home of my own, and I have started a novel filing book, which may be of help to other prospective home-makers.

Whenever I see an advertisement of a new invention, appliance, labor-saving device or convenience or any other article, which appears to me superior to anything of its kind hitherto on the market, I cut out the advertisement and paste it in a blank book that I keep for that purpose. Under it I write any remarks I may care to make about it, or else I note the name of the article, general description, and name and address of manufacturer. When I am ready to buy, instead of wasting time looking through innumerable magazines for that particular advertisement, I have only to turn through my book to find all the information necessary to purchasing the article that I have long been sure I wanted.

I have an index to my book with all the advertisements in alphabetical order according to subject. Of course, as I keep adding to the book it is impossible to keep it strictly systematically any other way. I do not make a task of keeping the book, and it is, indeed, one of my favorite diversions. BERYL BRASHER.

GOOD FOR TEA: Before oranges get scarce and high-priced it is wise to make up a stock of orange sticks for summer use. The following rule has been proved excellent: Cut the peel with scissors into strips. Put into an earthen dish and cover with cold water, to each quart of which has been added one large tablespoonful of salt. Soak twenty-four hours, or longer if the peel is still bitter.

Put into clear cold water in a granite kettle and boil until very tender. This process may take from six to sixteen hours. Change the water at least three times, always putting in cold water. If it is necessary to put it away overnight change the water before doing so. Add cold water while cooking to keep the kettle filled.

When the peel is very tender, drain and add equal weight of sugar to the fruit. Cook an hour covered, then remove cover and cook until the syrup is nearly all boiled away. Be careful not to burn the sugar. Drain in a sieve and roll each piece in sifted powdered sugar.

When perfectly cold and dry pack in glass jars. It keeps well. Great care should be taken not to break the pieces in handling. Never use a spoon when cooking the peel. Give the kettle an occasional twirl to prevent sticking. Thick-skinned fruit only should be used. Grapefruit prepared the same way, but soaked a little longer to remove the bitterness, is delicious. MARY STARBUCK.

ROUND ROBINS: It is more than thirty-five years since our first family letter started out, but it is still faithfully going the rounds from Boston to China, and from Maine to Brazil. Most of the addresses have changed several times; but new names appear every little while, to fill the blank spaces on the roll, for we are continually being surprised to find that the new baby that came just the other day in California or in Florida is now big enough to write her little note to go with the others.

Many of our relatives I have never seen, yet I feel that I know them all, because of that faithful old family letter.

Twice a year the big, bulky envelope reaches me, bringing, among all the others, the letter I had written the last time it came around. I take this out, read all the others with the greatest interest, and then write a new one.

MARGUERITE WILLEY TRAVIS.

When children grow up, choose their life work, and follow it in foreign fields, how lonesome does the home often seem to the remaining parents!

To such parents the idea of the Beecher family's circular letter may prove interesting. A sort of peripatetic confessional in the form of a large folio sheet was started. Each son and daughter wrote in his or her contribution and then sent it on to the next until, in its long circuit, it returned to the point of setting out, from which it was forwarded to Mr. Beecher himself.

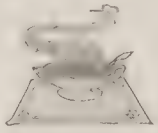
Each portion thus became not only a letter to the father, but one to the other brothers and sisters, and a common awakening force in the family life.

Families containing eleven children are not common at the present day, but is not the idea of the circular letter adaptable? ADRIAN HAYWARD.

A "FRIEND IN NEED": The hands of those who go a-camping, who garden, or who clean house are all apt to encounter "cuts and jabs." Even in these antiseptic times the impulse of the average sufferer is to tie up the wounded member with a rag. This makes an unsightly bunch, which, if you go on working, is practically certain to get both wet and soiled. Its one mild advantage is that same bungling thickness, which protects the wound in a measure from bumps.

The more fastidious person tries to make shift with ordinary courtplaster, made of thinnest silk, which comes off at the least contact with moisture and must be renewed every little while, retarding the healing process.

For use in real emergencies, in or out-of-doors, it is odd how few families know of that heavier courtplaster, which is made on thick, soft kid. While it seems rather stiff "in the piece," it is fully as pliable as the thin sort, once moistened. The thickness of it, once on, gives a very comforting protection; it is strong enough to hold quite a deep cut closed, even before the bleeding has ceased; and—it can encounter an incredible number of casual wettings without getting loose and coming off, without even freeing the corners to catch in things! A splash may seem to have wet it through, but the heat of the hand will dry it almost at once, without its getting stiff or awkward. To the mother of active small sons, or active big ones, there is no more faithful "friend in need." ALDIS DUNBAR.



THE HOT LUNCHEON PROBLEM: Since the importance of a hot, nourishing luncheon at noon is well recognized, the only problem is *how* to get it. Five teachers in a suburban school near Chicago solved the problem.

Instead of bothering with a luncheon every day, each teacher furnished the entire luncheon for five, one certain day in the week, and the mothers rejoiced. One hot dish, often more, was brought in the basket. The primary teacher who was free at eleven-thirty immediately went to the basement, unpacked the basket and set the pan of creamed potatoes or baked beans on the shelf of the furnace, where the food would be piping hot when needed. Steak was often broiled, and always there was a hot drink.

An oil stove was used when there was no furnace fire. Each teacher brought her own plate, cup and saucer, spoon, knife and fork, which were washed in a few moments and left in a small cupboard near at hand.

The arrangement was most satisfactory, and besides furnishing a hot, nourishing meal, eaten comfortably at a table, it was a relief to the mothers to be free from all thought of luncheons except one day in the week.

A. MAY HOLADAY.

THEY STAND UP: High collars are much worn on dresses, coats and blouses, and the home dressmaker finds it a great problem to wire them so they will not fall back. If you will take a wiring bone, two inches longer than the height required, and sew it so that the extra two inches are placed down the shoulder seam, then, by bending the wire where the shoulder seam and collar are joined, it will always stand upright and firm. EMMA DENAULT.

Before a Fall

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

they had better walk the horses until they were cool and then try again at a ford.

"Perhaps if Cheyenne leads Star will follow," he suggested, "and once Star has taken to water—"

"Star!" she echoed in a shaky little voice. "A fallen Star, Jimmie!"

He looked at her in quick anxiety. He hoped she wasn't going to hate him for being so horribly in the right and having proved it with such a spectacular flourish. Perhaps she loathed the ignominy of the rescue. Perhaps he might as well have put a rope about his own neck as her horse's.

But she was looking at him in an entirely new way. There was appeal between her long lashes, appeal and humility, and a deep, almost heaven-born respect.

"You do know how to ride and—and use that rope thing! It's all in the day's work, of course, Jimmie,—but you certainly did save my life."

A sudden grin flickered across the young man's face. "Again!"

"Again!" Laughter leaped into her voice, the gay notes of sunshine came dancing back into her hazel eyes. "Again—and *really!* You just can't get away from us, Jimmie—we *will* be rescued! . . . And now mind that you come promptly to call this evening to see how I'm feeling. That—that was the procedure, you reported, wasn't it, Mr. Millionaire-Kid-Hero?"

But there wasn't any procedure in the way Jimmie Nesbit was looking at her. And there wasn't any procedure in the way his ridiculous heart was beating, nor in the way his candid young countenance was decking itself in beams.

And he had an agitating certainty that there wasn't going to be any procedure about that divinely-permitted call, if she continued looking at him like that, looking *up* at him like that, as if he had become for her a real and important person.

Mrs. Larry's Adventures in Thrift

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

$720,000 in dividends, or $1,920,000 in a single year. This shows you what one group of industrial workers, coöperating in the purchase of food alone, could save themselves. The beauty of this system is that the more you spend the more you save—"

Mr. Larry rose, laughing.

"It's a good thing that this is my station, otherwise you might inspire me to resign my position and start a coöperative store. Well, a pleasant day to all of you, and more knowledge on the subject."

The three investigators nodded gayly to their vanishing escort and then settled down to the discussion.

"So you think the average housekeeper would rather chase the rainbow of special sales than the more solid investment represented by a coöperative association?" asked Mrs. Larry.

"Not when they have grasped the true idea of coöperative buying," responded Mrs. Moore. "Boston now has a very successful association known as the New England Coöperative Society, which uses the Rochdale System in operating its stores. Its headquarters are at 7 Water Street, and it operates the following stores in that city: Charles River Coöperative Market, South Boston Coöperative Market, Tremont Coöperative Market, Devonshire Coöperative Market, Charlesbank Coöperative Market.

"I understand that markets of the same sort will soon be opened in Allston and Melrose. Bucksport, Maine, also has a market under the direction of this society. You remember that night at our house when you met Mrs. Gregory of Boston? She told us that she belonged to a marketing club in which the women took turns in marketing for the entire organization. This saved money, but it was quite a tax on the individual members. She did not know there was a coöperative store in Boston until she heard it discussed at our house. When she returned home she bought a ten-dollar share in the New England Coöperative Society, resigned from her club and now does all of her buying at the Charles River Market. Only one share in a local society may be held by any one person. Those who wish to invest more than ten dollars may do so by purchasing what are known as preferred shares in the New England Coöperative Society. These shares have a par value of ten dollars and draw dividends at the rate of seven per cent. Shareholders, you see, not only draw dividends, but they receive discounts, given at stated periods, in proportion to the amount of cash purchases by members.

"The New England Coöperative Society, incorporated under Massachusetts laws, is required by those laws to maintain a certain reserve, but all net profits of the stores above this reserve are distributed in discounts and dividends."

"My dear Teresa, you talk like a man," sighed Mrs. Larry. "Can't you put that into woman-talk?"

Teresa Moore patted her friend's hand in a comforting way. "I'll try. The coöperative society secures as managers for its stores men who know how to buy for markets which have earned from 15 to 25 per cent, net, on the capital invested. Now, if you own shares in that association, you get your share of the profits. Do you see that?"

Mrs. Larry nodded.

"You also buy your groceries at the lowest possible price for desirable goods. Instead of buying 'seconds' in groceries, and inferior meats and fresh vegetables, fruit, etc., at slightly cut rates, you pay a fair market price for the best the market affords, and at some future date you get part of what you paid out, in the form of discounts and dividends. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly," said Mrs. Larry. "Then it must also follow that if a store is not properly run, there will be no discount and no dividend."

"That is quite true," said Mrs. Moore; "but the history of coöperative societies in America proves that there are more failures from lack of coöperation than from bad management. As soon as shareholders grasp the idea and really *cooperate*, the store is a success; but, as I said before, one must believe and understand coöperation to realize the benefits which will eventually accrue from membership. It is what you might call a waiting game."

"Are there many such associations in the United States?" asked Mrs. Norton.

"I really have no idea how many," answered Mrs. Moore. "But occasionally a guest tells me of a new society formed in her community. For instance, Polly Sutton, of Washington, was visiting me only last week and told me of the Civil Service Coöperators, Inc., which has a very nice new store in her neighborhood." Mrs. Moore opened her address book.

"Yes, here it is—located at 1948 New Hampshire Avenue, N. W., in a very fine residence district. This society had a very peculiar start. In the Forestry Service a small group of men wanted to purchase a superior brand of butter made in Minnesota. To secure it they had to order in large quantities, and they were amazed at the large saving eventually made. They had been banded together for the avowed purpose of increasing their efficiency, protecting and promoting common interests, cultivating harmony and good fellowship, and maintaining high ideals in connection with public service. Their success with purchasing butter in quantities showed them the practical possibilities of the phrase 'promoting common interests'. Gradually the social and civic betterment projects were abandoned, and the club devoted itself to buying household supplies.

"After a year, the members decided to incorporate, with a capitalization of three thousand. The shares are the smallest of any coöperative enterprise I have heard about. They are of two kinds. There are five hundred shares of common or voting stock, at one dollar each. No member may hold more than one share of common stock, and every member *must* take one. Preferred stock costs five dollars a share, and each member is expected to hold at least one share. By a very helpful arrangement the entire five dollars does not have to be paid at once. If one dollar is paid in toward a share of preferred stock, the remainder may be accumulated through dividends, though on stock not fully paid up only half the declared rate is allowed. Preferred stock gives no voting privilege, but it receives a regular six per cent interest each year out of the profits.

"The society soon outgrew its original quarters, which were in a basement near the heart of the business section, and it began to look around for a new location. This was actually chosen by comparing the size of orders received from shareholders in different parts of the city, with the map of the city itself. About this time Mr. J. P. Farnham, an expert accountant, who had been auditing the association books, became imbued with the coöperative idea and was made manager of the store. He believes that coöperative business solves the bulk of our high cost of living problem and he has developed many good ideas. He has tried out the parcel post plan of shipment and secured direct dealings with farmers. The store is simply fitted, but immaculately clean, and the white-washed cellar, dry and sweet smelling, is a joy to the women who get a peep into it.

"Every Saturday morning each member receives a printed order blank on which are listed the two hundred and sixty odd items carried in stock for the coming week, with the current prices. A printed news letter usually accompanies the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 40]

ANSCO
CAMERAS & FILM

NEAT, flat and so compact that it can be easily slipped into coat, vest or hip pocket, the Ansco Vest-Pocket is the smallest and lightest camera made which takes a picture 2¼ x 3¼ inches. Uses a *standard* six-exposure film-cartridge, obtainable all over the world. Needs no adjustment for different distances. Price $7.50. For perfect results use the combination of Ansco Camera; Ansco Film, the court-decreed *original* film; and Cyko, the prize-winning paper. See your Ansco dealer. Catalog from him or us, free upon request.

The Sign of the Ansco Dealer

Write us for specimen picture taken with model you contemplate buying.

Millions of dollars were recently awarded in a suit for infringement upon Ansco patent rights, establishing Ansco Film legally as the original film.

ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON NEW YORK

YOU CAN

make your skin what you would love to have it

Your skin like the rest of your body, is continually changing. As *old* skin dies, *new* skin forms. Every day, in washing, you rub off the dead skin.

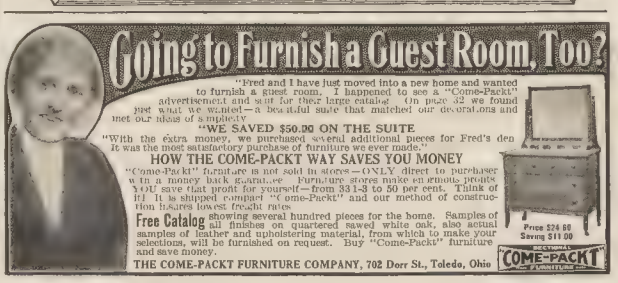
This is your opportunity — you can make the *new* skin what you would love to have it by using the following treatment regularly.

Just before retiring, work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. This treatment with it will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will see a decided improvement — a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale at dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today for sample—For 4c we will send a "week's use" cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 406 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 406 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario



Going to Furnish a Guest Room, Too?

"Fred and I have just moved into a new home and wanted to furnish a guest room. I happened to see a "Come-Packt" advertisement and sent for their large catalog. On page 32 we found just what we wanted—a beautiful suite that matched our decorations and met our ideas of a nicety.

"WE SAVED $50.00 ON THE SUITE

"With the extra money, we purchased several additional pieces for Fred's den. It was the most satisfactory purchase of furniture we ever made."

HOW THE COME-PACKT WAY SAVES YOU MONEY

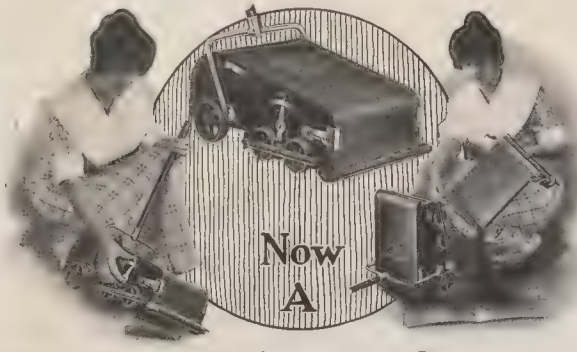
"Come-Packt" furniture is not sold in stores—ONLY direct to purchaser with a money back guarantee. Furniture stores make enormous profits. YOU save that profit for yourself—from 33 1-3 to 50 per cent. Think of it! It is shipped compact "Come-Packt" and our method of construction insures lowest freight rates.

Free Catalog showing several hundred pieces for the home. Samples of all finishes on quartered sawed white oak, also actual samples of leather and upholstering material, from which to make your selections, will be furnished on request. Buy "Come-Packt" furniture and save money.

Price $24.60 Saving $11.00

THE COME-PACKT FURNITURE COMPANY, 702 Dorr St., Toledo, Ohio

COME-PACKT FURNITURE



BISSELL'S Vacuum Sweeper

With Conveniences No Other Make Affords —Plus Adequate Power for Real Cleaning

Three extra-capacity bellows pumps and original construction produce the powerful suction. No matter how much dust and dirt has been tramped into your rugs and carpets, the BISSELL gets it. At the same time, it is light running and easy to use.

Equally easy to empty, also—another very important feature. The litter pans dump with a finger movement. The dust receptacle comes out with the nozzle in one piece, and in replacing takes correct position automatically. You can go through the whole operation without fussing or soiling your hands.

This ease of emptying is an exclusive BISSELL feature. It is only one of the points of superiority that make this Vacuum Sweeper worthy of the *Bissell name and guaranty*, which is sufficient recommendation to every American housewife.

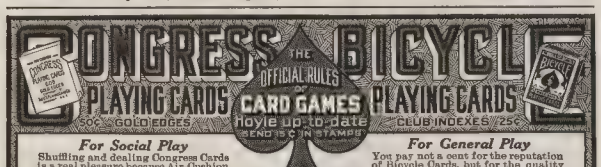
Use either Vacuum Model in connection with BISSELL'S Cyco Ball-Bearing Carpet Sweeper and you reduce the cleaning to a science.

The Vacuum Machine does the general *cleaning*—and does it thoroughly.

The Carpet Sweeper takes care of all the daily *sweeping*—and does it thoroughly—as it has for nearly 40 years. It is just as needful today as ever.

Prices are $7.50 for the Vacuum Cleaner (without brush) and $9.00 for the Vacuum Sweeper (with brush). Slightly higher in the West, South and in Canada. Carpet Sweepers $2.75 to $5.75. Sold by dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Carpet Sweeping Devices in the World
Dept. 25, Grand Rapids, Mich. Made in Canada, Too (213)


CONGRESS
THE
BICYCLE
OFFICIAL RULES
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PLAYING CARDS
CARD GAMES
PLAYING CARDS
50c GOLD EDGES
Royle up-to-date
CLUB INDEXES 25c
SEND 5 CTS IN STAMPS
For Social Play
Shuffling and dealing Congress Cards is a real pleasure because Air-Cushion Finish prevents sticking.
Air-Cushion Finish Club Indexes
For General Play
You pay not a cent for the reputation of Bicycle Cards, but for the quality that made and keeps it up.
Ivory or Air-Cushion Finish
ISSUED YEARLY
THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO. CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

A rich, full magazine

THE *July* AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Picking Up Stage Wisdom

Katherine Grey, one of the fine women on the stage, tells you about famous stars and things you want to know about the theater.

THE *July* AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Rowena and the Front Page

What if you had a romantic disposition and had a chance to become the heroine of a big newspaper story? Lucy Huffaker tells what Rowena did.

THE *July* AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Revenge is Sweet

A ten-year-old bandit king, his detective sister. The crime, the escape, the detection, and the punishment! Maybe your own son is the hero.

THE *July* AMERICAN MAGAZINE

The Lady Cop of Tonopah

Doesn't look it, but she is a police officer. No male prisoner can resist her. She is one of five interesting people. Another is a self-made farmer of fifteen.

THE *July* AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Ida M. Tarbell and David Grayson

How to make more money with less work and how to get the greatest joy out of living.

THE *July* AMERICAN MAGAZINE

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Mrs. Larry's Adventures in Thrift

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

order sheet, giving notes of the business, frank explanations of changes in price, news of directors' meetings, and generally serving to keep the members in touch with one another.

"While telephone ordering and personal calls at the store may be done, more housekeepers prefer the mail order system, as the fact has been well established that the quality of the goods never varies, and that the full weight may be depended upon. By Tuesday morning these order sheets must be received at the store, accompanied by check or money order to the amount indicated. This business is not only on a cash basis, it actually requires its pay in advance! But as it can proudly point out that it has never lost a dollar in bad debts, the shareholders do not object.

"Polly sent me one of the price lists or order sheets, and on comparing it with what I pay at my own corner grocery I find the Washington coöperator saves not less than two per cent on her purchases at the time of purchase; in some lines of goods it runs as high as ten per cent, but the real saving comes in the form of the dividends.

"And with the Civil Service Coöperators, Inc., as with all societies of this sort, the woman must figure ahead in order to save. She must have money on deposit at the store or send check or cash with her order; she must order in quantities practically for the week, and she must be satisfied with a weekly or semi-weekly delivery. This plan absolutely breaks a woman of the expensive habit of sending maid or child to the nearest grocery store where she can have goods charged and delivered at any hour of the day. I presume we will find the same conditions existing at Montclair."

"Dear me!" sighed Mrs. Larry, "coöperative stores present a very complicated problem."

"Indeed they do," admitted Mrs. Moore. "All economic questions are more or less complicated, and it's a great pity that we women are rarely educated to see financial administration in our homes as anything deeper than what we pay for actual groceries, meat, vegetables, etc., at the actual time of purchase."

"You must not expect Dahlgren equipment and decorations in this coöperative store," suggested Mrs. Moore as she led the way through the crisp sunlight down Montclair's well-kept streets to 517 Bloomfield Avenue. "Dahlgren adds the cost of mirrors and white marble to your cuts of meat, while a coöperative store is run without frills, at the least possible expense."

Thus prepared for simplicity, if not downright unattractiveness, in the cause of economy, the New York trio almost gasped on entering the store of the Montclair Coöperative Society. If there was an absence of glittering mirrors and obsequious clerks in white caps and aprons, there was no lack of up-to-date equipment and methods. Efficiency and success shone in every corner of the plant, consisting of a three-story and basement brick business block with a forty-foot front.

"In a material way, this plant is one of the things we have to show for our three years' existence," explained Mr. Leroy Dyal, the manager of the store. "And when a coöperative society has weathered its first three years, it may feel comparatively safe.

"The store is owned by over four hundred residents of Montclair, and run in their interests by a board of directors as follows: President, Emerson P. Hains; vice-president, Mrs. Alfred W. Diller; secretary, Miss Florence Hains; treasurer, Henry Wheaton; directors, Ralph T. Crane, W. W. Ames, H. R. Van Cleve, Edgar Bates, George French, Mrs. William Ropes. You will note that we have women on our board of directors and they are extremely interested and active.

"All business is cash, or the members may, if they wish, make a deposit and draw on that. Once a week I make a budget of prices, and on comparing them with the prices in other stores of the same class, I find that they run about four per cent lower. In addition to this, while we will deliver goods, we allow a discount of five per cent to members who carry goods home. Therefore the housekeeper who markets here and acts as her own deliveryman, using her motor, carriage, the trolley or even the family market basket and walking, saves at the time of purchase about nine per cent. In addition to this, as a shareholder she is paid her share of the profits on the business we do. Of this I will speak later.

"We do everything we can to popularize this store not only with our stockholders, but with the general public. You see, we have both a dry and a green grocery department, a meat and a fish department. On Saturdays we have a special sale, known as the 'no rebate and no delivery sale,' which runs from 5 to 10 P. M. This is so popular as a matter of economy with Montclair people, that we have great crowds during those hours, many customers arriving at 4:30 and waiting the half hour till specials are on sale. This is valuable as giving us a chance to sell off all vegetables and other perishable foodstuffs that otherwise must be carried over the week-end. I mention this merely to show you that a coöperative store is not necessarily highbrow as some women think. We try to follow all the modern business methods—but we permit no substitution, adulteration, nor any other of the evils of so-called modern merchandising.

To explain the theory on which our store and society is run, I will say that the requirements for this, as for all coöperative ventures, are an adequate organization of consumers to act in their own behalf, and a first-class plant. Our aim is not merely to transfer to the pockets of our shareholders the small net profits made by other storekeepers, but so to manage the journey of food products from source to kitchen as to cut out certain evils from which the housewife suffers—the cost of duplicate or wasted motion, and the adulteration and unsanitary conditions which surround the handling of products. We eliminate many of the cost items of ordinary retail trade in competition, and we protect the society from loss by doing only a cash trade.

"Our shares have a par value of ten dollars. Members may own one share or more. The stock is non-assessable when fully paid, and subscriptions may be paid in cash or at the rate of two dollars per share down, and the balance at the rate of one dollar per share monthly. All sales are recorded on double sales slips. One is kept by the shareholder and one by the society.

"After effecting an organization and proving the honesty and sincerity of our members in supporting the venture, the next step was a plant which would insure the most efficient handling of the trade.

"Of vital importance is to provide a proper medium for keeping fresh foods, such as meat, vegetables, fruit, etc. This means an abundance of dry cold air, in place of the ice supply with its unhealthy dampness and general unreliability.

"For this purpose we have installed in our basement a Brunswick refrigerating machine, which produces an amount of cold air equal to the melting of six tons of ice daily. This cold air is piped through ammonia cooling pipes which run through our glass counters, wall cases and the regular refrigerators. This system of cold air protection saves enormous waste in handling the stock. We also have driven our own well, one hundred and twenty-seven feet deep, which is capable of furnishing thirty gallons of pure water per minute.

"Our plant follows in principle and construction the superb modern public markets of Providence, Rhode Island, and Worcester, Massachusetts. It keeps the stock sanitary, and enables us to regulate temperature in different refrigerators to meet the requirements of different sorts of food.

"All the foods sold in our delicatessen department are prepared in our model sanitary kitchens on the floor above."

The New Yorkers were shown through these kitchens, where colored women, immaculately dressed, were preparing delicious salads. They studied the method by which running water in the fish department positively eliminated all odor. They were especially impressed with the freshness and crispness of the vegetables and the high standard of dry groceries on the shelves.

"The best of everything," murmured Mrs. Larry, "and at exactly what saving?"

The manager smiled at her earnest query.

"That cannot be expressed in round figures. It varies. As I said before, I think our prices average about four per cent below those of the competitive stores, largely because they must spend money to attract trade which we hold through our membership. The housewife who takes home her goods saves an additional five per cent. The member who attends our Saturday evening sales saves a little more. And, finally, stockholders get back money in these two ways:

First, regular interest on their investment of not more than six per cent; second, gains or profits which the store has made, redistributed every quarter at the rate of five per cent on the amount of purchases recorded on duplicate sales slips."

"Then it is a success, your store and your society?" asked Mrs. Norton. "And the women believe in it and support it?"

"They certainly do. They have the true coöperative spirit."

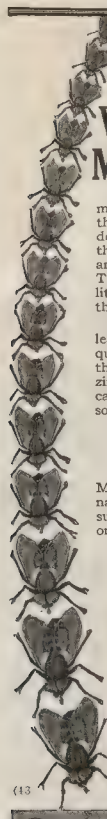
"And what of your Coöperative Kitchen and your housemaids' school and your——"

"Those? Oh, they are another story! The Coöperative Kitchen is managed by a different society, and the School for Housemaids by the Housewives League."

"Shall we see them?" inquired Mrs. Moore as the trio walked down the sunbright street.

"Yes, let us make a day of it in this remarkable community with its coöperative spirit, even if, as Mr. Dyal says, it is another story."

[CONTINUED IN THE AUGUST ISSUE]



What a Million Mothers Avoid

More than a million careful mothers have intuitively known the dangers of poisonous fly destroyers. They have known that such preparations contain arsenic in deadly quantities. They have realized the peril to little children that accompanies the use of fly poisons.

But for those who have not learned of these dangers, we quote from a recent issue of the Child Betterment Magazine, which comments upon 35 cases of children being poisoned last year:

"The danger to children is great, and the danger to adults is by no means inconsiderable."

In the December issue of the Michigan State Medical Journal, an editorial on the same subject cites 47 cases and goes on to state:

"Arsenical fly poisons are as dangerous as the phosphorus match. They should be abolished. There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies. And fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

TANGLEFOOT
"The Sanitary Fly Destroyer"
Non-Poisonous
Catches the Germ With the Fly

The new metal Tanglefoot Holder removes the last objection to the use of Tanglefoot. 10c at dealers or sent postpaid—two for 25c anywhere in the United States.

THE O. & W. THUM CO.
Dept. 251, Grand Rapids, Mich.

(43

Perfect Ice Cream without Turning
Just pack with ice—the Vacuum does the rest. Freezes thorough and smooth in a few minutes. Saves labor. Takes less ice.

Sanitary and Convenient

Indorsed by leading publications. If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and $2.50 for 6 dish size or $3.50 for 12 dish size. Booklet with valuable recipes Free.

AUTO VACUUM FREEZER CO.
10 Wall St. Dept E New York, N. Y.

New Minute Cook Book Just Out! Send for it.

Minute Gelatine

Measured for You.
Cook Book free for your name and your grocer's.
MINUTE TAPIOCA CO
502 E. Main St., Orange, Mass.

Only $22.40
Save $17.60 on this $40 Davenport

Buy it DIRECT FROM THE MAKER

Nowhere can you duplicate our prices on such fine quality furniture. We are *not* a Mail-Order House. We build *every piece of Sterling Furniture.* The price you pay for *Sterling Furniture* is approximately the same as Mail-Order Houses *pay* for their stock.

Think—only $22.40 for this handsome big 78-inch, quarter-sawed solid white oak American Mission Davenport. Dealers would charge $40 and up. It stands 32½ inches high. Beautiful wax finish. Has deep comfortable spring seat, upholstered in best quality artificial leather. Shipped Knock-down in four pieces. *Set a few screws and you save $17.60.* Packed by experts Safe delivery guaranteed. Money refunded if you're not satisfied that it is entirely as represented.

Send at Once for Free Catalog.

Surely you can use some *Sterling Furniture* at the low prices. If not the beautiful Davenport, maybe just what you want or need is shown in our Big Illustrated Catalog. Send for it; it is free.

The Sterling Furniture Company
5107 Sterling Bldg. Toledo, Ohio

Any Port in a Storm

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]

where the walls are all ten feet high."

So once more the travel-worn little stranger from the West led off. I sat beside the invalid in the limousine, and young Ladbroke drove with Alf.

After a long slow mile the Jack-rabbit turned confidently in at a great stone gateway, and we rolled by a lodge where I caught a glimpse of an uplifted hand at a cap brim. I had instantly a strong misgiving as to the course our friends, the Westerners, were taking. Lead us up to the door of one of these unknown, imposingly aristocratic country places—was that what they had the audacity to do? Quite evidently they knew nothing of the exclusiveness of such people as most of those who inhabit such homes of luxury. Were they counting on finding the hospitality of the untrammeled West here in the reserved and conventional East? I must confess that my heart beat rather hard and uncomfortably as I saw, after a quarter of a mile of winding drive, that we were approaching a great white house with long wings stretching away on either side, deep awninged porches furnished with fittings of summer comfort, and every evidence on all sides of wealth and love of beauty. There were many figures to be seen about the place—white-clad men and girls in a tennis court, women in vari-colored frocks upon the terrace, older men lounging under the awnings. I was aghast at the Coloradoans' temerity; I winced at the thought of seeming to have a part in it, even in such an emergency as was the Ladbrokes'. And such a curious cavalcade as we were, too, with the little mud-splashed Jack-rabbit in the lead!

And now, looking from the windows of the Elephant, my arm still supporting the seemingly almost lifeless head of Mrs. Ladbroke, who had appeared to collapse again under the stress of even our careful progress, I saw an extraordinary thing: The people about the house looked toward us, and started into action. Three men from the porch, half a dozen women from the terrace, all the tennis players, began to move our way. Did they recognize, somehow, that we were in distress? But they were waving arms of greeting; voices called; young lips broke into laughter. All these people swarmed around the Jack-rabbit as it came to a standstill on the driveway ahead of us. Two pretty girls jumped upon the dingy little running board; young men in white flannels tooted the Jack-rabbit's horn; a dignified lady in gray held out both arms, and Kathleen Chester leaped out of the car and ran into them.

A moment later Kathleen and the dignified lady in gray came to the door of the limousine. I could see the sparkle in the girl's eyes, even though her lips were tremulous enough.

Mrs. Chester, Mrs. Arlington Chester (was not the name familiar indeed?) had come to offer us all the hospitality of her home for as long as we might need it. She was delighted that her son and daughter had been able to be of use to us. As it happened, her own physician, Dr. Christopher Norris of Baltimore, was her guest for the week-end; she was sure it would give him pleasure to attend Mrs. Ladbroke, so soon as she had been made comfortable in her room. Would we all please come in?

HALF an hour later Alf and I were smiling incredulously at each other in a wonderful guest-room where we were ridding ourselves of as many of the signs of motor travel as possible before descending to the luncheon table, from which we had not been allowed to escape.

"She's just told me," I was beginning, when Alf interrupted me.

"He's just told me," he said. "It was a great lark, wasn't it? And they've had a lot of fun and experience out of it, not to mention, I should imagine, considerable enlightenment as to the difference it makes in the way people treat you whether you have the proper label, or not!"

"They did have the proper label, all the time," I cried softly, "and I'm thankful we can remember we recognized it."

"We did—to a certain degree. But we didn't know we had members of the American nobility under those disguises. They're the real sort, too. No spurious jewels or tin armor about them."

"I wonder what Mrs. Ladbroke will say, when she discovers where she is, and whom she's been snubbing."

"She will cease to snub. And she'll not recover too rapidly," predicted Alf.

"What about her son Fairfax?"

Alf shook his head, whistling softly. "I don't know," he said.

WE COULD not get away after luncheon—the Chesters would not let us. The sequel to the storm of the night before came on just as we would have left after luncheon, as we had suspected it might, from the humid weather of the day. They insisted upon our remaining until another morning, and their hospitality was so whole-souled and genuine that we could not graciously refuse.

That evening I sat beside Kathleen Chester on the terrace, just at dusk. She was wearing the simplest of white summer frocks, as I well understood, to keep me company in my little figured muslin, my one motoring dress-up, which she had had exquisitely laundered and returned to my room all in one short hour.

The little group of us upon the terrace included the Chesters and their mother; the elder and younger Ladbroke and ourselves, as well as a few of the young people who had been drawn into the circle by Gordon Chester's laughter over some of his sister's recitals of various incidents of their travel with the Jack-rabbit.

"It was quite the jolliest experience I ever had," Kathleen declared. Her splendid eyes laughed into mine in the dusky light. "When we started with the little car that the owner left to be sold just as he abandoned it to sail for his native country, after driving from Colorado in it, we did not dream we should be gone more than a day or two. But it proved such fun to travel in just that way and see people from an entirely new point of view! One gets so tired of great hotels and the people one meets in them. We had managed to keep the Colorado tag, you know. With the Jack-rabbit we could stop at the little country inns and meet all sorts of delightful people, such real people, so many of them, even when we were only staying for dinner."

She looked up suddenly at Fairfax Ladbroke, whose eyes, I had observed, seemed seldom to leave her face. A curious little smile curved her lips. There was an instant's pause, and then he spoke. His voice had an odd thrill in it, which was quite comprehensible as he went on. In truth, the thing he did seemed to me one of the bravest I ever knew.

"You and Mr. Chester," said he, in his pleasant Southern voice, addressing Kathleen, "may have had a mighty jolly time, but for new sensations it couldn't have been in it with our adventures. You see, what gave the point to ours was this—we were traveling disguised as princes, not as princes in disguise."

There was a sudden silence. Nobody knew what to make of this extraordinary statement—unless it were the elder Ladbroke, who gave a queer little nervous chuckle and leaned forward, looking intently at his son in the softly shaded light which touched him from the windows not far away.

"We were so lucky as to have a friend in Kentucky who was leaving for a long journey—the Far East," young Ladbroke went on, his voice steadying. "He knew that my mother was not well—they were school friends once—and he gave us the use of his car and chauffeur for a month so that we might drive North out of the heat. We get it pretty hot in Kentucky in July. He also"—here the speaker threw back his shoulders a little so that he stood even straighter than before, and I saw in the faint light that a deep flush had tinged his clear olive cheek,—"made it possible for us to—travel with every comfort. Since the war—when my grandfather was alive—our family hasn't been accustomed to such luxury, and we're not accustomed, either, to seeming to be what we are not. My father and I thought we'd feel more honorable to give up playing a part that doesn't exactly belong to us—though I reckon," he ended, with a little laugh and a proud lift of his young head, "our name is one we have no reason to be ashamed of, in Kentucky or anywhere."

The silence about him was warmed by many friendly little murmurs before Gordon Chester broke it with his hearty tribute:

"Ladbroke," said he, "do you mind my telling you that you're a trump?"

But it was left for the girl herself to give Fairfax Ladbroke the reward he richly deserved for his frank avowal.

"Mr. Ladbroke," said she softly, but so that we all heard, "I think you have no need to disclaim the title of the prince in disguise!"

A very little while after that we saw "Miss Colorado and Mr. Kentucky" stroll slowly away down a certain path of moonlight which led them all but out of our sight. And we knew quite well that young Ladbroke could never have managed this alone.

"A Little Bird Told Me"

By EMILY ROSE BURT

AT a recent luncheon given to announce the engagement of a very popular girl the announcement was made in a unique way.

A large wooden embroidery hoop was hung from the ceiling over the table and in the ring perched a gaily painted wooden parrot, the kind that rocks back and forth when touched.

From the parrot streamers of colored baby ribbon led to the different places, and tied to the ends of the ribbon were notes in envelopes. These on being opened showed the names of the engaged couple and a short rhyme reading thus:

A little bird told me
A very nice thing,
That Randolph gave Sally
A diamond ring.

The refreshments somewhat followed the parrot color scheme, with halves of grapefruit garnished with candied cherries, chicken à la king, pimiento, walnut and cream cheese salad, orange ice and little cakes with colored frosting.

Small parrot favor boxes filled with colored candies were appropriate souvenirs.

The First Taste Tells The Story

Ices, creams and other frozen desserts are given an inexpressibly exquisite flavor by the smooth, rich deliciousness of

Burnett's VANILLA

ALSO Almond Lemon Orange Fresh Fruit Extracts etc.

The tempting fragrance and mellow richness of its Mexican Vanilla make a difference you would hardly believe possible—one worth many times over the slight cost of the two or three spoonfuls you use.

An Easy Frozen Pudding

Scald 1 cup of cream and add 2 cups of sugar and ½ teaspoonful of salt. Add it to 1 quart of boiling milk. Stir till smooth and stir at intervals for 20 minutes. Add 4 beaten eggs and 1 pint stiff whipped cream. Flavor with 2 teaspoonfuls of Burnett's Vanilla. When partly frozen add chopped candied fruits.

Frozen desserts are both refreshing and wholesome—and their deliciousness should not be endangered by the use of inferior extracts, whose imperfections are magnified by freezing. If you doubt this, experiment with a cheaper and poorer extract, and with Burnett's. The family will speak their minds plainly.

Write for our new booklet of 115 dainty desserts. Sent free if you mention your grocer's name.

JOSEPH BURNETT CO.
Dept. B, 36 India Street, Boston, Mass.

My "Ideal" is to Cut Cooking Costs

Free Book, Just Out, Tells How

The "IDEAL" is high in quality and results Low in price Pays for itself. Saves food and 80% of fuel. Requires no attention Cooks while you sleep. Roasts, bakes, steams, stews and boils perfectly. More delicious meals, comfort and pleasure

Nine-best, strong, handsome outer case, "triple-tired" solid oak

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Seamless cooking compartments and utensils of thick, pure aluminum. Water Seal top. Heat Conserving Steam valve. *Free book explains* fireless cooking. Write for it and name of nearest reliable dealer today. Address.

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The Toledo Cooker Co., 1370 W. Bancroft St., Toledo, O.

Blue Days Not Bran Days

Bran breeds happiness. It is Nature's laxative, an internal cleanser.

Make it inviting—make it a habit. Serve it hidden in a morning dainty which everybody likes. That means in Pettijohn's—a soft wheat flaked. This delicacy hides 25% of bran.

Try it one week. Note how it pleases and note its effects. Nothing then could induce you to go back to the old ways.

Pettijohn's
Rolled Wheat With the Bran

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago. (925)

The greater the work of art, the more widely it is copied.

BABCOCK'S CORYLOPSIS OF JAPAN TALC POWDER

is a masterpiece of perfumery. Its success has led other makers to adopt the name Corylopsis of Japan and to imitate the can. But no one has ever approached its fascinating fragrance.

The scent is indescribable—delicate, exquisite and distinctive. The powder itself is soft and smooth and fine.

15c at drug- and department-stores or from us by mail if you can't get it there. 25c in Canada. Your Money Back if you want it.

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Toilet Powders
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NEW YORK
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Write for sample cake!
Smell its *real* violet fragrance. The moment *you do* you will want this crystal clear soap—the "Freshening-up" soap of the dainty woman. Lathers freely in any water. Send 2c for your sample cake. Do it to-day! Address
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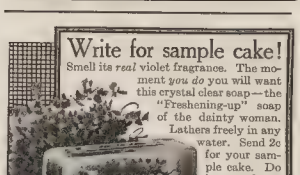

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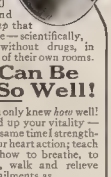
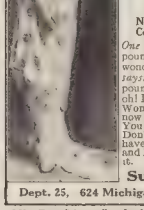
You Can Weigh Exactly What You Should

You can—*I know* you can, because I have *reduced* 32,000 women and have *built up* that many more—scientifically, naturally, without drugs, in the privacy of their own rooms.





You Can Be So Well!

—if you only knew *how* well! I build up your vitality—at the same time I strengthen your heart action; teach you how to breathe, to stand, walk and relieve such ailments as

Nervousness, Torpid Liver, Constipation, Indigestion, Etc.

One pupil writes: "I weigh 83 pounds less, and I have gained wonderfully in strength." *Another says:* "Last May I weighed 100 pounds, this May I weigh 126 and oh! I feel SO WELL."

Won't you sit down and write now for my interesting booklet? You are welcome to it. It is FREE. Don't wait, you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

Susanna Cocroft
Dept. 25, 624 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

Miss Cocroft is a college bred woman. She is the recognized authority on the scientific care of the health and figure of women.

The Runaway Rest Cure

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

A woman ought to have some defense, even if it is only time and chance."

"You look at it all wrong, Haswell."

"All wrong! You say the man abused her. Why shouldn't she leave him?"

"But not in this secret way. It will make a scandal. He doesn't know where she is or how to bring her back."

"Perhaps she doesn't want to be brought back."

"She should be made to."

"Oh, come now, this is not the eighteenth century."

"Your sympathy always was with the women, Haswell."

"Well, remember, here is a big hulking man bullying a woman only because her strength is less than his. If he acted in this fashion with a man his own size he'd be thrashed, or if he behaved this way to any other man's wife he'd be thrown out of the house. The woman does not fight, according to your statement, she just goes away. And you would help bring her back to abuse she cannot defend herself against. Well, I would not."

The name Haswell began to reverberate in my brain. Where had I heard it? I leaned forward to look at the two men again. At my movement the younger man turned his head and his eyes met mine. I drew back into my chair in a state of panic at the attention I had aroused, but the eager young face observed me with an interest that somehow seemed as professional as my first glance at him had been. Then the older man began to talk again. I did not listen for some minutes. Presently I heard the younger man say:

"Ill temper usually needs a doctor, not a priest. Why don't you suggest an operation to your exalted patient?"

That was why his interest was professional! He, also, was a physician, and a physician has to be the most observant of men. To him, even more than to an artist, expressions are of importance. He makes his diagnoses taking such things as eyes and lips and color and strain into account.

Their conversation soon drifted to general topics, but when we reached the outskirts of Philadelphia, as the elder doctor put an Alpine hat above his prominent forehead, the younger said:

"Here's hoping that you find your patient reconciled to his loss."

"Would I be going to attend him if he were reconciled?"

"Is he in Philadelphia?"

"No, he is at his country place down the river beyond Philadelphia, but I have to go the rest of the way by automobile. The thing's an outrage."

The younger man laughed. "Well, she has apparently given you a fat job, so don't be hard on her. I don't know who your exalted patient is; but if I meet his wife, I'll tell her to stay away long enough to keep you busy."

"If you see her it will be worth your while to bring her back."

"Is there a reward? Dear me, how melodramatic."

"Not a public reward. But there is one. You see the thing *has* to be kept quiet. They'd find her to-morrow if they could publish that she was five feet, six inches tall, and had blue eyes and brown hair."

The young man lifted his chin and grew perfectly still. It was such a chance to catch arrested motion that I frowned with the annoyance of traveling without pencil and paper. There was such a thing as carrying Brian's advice too far. And then, in the seemingly unrelated way in which the subconsciousness acts, the thought of Brian brought me a swift and illuminating recollection. "My friend Haswell," Brian had said. "He is doing the finest work in my profession." Surely there could not be two such doctors. This was the man of the sanitarium and the motor boat! Here was a perfectly beautiful chance—if only—if only my wits would work and my inhibitions cease troubling me. Then I saw that, still as he was, the young man was watching me.

For no reason at all my heart began to beat like a velvet-padded gong.

"He is probably discovering." I said to myself, "that *I* have blue eyes and brown hair," and I turned in my chair and smiled into my handkerchief. I was not a runaway woman, thank heaven, but here was a man who would take any woman's part, and—and why should I not be a runaway woman? After all, gray veils were as good to run away from as brutal husbands, and the friend of one's own best friend was not to be found on every train.

We pulled in at North Philadelphia and the elder doctor got off. Left alone in the car, save for the woman with the double chin, my courage rose. Perhaps it was the lightness in my head, or perhaps it was that even the man's walk as he returned from escorting the elder man to the door, was thoroughbred, but whatever it was the Spirit of Adventure that awoke within me seemed suddenly a very pleasant guest.

In my early youth I had been left motherless to the unaided care of a delightful and irresponsible artist father. There are many advantages to a girl in being brought up by a man, but there are some drawbacks also. One of them, in my case, was that not only did I never have any money, but I was so sure also that my father hadn't that I never could bear to ask him for any. At such times as I was actually forced to do so I usually spent twenty minutes gathering up my courage and then launched myself with the one word "Father!" After which I had to continue.

So now, as the young man turned to his chair with another one of those luminous, observant glances, I did not drop my eyes nor draw back in my chair nor turn aside. I met it squarely, forcing my courage with a silent "Now! *now* is your chance—one chance in a million!"

He sat down, his face turned toward me as if waiting. As for me, I swallowed a hard lump in my throat while the rhythm of the flying wheels snapped out:

"And you let the chance escape you?"
rapped the rattling tonga-bar.
"What a chance and what an idiot!"
clicked the vicious tonga-bar.

Suddenly, I leaned forward, seizing the chance of adventure in my two nerveless hands.

"Doctor Haswell!" I said breathlessly, and waited, as I used to wait for Father.

The young man looked as a man does when the thing he has worked out in his brain happens before his eyes, and I suddenly realized that, after all, I had nothing to say. Before this expectant gaze of his it was especially idiotic to be stricken dumb. I searched my brain, demanding an excuse for addressing him, but all that it gave me was the memory of Brian's foolish suggestion of yesterday.

"I am about to ask you a great favor," I said breathlessly; "it is quite a simple thing for you to do, but most complexly helpful to me. At the next station a tall man with a black beard will get on the train looking for me. He will want to take me off with him. I'll not go into all the reasons why I ought not to be taken off the train. Indeed, I would not ask your help if there were any reason why I should go with this man. I have a right to go where I choose, and it is sheer bullying to interfere with me." Beneath the ready acquiescence in his face I found words coming faster, or else, having entered Brian's foolish path to renewed energy, I found the energy actually coming. "I ask you only to look about for me; not to do anything or say anything on my behalf. As we approach the station I'll go into the empty compartment at the end of the car, and I want to ask you if you won't see whether there is such a man at the station—and if he gets on the train."

For a moment the man's look was doubtful and I said to myself that I had failed.

"I—I am—so sorry to trouble you. I ought not, of course, to ask such a service of a stranger. It is entirely unconventional. But indeed I—I cannot choose my means. It is of the gravest importance to me—and, oh, in a minute we shall be in the station!"

I found myself trying desperately to do the thing well.

"I shall be very glad," said the pleasant voice, "to do so trifling a service for you. Perhaps you will not mind if I ask you one question?" He bent his head and looked at me under his straight brows. "Are you married?"

I felt myself blushing. Also I felt myself hesitating. Then I said in a low voice, "No, I am not."

It is curious, but the perfectly truthful statement sounded falteringly unlikely, while the fiction I had just uttered had run glibly enough off my tongue.

"Not that I entertain the usual prejudice against interfering between a man and his wife," said the doctor, "it is merely that if you are not married I need ask no more questions. Tall man with a black beard you say? Not much of a description."

"You will see him peering about." I answered nervously. "Perhaps—perhaps he will ask questions."

"Do you expect him to get on the train?"

"I—I don't know—he would, of course, if he saw me."

"Very well. In that case I will stay in the car and watch. Hurry! The porter has gone and you can slip into the compartment."

"Thank you," I breathed. I gave him a grateful glance and moved swiftly to the end of the car and into the single compartment there. It was fortunately unlocked. I closed the door until only a narrow space remained through which I could peep into the car. Then I leaned against the partition and laughed shamelessly. Suddenly I realized that this was the second time I had laughed in several months, and that the pain at the back of my neck was nearly gone. "Oh, Brian!" I murmured. Then I wondered whether a tall man with a black beard was more likely to be about than a little man with glasses and a short mustache, and I considered, during my ten minutes' wait, whether I had done well to make the man tall and bearded. It seemed a very long while before we were under way again, for I could see nothing out of the window, as another train was drawn up next to ours on that side, and I had only my nervous thoughts for companions.

When I felt the wheels begin to slide over the track I opened the door a little wider and peeped out. My heart gave a bound that nearly choked me. Standing in the middle of the aisle was a tall man with a dark and bristly beard.

[CONTINUED IN THE AUGUST ISSUE]

Many Companion readers are earning the money now for delightful vacations

The Money for Your Vacation

IN ALL the pleasant plans we make for a vacation, for a nice visit with the home folks, or a trip to that fascinating, beautiful San Francisco Exposition, there is always the vexing question of *enough money.*

Doesn't it seem as if we either have not quite enough money to go comfortably or, like the old story of Simple Simon and the Pieman, "indeed we haven't any!"

Did you know there is a department of the COMPANION, called the Pin-Money Club, which solves this problem for COMPANION readers by showing them how to earn money for vacation expenses?

Money for Other Things Too

Of course the Pin-Money Club does not limit its help to vacation money. You can imagine the thousands of ways the girls and women who are P. M. C. members spend Club dollars.

For instance, I know a COMPANION reader who for years has thought she must deny herself any "extravagances" (she used to say) in the way of nice clothes, until one day her small son told her how pretty he thought another boy's mother was and that he wished she'd "fix up that way too." So she turned to the Pin-Money Club and earned enough money for some cool, pretty little lawn dresses in less than two weeks. And aren't the children proud of the way she looks now!

I know another, a girl just starting in business, who is very anxious to get ahead, and realizes the importance of looking her best and as fresh as a daisy these warm summer days—small salary or not. So she, too, has earned the extra money for her clothes right here in the Pin-Money Club.

Then there is Mrs. W. B. S., who has needed a new ice chest for baby's milk. She just wrote to thank me for a $12 check from the Pin-Money Club that is going toward that ice-chest fund. And I know a girl who treats the family to ice cream on hot evenings and trips to the beach with the pin-money she earns in this same big helpful Club of ours.

And these are so few of the many pleasant things Club dollars will buy this summer!

For All Companion Readers

We want you to know more about the Pin-Money Club. As the money-earning department of the COMPANION it is at the service of all COMPANION readers. If you would like to have some extra money yourself, whether it is for your own vacation or screens for your porch or a new pair of slippers, the Club can show you how to earn it.

The P. M. C., you know, was formed in response to the many letters received by our Editors asking, "How can I earn money at home?" "How can I earn extra money after business hours?" "I am a housekeeper with no business training. Isn't there a way I could earn a little money?"

And the Club has succeeded in finding *that way to earn money,* both for the home girl and home woman who has no business training of any kind; and for the business girl and professional woman who seeks a way to earn extra money "after hours."

Just drop me a card or a note and I'll be very glad indeed to send you our beautiful new Club Book as a gift from the P. M. C.—it will tell you all about it.

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin-Money Club
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

The Fashion Department

CONDUCTED BY GRACE MARGARET GOULD

Note the loose pocket for golf or tennis balls

A Sport Costume with Novel Features

TO FIND something different in a sport costume is almost to accomplish the impossible, and yet it has been achieved in the dress shown on this page. The dress has a special novelty in the waist which proves a practical feature as well: it has the long, close-fitting sleeves which fashion dictates and which, when the wearer is engaged in sports, can be detached, leaving the arms perfectly free to a point above the elbows. This should be welcomed by devotees of golf as well as tennis. Then, in the skirt, instead of the conventional pocket on each side of the front there is a deep, wide pocket on the right side only, so arranged that golf or tennis balls may easily be carried. The skirt is a four-gored model with a deep, fitted yoke. Suitable materials for the development of this dress are some of the old standbys, such as linen, gingham, cotton crêpe and white serge, and then a few of the new materials—which are carraval, that has taken the place of ratine and is quite a bit like it; Panama cloth, which is between a pongee and a linen, and some of the crêpe ginghams so popular this season. This is a simple costume to make; even the woman with little dressmaking experience need not hesitate to use it for herself. For the dress there are Woman's Home Companion patterns, which are easy to understand and simple to use. Before ordering the patterns be sure to take accurate measurements. Always give bust measure in ordering waist patterns, and in ordering skirt patterns both waist and hip measures.

THE PATTERNS for the dress may be ordered from either of the following pattern depots: Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, Ohio.

No. 2813—Waist with Detachable Long Sleeves

34 to 40 bust. Material for 36-inch bust, three and one-fourth yards of thirty-inch material, or two and three-fourths yards of forty-inch material, with five-eighths yard of contrasting material for the collar and belt. The price of this pattern is ten cents

No. 2814—Yoke Skirt with Deep Side-Pocket

24 to 30 waist. Hip in 24-inch waist, 38 inches. Width, two and three-fourths yards. Material for 24-inch waist, three and three-fourths yards of thirty-inch material, or three yards of forty-inch material. The price of this practical yoke skirt pattern is ten cents

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The Most Famous Beauties in the World

QUEENS and members of royal houses, celebrated artistes, and well-known society people—the most famous beauties in the World—have sought out Mme. Helena Rubinstein at her Paris, London and New York establishments, known as the *Maisons de Beauté Valaze*, for remarkable beauty treatments.

In fact, her name is of world-wide reputation among all women who feel the imperative suggestions of Nature to gain and keep good looks.

Madame Rubinstein has written a booklet,

"Beauty in the Making"

from the original French "Comment se fait la Beauté," from which you may learn, as though she were advising you face to face, how to develop and maintain the beauty of the complexion and how to prevent threatening blemishes such as freckles, sallowness, unsightly open pores, dryness or greasiness of the skin, blackheads, "shiny" appearance of the nose, wrinkles and crowsfeet.

So, if you are not of those fortunate ones who can go to Mme. Rubinstein for treatment, you may receive it in your own home, because this booklet is replete with scientific suggestions and object lessons, and tells you also of her many rare beauty specialties (brought from abroad and supplied at reasonable prices), and how you should use them to the best advantage.

Mme. Rubinstein will send you this book by mail on receipt of four cents in stamps.

Write for it now, and if you have any question to ask, ask it when you write. Letters addressed to Mme. Rubinstein have solved many and many a complexion trouble.

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN
15 East 49th Street
New York City
LONDON, W.: 24 Grafton Street
PARIS: 255 Rue Saint Honoré

"You Will Love the Dove"

Dove Under-muslins are well made, properly cut and daintily trimmed—have style and fit and give long wear.

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Under-muslins

The "DOVE" label assures you of unfailing quality and value—look for it at the store when you buy. "*You will love* the Dove."

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World's Largest Makers of Muslin Underwear
Established 1873 New York

Wedding & correct forms. 100 Engraved Announcements, $5.40 Invitations, $6.75, 7envelopesforeach. Each add'l 25, 55c. Postpaid 100 Engraved Calling Cards, $1. Write for samples Royal Engraving Co., 814-H Walnut St., Phila. Pa

You, too, can look younger

Six to ten minutes a day of pleasant exercise for the face—in your own room—bring a quick and marvelously youthful expression. **Susanna Cocroft's Physical Culture for the Face** is as effective as her exercises for the body have proven to be in more than 70,000 cases. Course includes care of **hair, eyes, hands and feet,** and relieves such age-adding blemishes as **pouches under eyes, wrinkles, flabby, thin necks, double chin, crow's feet, tired eyes, sagging facial muscles, pimples, thin, dry or oily hair, tender inflamed feet, rough, red hands,** and other beauty-destroying ailments.

Write for FREE booklet today

Learn what prompt and gratifying results **you** can secure, and how you can look as young and happy as you should.

Grace-Mildred Culture Course,
624 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 6, CHICAGO

"Come on in if your suits are Skinner's Satin. Water won't hurt them!"

Skinner's Bathing Satin has made possible the growing vogue for satin bathing suits. Treated by a special process of manufacture, it does not fade in fresh or salt water. Tell your dry-goods store you want

Skinner's
BATHING
Satin

Cotton Back or All Silk
(36 inches wide)

Black, Navy or Brown
Guaranteed Fast Color

Woven of pure silk, Skinner's Bathing Satin has the great strength for which Skinner's Satins have always been famous. This, together with its non-fading quality, makes it the most beautiful as well as the most practical material in the world for bathing suits.

Don't accept a substitute, but *insist on Skinner's* and look for the name in the selvage.

Write us for samples of the popular bathing suit shades. Address Dept. E

Wm. Skinner & Sons
Cor. Fourth Ave. and 17th St.
NEW YORK CITY
Mills, Holyoke, Mass.
Established 1848

NOTE:—Skinner's All-Silk Satin (404) is the standard light weight lining for summer suits—also the best material for silk waists, petticoats, etc. Look for the name in the selvage when you buy.

Clothes for Maternity Wear

Designs that will answer every dress need at this time

Selected by GRACE MARGARET GOULD

EVERY woman owes it to herself as well as to her friends to look her best at all times. There is no special time, however, when this is more important than during the period that she is waiting and preparing for her baby.

To be sure, clothes must be comfortable and easy to adjust for the changes in the figure, but they must also be attractive in style and developed in becoming colors and materials.

In summer white is permissible, but otherwise it is better to keep to the dark tones, as they are less conspicuous.

For dress occasions, crêpe de chine, taffeta, silk voile, and foulard are pretty materials that are light in weight and for everyday wear, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, wool crêpe, cashmere and such fabrics are practical.

Then, in materials for coats, the very light-weight worsteds are suitable, while for warm weather silk and pongee are especially comfortable as well as serviceable.

Piqué is used a great deal this season for trimmings, particularly for collars and cuffs. In plain white it does much to lighten up an otherwise dark coat.

No. 2806
No. 2807

SUCH a dress as the one illustrated above is most practical for general wear. It can be developed in wool, wash or silk fabrics, and can be made from patterns Nos. 2806 and 2807. The pattern descriptions are very clearly given on the opposite side of this page

No. 2808
No. 2809

No. 2806—Surplice Maternity Waist with Patch Pockets

34 to 44 bust. Material for 36-inch bust, three and one-eighth yards of thirty-inch material, or two and one-fourth yards of forty-inch material, with one-half yard of contrasting material, preferably white, for collar and cuffs. The price of this pattern is ten cents

No. 2807—Gathered Maternity Skirt with Plaited Panel

24 to 34 waist. Material for 24-inch waist, five and one-fourth yards of thirty-inch material, or four yards of forty-inch material. Width of skirt at bottom in 24-inch waist, three and one-half yards. The price of this skirt pattern is ten cents

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION patterns may be purchased from either of the two following pattern depots: Pattern Depart., Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City, or Pattern Depart., Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, O.

No. 2811

No. 2811—Maternity Top Coat with Plaited Skirt Portion

34 to 42 bust. Material for 36-inch bust, four yards of thirty-six-inch material, or three and one-fourth yards of fifty-four-inch material. Price of pattern, ten cents

No. 2808—Gathered Maternity Waist with Flaring Collar and Cuffs

34 to 44 bust. Material for 36-inch bust, three and one-eighth yards of thirty-inch material, or two yards of forty-inch material, with three-eighths yard of contrasting material for collar and cuffs and one-eighth yard for the belt. The price of this waist pattern is ten cents

No. 2809—Full Maternity Skirt Shirred at Waist Line

24 to 34 waist. Material for 24-inch waist, five and one-fourth yards of thirty-inch material, or four yards of forty-inch material. Width in 24-inch waist, three and one half yards. The price of this skirt pattern is ten cents

No. 2810—Sleeveless Maternity Jacket with Yoke

34 to 44 bust. Material for 36-inch bust, two and one-half yards of thirty-inch material, or one and one-half yards of forty-inch material, with one-eighth yard of contrasting material for the belt. The price of this pattern is ten cents

No. 2810

No. 2811 No. 2810 No. 2809 No. 2808 No. 2809 No. 2806 No. 2807

THE sleeveless jacket which can be made from pattern No. 2810 is really a very handy garment to possess. It can be worn with the dress Nos. 2808-2809, and will give it quite a different look, and if it is made of silk or some such fabric will give extra warmth on cool days

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Underwear for the Little Girl

A DRESSMAKING LESSON

about the making and trimming of this set

By GRACE MARGARET GOULD

No. 2812—Girl's Set of Underwear Patterns

2 to 10 years. Quantity of material required for the entire set in 8-year size, seven yards of thirty-six-inch material—nainsook, long cloth or fine muslin. The price of this set of underwear patterns is 20 cents

THE fashioning of dainty underwear is quite as pleasant an occupation for summer mornings on the porch as embroidering or other "pick-up" work.

We all know how expensive really fine handmade underwear is when purchased ready-made, even the small garments for children, so I am going to tell about a set of drawers, underwaist, petticoat and nightgown which may be made for a girl of eight from seven yards of long cloth or from a twelve-yard piece costing about $1.60, whichever is the more convenient way of purchasing it.

Fine nainsook, batiste or cotton crêpe are other good materials for such a set; cotton crêpe has been used considerably for this purpose for several seasons past. It wears and washes well and requires no ironing.

For trimming the set shown above I am going to suggest linen Cluny, one of the new filet edges, or a narrow Irish picot. The Irish picot is expensive if purchased by the yard, but it is easily made if one cares to take the time to make it, is pretty and wears well. The Cluny is, I think, however, the most practical. A good quality of Valenciennes edging may be used if the heavier lace is not fancied for very small girls.

The embroidered butterflies, the buttonholed eyelets through which to run the ribbon, and the uneven briar- or feather-stitching heading the hems, are other details that make for daintiness, although they may be used or not as preferred. Instead of the buttonholed eyelets a narrow Cluny or Valenciennes beading may be used to run the ribbon through, and in place of the embroidered butterflies, lace motifs may be set in, or the garment left plain.

Follow pattern directions carefully when cutting, marking seam allowances, hems, etc., with a tracing wheel.

TO MAKE THE UNDERWAIST: Join shoulder and underarm seams; the French fell or seam is best to use for underwear. In the French fell the seams are sewn up on the right side about an eighth of an inch outside of the indicated seam allowance; the material is cut away close to this line of stitching, the seam turned, creased and stitched again on the wrong side along the line marked for the seam allowance.

Neck and armholes of the underwaist may be finished as illustrated with the lace edging, or may be faced with a narrow bias facing. The lower edge should be turned up and hemmed. Large-eyed, white bone buttons for buttoning on the drawers should be attached to the bottom of waist with tape. Close waist in back with small buttons.

TO MAKE THE DRAWERS: Join the inside curved leg seams, stitching them by machine or running them up securely by hand in a French seam. Join the side seams in the same way, and finish the side openings with a continuous finish. A straight strip of material about an inch wide may be used for this finish, sewing it on around the edges of the openings, turning it back, creasing through the center and hemming it down over the seam on the wrong side.

There is an old-time finish for these openings that is good also, although not quite as easy to apply. A straight piece of material about two inches wide and about an inch longer than the opening is creased down the center and slashed to the depth of the opening. The lower ends are pointed or rounded. The edges of the slash are sewn to the edges of the openings from the right side; the facing is then turned back and its outer edges hemmed down neatly on the inside. The pointed or rounded ends act as stays for the seams, preventing them from tearing down.

Turn up the hems allowed on the bottoms of the drawers. These hems may be stitched by machine, hemmed by hand, or a few threads drawn and hemstitched. The irregular briar- or feather-stitching illustrated is an unusually pretty finish if one has the time to do it.

To sew the lace to the lower edges of the drawers draw up the thread in the upper edge of the lace, or gather it slightly along the top just enough to ease it a trifle, thus providing for any shrinkage in laundering, and whip it on lower edge of the hem by hand. By whipping is meant sewing it on from the right side with short, firm over-and-over stitches.

Another way of sewing lace edging to underwear is to make a tuck about a quarter of an inch wide, leaving an eighth of an inch allowance below the tuck; fold this allowance back on the wrong side until even with the edge of the tuck, and crease. Gather the lace slightly, turn back the tuck, baste the lace to the turned-in edge, and stitch. Bring the tuck down to cover the seam, and stitch, slip-stitch or catch down with the briar-stitching along the lower edge of the tuck. When this finish is used for the lower edge of the drawers the hem may be omitted.

Gather the tops of the drawers as perforated on the pattern, stroke the gathers and sew to the bands. These bands are made from straight pieces of material doubled. They should be seamed on from the right side, turned back and hemmed down to cover the seams.

A buttonhole should be worked in each end of the band and one in the center of each band for attaching the drawers to the underwaist.

THE PRINCESSE SLIP: Join seams with the French fells as directed for the drawers. The lower edge of the skirt may be finished with any of the finishes mentioned or with the briar-stitching as illustrated; the edging is sewn on in the same way as directed for the drawers. It is more effective to have all of the set finished alike. Neck and armhole edges may be finished with a narrow bias facing or turned in a seam's allowance and hemmed. Whip the lace on and finish as desired.

A bit of embroidery may be added to the slip like that on the nightgown or it may be left perfectly plain.

THE NIGHTGOWN: Finish the seams as directed for the other garments, and the hems in the same way also. The embroidery may be worked out in mercerized linen or cotton floss.

It is a good idea when sewing up the under-arm seams of the nightgown to stitch a line of tape in with the seam where it curves under the arm; this will prevent the seam from tearing out, which is apt to happen.

Another pretty way of finishing handmade underwear of this kind is to scallop the edges with hand-embroidered scallops, worked in a rather heavy mercerized floss.

Any store or department where embroidery materials are sold will stamp the scallops or any other embroidery design desired. Such a finish does away with all hemming and is most attractive.

Woman's Home Companion patterns may be purchased from either of the following pattern depots: Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, Ohio

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Contains many beauty hints and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. *Sold by all druggists.*

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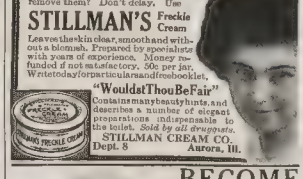

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Clothes for Garden Work

A picturesque smock and two becoming bonnets

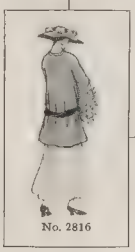
Drawings by
MARGARET OWEN

No. 2815—No. 1

No. 2815—Sunbonnets in Two Styles

One size only. Quantity of material required for No. 1, five-eighths yard of twenty-seven-inch material for crown with one eighth of a yard of contrasting material. Material for No. 2, three and one-fourth yards of twenty-seven-inch material. The prettiest way to develop the sunbonnet No. 1 is to have the crown of plain material and the brim a figured fabric. No. 2 is attractive in a striped fabric. The price of this pattern is ten cents

No. 2816



No. 2816

No. 2816—Garden Smock and Hat

32, 36 and 40 bust. Material for smock in 36 inch bust, two and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material; for brim of hat, five-eighths yard of thirty-six inch material with five-eighths yard of contrasting material for the crown of hat. This smock can be worn with any skirt; with white skirts it is most effective, though the colored ones are far more practical. Tan is a good color and with the smock of art green, blue or brown it makes a most attractive costume for garden work. Price of this pattern is ten cents

No. 2815—No. 2

WORKING in the garden has become such a pleasure to so many women that a costume especially designed for such work cannot fail to be welcome. The smock shown on this page is an attractive garment to wear, and it is especially comfortable. It may be made of unbleached muslin dyed any desired color, and when finished with hand-made trimming of raffia is unusual. The seams are overlapped and sewed with a long basting stitch with black raffia; large bone rings buttonholed in raffia hold the belt in place at each side: button molds with holes in the center are covered with raffia, and the loops to fasten the smock are also made of raffia. A six-inch black taffeta ribbon serves as the belt.

IF YOU want any of the patterns illustrated on this page you can order them by mail from either of our pattern depots. The addresses are as follows: Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, Ohio.

Too much care cannot be taken in measuring for patterns. Bust, waist, and hips should all be measured when ordering patterns for costumes. For the bust the tape should be passed across the back at the shoulder blades and across the front, low at the fullest part. For the skirt, the measure should be taken tight around the normal waist line and six inches below loosely over the hips.

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Designs for Tub Fabrics

Open-in-front dresses that are simple to make and to launder

Drawings by A. M. COOPER

No. 2759
No. 2797

No. 2759—Waist with Collar in Two Styles: 34 to 46 bust. Material for 36 inch bust, three and five-eighths yards of thirty-inch material, or two and one-eighth yards of forty-inch, with five-eighths yard of thirty inch contrasting material. Pattern, ten cents

No. 2797—Three-Piece Skirt with slightly-raised Waist Line: 24 to 34 waist. Material for 24-inch waist, four yards of thirty-inch, or three yards of forty-inch. Width in 24 inch waist, two and one-half yards. Hip, 38 inches. Pattern is ten cents

No. 2727—Misses' Blouse with long Raglan Sleeves: 14 to 18 years. Material for 16 years, two and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material, one-fourth yard for collar. The collar may be of the same material if preferred. Price of pattern is ten cents

No. 2732—Misses' High-Waisted Circular Skirt with Yoke: 14 to 18 years. Quantity of material required for 16 years, three yards of thirty-six-inch material. Width of skirt at bottom in 16 year size, three yards. The price of this pattern is ten cents

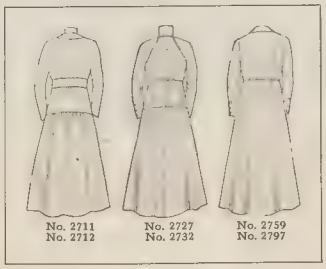
Order patterns from either of the following addresses: Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Springfield, Ohio. Order from the nearest depot

No. 2727
No. 2732

No. 2711
No. 2712

No. 2711—Vest Waist with long One-Piece Sleeves: 32 to 42 bust. Material for 36-inch bust, one and three-fourths yards of thirty-six-inch material, three-fourths yard of twenty-seven inch lace for collar and vest, one-half yard of material for chemisette and one-eighth yard of silk or satin for belt. The price of this pattern is ten cents

No. 2712—Gathered Two-Piece Skirt with Yoke: 24 to 32 waist. Material required for 24-inch waist, four yards of thirty-six-inch material. Width of skirt at bottom in 24-inch waist, three yards. Hip measure in 24-inch waist, 38 inches. The price of this skirt pattern is ten cents



No. 2711 No. 2712 No. 2727 No. 2732 No. 2759 No. 2797

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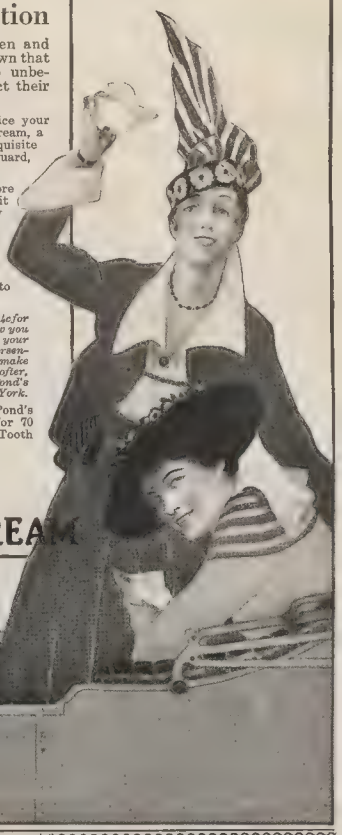

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(143)

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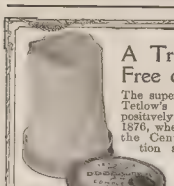

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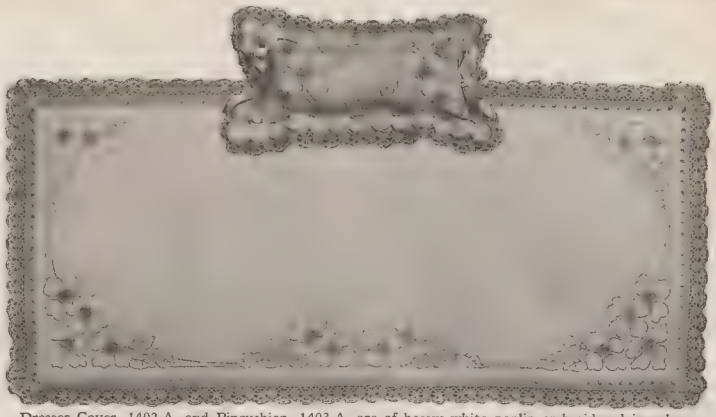


Dresser Cover, 1402-A, and Pincushion, 1403-A, are of heavy white poplin embroidered in color, the design outlined and the flower centers of French knots

Cross-Stitch for the Man's Room

And also a simple two-piece Dresser Set

Designed by EVELYN PARSONS

THE dresser cover, 1402-A, has an edge with a linen beading, through which colored ribbon is run, finished with an inch-wide linen lace. If preferred the beading may be omitted, the lace edge sewed on and an outline of color worked over it.

1402-A—Stamped dresser cover (17 x 40 in.) 75 Cents
Embroidery cotton (pink or blue) 15 Cents
1403-A—Stamped cushion cover (for 12 x 5 in. cushion) 25 Cents
Embroidery cotton (pink or blue) 15 Cents
(Edge is worked with two threads of a finer cotton and eyelets for ribbon are white.)

1407-A—Cushion with cross-stitch design in six colors

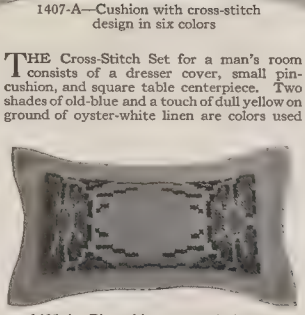
THE cross-stitch designs stamped on the linen are very easily and quickly worked. Accurate patterns have been made, so that the work when completed will have the same effect as if it were done over the regular cross-stitch canvas. With each stamped piece a diagram is provided showing the placing of the colors. This diagram is made on the squared paper like the regular cross-stitch design, and so can afterward be used as a pattern for working with cross-stitch canvas.

Before ordering, please read carefully all of the Directions for Ordering, which are printed on the opposite page

PRICE LIST

No. 1404-A—Stamped dresser cover (41 x 18 in.) $1.00
Embroidery cotton and cross-stitch diagram 35 Cents
No. 1405-A—Stamped cushion cover (for 3 x 6 in. cushion) 25 Cents
Foundation cushion 15 Cents
Embroidery cotton and cross-stitch diagram 15 Cents
No. 1406-A—Stamped centerpiece (18 in. square) 55 Cents
Embroidery cotton and cross-stitch diagram 35 Cents
Centerpiece on a light tan linen at same price. This same design might be used for an 18-inch cushion cover in tan or oyster-white linen.
Stamped cushion cover $1.00

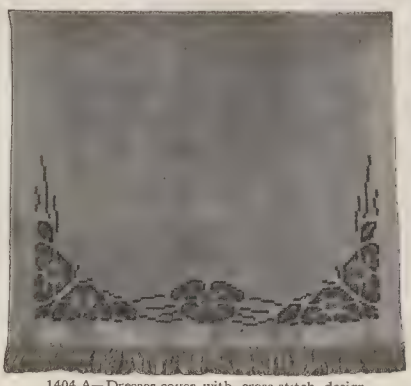
THE Cross-Stitch Set for a man's room consists of a dresser cover, small pincushion, and square table centerpiece. Two shades of old-blue and a touch of dull yellow on ground of oyster-white linen are colors used



1405-A—Pincushion to match dresser cover, 1404-A, below

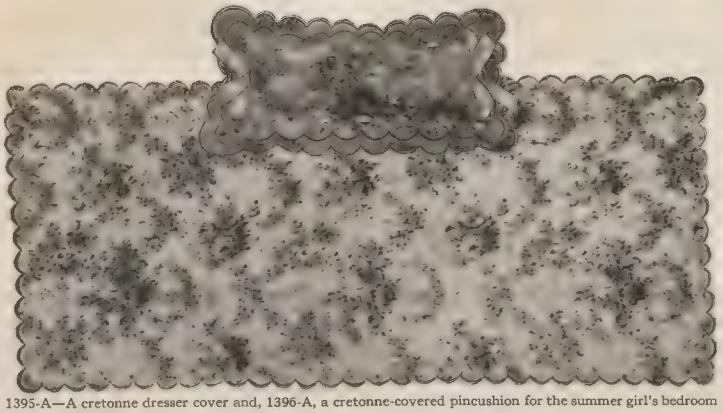
PRICE LIST (continued)

No. 1407-A—Cushion of light tan linen. The colors used are two shades of pink, two of green, with old-blue and golden-brown.
1407-A—Stamped cushion (20 x 20 in.) $1.00
Embroidery cotton and cross-stitch diagram 35 Cents
The cross-stitch patterns will be sold separately, but neither the cross-stitch canvas for working, nor the cottons, unless stamped goods are purchased, can be provided.
1404-A—Dresser cover and cushion pattern 10 Cents
(The centerpiece is made from the same pattern.)
1405-A—Cushion pattern 10 Cents



1404-A—Dresser cover with cross stitch design in two shades of blue

1406-A—Centerpiece to match, 1404-A, dresser cover and, 1405-A, pincushion



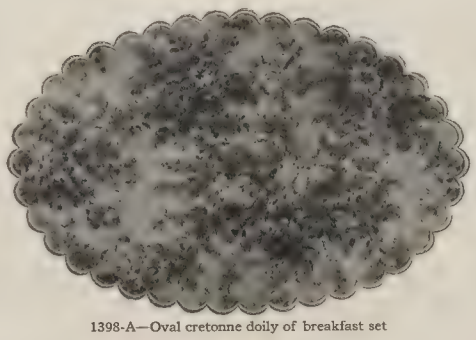
1395-A—A cretonne dresser cover and, 1396-A, a cretonne-covered pincushion for the summer girl's bedroom

Two Embroidered Cretonne Sets

For the summer bedroom and dining-room

Designed by EVELYN PARSONS

THE "Filet Crochet Book" with over one hundred working patterns, Knitting and Crochet in Silk and Wool, with over one hundred designs, photographed and described, and the "Irish Crochet Book," with over eighty popular designs, all by Helen Marvin, sold at twenty-five cents each, may be ordered from the Crochet Department, the Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City



1398-A—Oval cretonne doily of breakfast set

DIRECTIONS for ordering: Write the correct number and the name of article. Give name and full address. Remit by money order or check. *Do not send currency or stamps.* To the amount of any check drawn on a bank not in New York City, ten cents must be added for exchange. Address orders, Embroidery Department, care of Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City

THE cretonne selected for these articles is a good, heavy quality and may be laundered without losing any of its color. If samples are desired they will be sent on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope

PRICE LIST OF BREAKFAST SET

Perforated patterns of complete set	60 Cents
Stamping paste	10 Cents
Long-eye embroidery needles	10 Cents
No. 1397-A—Centerpiece (18 inches diameter) stamped on cretonne	35 Cents
No. 1398-A—Oval Doily (15 x 10 in.) stamped on cretonne	15 Cents
No. 1399-A—Six Plate Doilies on cretonne	90 Cents
No. 1400-A—Six Bread and Butter Doilies on cretonne	60 Cents
No. 1401-A—Six Tumbler Doilies	40 Cents
Complete set, consisting of centerpiece, 1397-A, 2 oval pieces, 1398-A, and 6 of each size doilies, 1399-A, 1400-A, 1401-A, stamped on cretonne	$2.15
White embroidery cotton for set	40 Cents
Complete set consisting of centerpiece, 1397-A, oval pieces, 1398-A, and 8 of each size doilies, 1399-A, 1400-A, 1401-A, stamped on cretonne	$2.40
White embroidery cotton for set (Rather a coarse cotton is used for the buttonholing; price, 2 skeins for 5 cents)	50 Cents

THIS cretonne has an all-over design with evenly distributed color. The background is white, the flowers in pinks, tans and blues, the leaves in two shades of gray and the ribbon blue. The effect is extremely pleasing both as to color and design, and the cretonne will harmonize with almost any color scheme

PRICE LIST OF DRESSER COVER 1395-A, AND PINCUSHION 1396-A

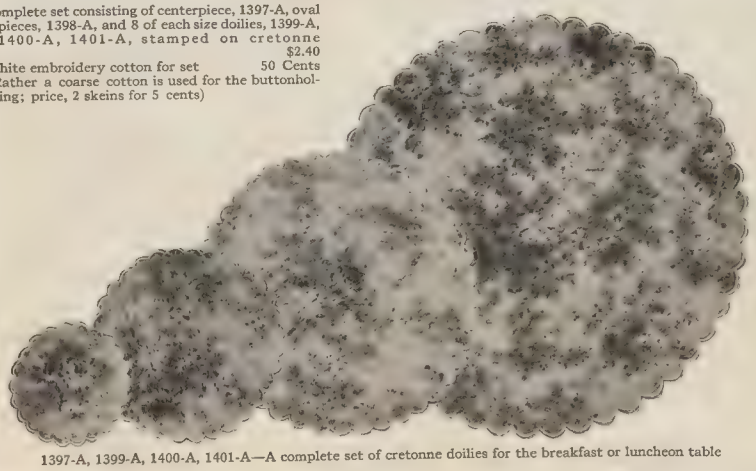
The buttonholed edges are white and the pincushion is laced with white ribbon.

No. 1395-A—Dresser Cover (19 x 41 in.)

Stamped on cretonne	75 Cents
White embroidery cotton	15 Cents

No. 1396-A—Pincushion Covers (5 x 12 in. cushion)

Stamped on cretonne	25 Cents
White embroidery cotton	10 Cents
Perforated pattern of cushion cover, 1396-A, and dresser cover 1395-A	35 Cents
Stamping paste	10 Cents



1397-A, 1399-A, 1400-A, 1401-A—A complete set of cretonne doilies for the breakfast or luncheon table

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DeLong Safety Pins
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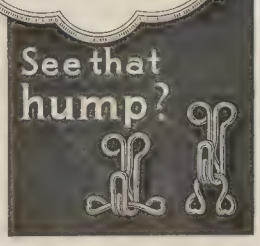

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Designed by
HELEN MARVIN

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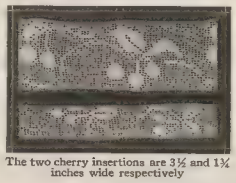
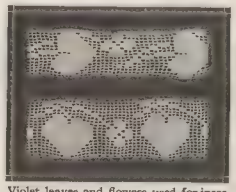
A blouse made smart with filet strips

Pattern diagrams, showing every stitch, and directions for making all of the designs in filet crochet on this page will be sent for 20 cents. Please order CK-100 Filet Trimmings and address Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

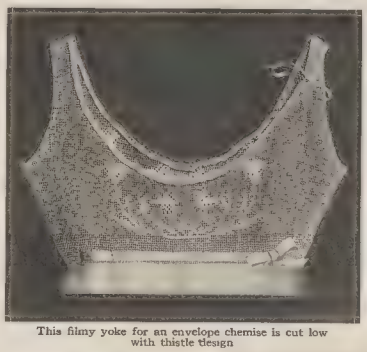


The two cherry insertions are 3½ and 1¼ inches wide respectively



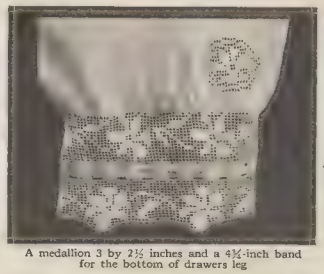
Violet leaves and flowers used for insertion in two widths: 1¼ and 2 inches

The crochet patterns do not include the actual cutting patterns for these garments. All the articles on this page are made by Woman's Home Companion patterns. Order from Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City



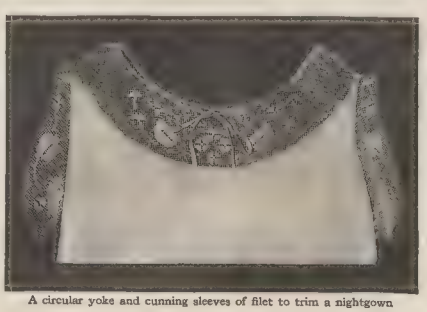
This filmy yoke for an envelope chemise is cut low with thistle design

Cutting patterns for all the garments shown may be ordered by number as follows: Child's dress 2736; blouse 2762; nightgown 2687; chemise 2688; open drawers 2569. The petticoat flounce may be used on any petticoat pattern or on princesse slip 2689



A medallion 3 by 2½ inches and a 4¾-inch band for the bottom of drawers leg

An edge 3¾ inches wide and an insertion 1¾ inches wide for a petticoat



A circular yoke and cunning sleeves of filet to trim a nightgown

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The Magical Trip to Rome

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

"That's just what I am," she replied. "You don't know what a disagreeable little beast I can be. It makes me just mad to see other people rolling in money! Oh, do say something, Paul! Don't stand staring at me like that. . . . It's worse when you laugh."

"There wasn't much laugh in it," he said grimly. "I've had a rasping day. It seems to me I'm going to have a rasping evening."

"It seems to me that we're going to have a rasping forever," the girl cried piteously. "Paul! Don't look like that. I didn't mean *you*. It isn't your fault, poor boy. Let's cheer up and talk about something nice. How about the trip to Rome?"

"Oh!" he said with a groan. "Dash Rome! I wish you'd never got it into your head. You know you'll never have a chance to get there."

"I *could* have the chance," she told him defiantly.

"What do you mean?" he demanded fiercely.

She did not answer for some minutes. In those minutes she fought a very hard battle against jarred nerves, injured dignity, depression, and other weaknesses of a kind little lover. Paul was a dear boy, she reminded herself, and evidently worried, and she was sure that he didn't really "mean anything;" and they had never quarreled, and she had never meant to. She had only to slide her arm through his to put matters right. . . . Her hand was almost moving toward him; and then he gripped hers so hard that it hurt.

"I demand an explanation!" he growled.

Phyllis's indignation almost boiled over at that; but even then she made an effort for peace.

"You have not the right to 'demand' yet, Paul," she told him with dignity. "You are not yourself to-night; and I do not want to make a quarrel. Don't you think you might take me home now and then go home yourself and get out of your wet things? We can finish our discussion to-morrow, when I hope we shall both be in a good temper."

"I have the right to demand an explanation of such a taunt from a girl who has promised to be my wife," he insisted. "I understand you to mean that you could marry someone else who would take you to Rome. Do you mean that, Phyllis?"

His face was very white, and his eyes seemed to burn. She fought another battle with herself, and lost it.

"Well," she answered, "if I wanted to, I could."

If Paul had looked hurt, she would have added, "I don't want to." But he gritted his teeth instead.

"You mean that bounder, Hardy!" he hissed.

"He is not a bounder. He is a sterling good fellow!" she cried indignantly.

"Well, you meant him," he said stubbornly.

"Yes, I did, and—"

She shut her mouth tightly and kept the rest in.

"And you have already told me that you won't be married unless you can go to Rome for your honeymoon," he said. "I—" He felt unable to find words for a moment. Perhaps neuralgia and jealousy combined had stupefied him. "I quite understand, Phyllis. I will not be an obstacle to your trip to Rome."

He made a queer sound in his throat, turned on his heel and went, a rudeness for which neuralgia and jealousy combined cannot excuse him. He felt that when he reached home, and wrote to tell Phyllis so; but Phyllis felt it also, and returned his letter unopened. She made two remarks when she sealed it in another envelope.

"Oh, Paul, Paul!" and, "Cad! To insult me before everyone! I will never go in that station again!"

She returned Paul's ring and his presents, and he returned a few little things which she had given him. He put a slip of paper in his parcel and she read that, "My letter was merely to apologize for my rudeness in leaving you so abruptly."

Phyllis cried over it and made excuses for him. He had had "a rasping day," and she had rasped him a little more; and if he had been less polite than he should have been for once, he had been more chivalrous and courteous than he need have been a hundred times. She wiped her eyes and faced the situation like a sensible little person, which, for all her gayety, she was.

"I love him," she decided, "and he loves me. I'm not going to let us both be miserable if I can help it. Let me think how I can."

And then she thought, with her dimpled chin on her little hand; and presently she smiled. It was the first smile since Tuesday.

THE next Saturday morning was bright and sunny, but Paul Wood's face was clouded as he strode to his office at half past eight. It did not clear when he read the lawyerlike letter waiting for him on his desk, and at the end he gave such a heavy groan that his desk mate looked up from the ledger that he was posting.

"Bad news?" he asked.

"Worse," Paul answered. "Good news a few days too late."

"Too late for what?" his comrade inquired.

"For a trip to Rome," Paul informed him with a fierceness which did not encourage further conversation. Then he stuffed the letter in his pocket, and applied himself to his daily routine.

In the course of the morning he "gave notice" to his employers that he should leave at the end of the week. He did not offer any reason, but in reply to the question whether he had any complaint he said, "None, sir. I have received a considerable legacy." The senior partner told the junior partner that the statement was obviously only an excuse. No man who had received a legacy could possibly look so gloomy. The junior partner said that he would overhaul Wood's petty cash book in case the legacy came from that. He found the cash correct.

He suggested to Wood that he had lost a relative to whom he was attached, but Paul stated that he had never seen the old lady in his life; whereupon the junior partner remarked that he could spare a few relatives of that sort himself, and he was surprised that Paul did not rejoice more in his good fortune.

Paul was surprised himself that the legacy seemed actually to depress him more than it cheered him. He would go to a music-hall matinée, he decided, and liven himself up; but he found himself going to the station where he had been accustomed to meet Phyllis, and after a short wait there he went on to the Museum, which no stretch of imagination could make an enlivening place. He paid no attention to the show cases, but stood for some time regarding the old laces and furniture which Phyllis had admired. Then he walked to the quiet upper room where they had sat and took the same seat. He closed his eyes and went over their conversation there, and many other conversations in many other places, places that would never be the same with his little comrade gone from them. He ought not to regret what had happened, he told himself. The case was plain enough. Phyllis liked him; but she liked money and ease and finery more. He did not want a wife of that kind, a woman who would sell him for a trip to Rome!

And then he felt a soft touch on his arm.

He opened his eyes and saw Phyllis's face smiling down at him, opened his arms and found her in them!

"I knew you'd be here!" she cried, with her tears wetting both their faces, though she smiled all the time. "I always know just what you'll do, Silly old Paul!"

"Phyllis kid!" he said huskily. He was not sure that the tears were all hers. "My little kid!"

"Fancy *us* quarreling, boy!"

"It was I! I behaved like a—"

"Hush! You sha'n't say it, Paul. We were just tired and wet and worried and jarred. Paul darling! Perhaps yo were crosser that time; but there are hundreds of times when I am pettish and your kindness sets things right fo us. Let's put one against the other and wipe them off."

"You find just the one thing to ease my self reproach. I was a *cad*, Phil. I hate to say that. Now it's wiped off. . . . I'll try so hard to be good to you, dear."

"And I, dear."

They kissed each other very solemnly, and were serious and thoughtful for a long time; but presently she laughed, holding her face a little forward as he had pictured it so often in these last sad days.

"Now," she said, "we will play that we haven't had a legacy, Paul. But never mind! We'll save enough soon for a trip to—Home."

"Home!" he cried. "Yes! Home! A home for you and me."

"Yes, someday a time will come when we *shall* be going to be married—"

"On Monday week!"

"Yes. And we'll have a trip to Home. Let's play we're planning out that, Paul boy! I think first we'll have an afternoon at this old Museum and looking round the shops. I'm sure they're better here than in Paris. I don't want to look like a mademoiselle, I mean madame. We'll look at our own shops, won't we?"

"Yes, and you shall buy a fine new gown and a fine new hat; and I shall be proud of you."

"I sha'n't buy either, only some things for our house; but you shall be as proud of me as you like!"

"We'll go to a theatre instead of the Coliseum, and the most beautiful lady that ever looked up from a stall—"

"No, no! She'll look down from the gallery. But I think she'd rather go home."

"We'll ride home in a taxi, anyhow; and you shall cling to my arm."

"We'll ride on a motor 'bus and save our pennies; but I'll cling to your arm. Hard!"

"Little bride!"

"We'll get out at the corner, and walk the rest of the way, and then—home! And—dear—if we never get to Rome—it won't matter."

Paul laughed such a great laugh then that the custodian walked along to see what was happening, but finding only two happy lovers laughing at nothing he laughed at them and went away again.

"What are you laughing at, Paul boy?" the girl asked, with her head against his shoulder.

"I was thinking," he said, "that we'll start our trip to Home on Monday week, and—read this, darling. It came this morning—we'll go via Rome!"

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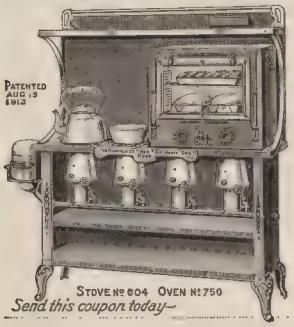
Write for free booklets—We will gladly send them to you with name of nearest dealer upon request.



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"Dear Editor"

"This is what I think about our magazine—"

From Friends of Long Standing

Dear Editor: I wonder if you have been Editor of the COMPANION as long as I have been reading it. About thirty years ago, as near as I can figure, a kind neighbor loaned my mother some copies. I was very much pleased with the Children's Page. I can't remember when we began taking it, but it was much smaller than now, and was fifty cents a year.

I began taking it myself twenty years ago, as at that time I went from home to teach, and have taken it ever since; first in the name of Miss Lucy Smith, at different places in Kansas, Idaho and Washington, and the last eight years my present name and address.

In that length of time I can't begin to remember "how much my COMPANION has saved me," for it has *always* saved for me in its fashion department, and by its valuable sewing and millinery lessons given so frequently of late years. The cooking of cheaper meats, the canning helps, were of untold value in my first housekeeping, to say nothing of good advice to young mothers and the care of the baby. In fact, I've so absorbed the good things of the COMPANION that it is part of my household management.

Mrs. A. L. H., Washington.

Dear Editor: Just a note to you about the COMPANION and my acquaintance with the publication since I first knew it.

I do not know how long ago it was when I sent my first order blank to Mast, Crowell and Kirkpatrick, Springfield, Ohio, and received a copy of the HOME COMPANION. This was before the name was changed to the LADIES' HOME COMPANION. After a few years the name was again changed, this time to the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. I have watched its growth to the splendid publication it now is with a great deal of interest, and pleasure too, for at no time have I seen the COMPANION lower its standard of excellence.

The story by Grace Richmond entitled "The Brown Study," pleased me greatly. I believe I get as much enjoyment from the COMPANION'S pages as does my wife. *Mr. A. H., Michigan.*

Dear Editor: I have been acquainted with this magazine for about thirty-five years. My mother subscribed for it for me when I was but a little girl. It was only a very small pamphlet then, only twenty-five cents a year. "But, oh, how you have grown!" May you still grow in the future in size and in wisdom. We all like this magazine because it is so homelike, practical, and wholesome. I see someone has suggested a change in the name. Now if you are thinking of changing the name I wish you would consider this one: Everybody's Home Companion. *Mrs. E. O. H., Indiana.*

Dear Editor: Enclosed find subscription blank with enclosure for $2.00 for renewal of my subscription for two years to WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. It grows better every year and I see no way in which you could improve it. I have taken it since it was the size of a Sunday-school paper (and it was a fine little paper then), and I am sure I am qualified to pass judgment on the magazine. With all good wishes for your prosperity, *Mrs. A. F. P., Illinois.*

The Useful Adams Page

Dear Editor: The feature that has been most useful to us is the John D. Adams page. His drawings are so exact a beginner has no trouble in working out the design.

Years ago I saw a pretty little desk drawn in the COMPANION and asked my husband if he could make it. He decided to try and at once began to draw his patterns, which he took to a lumber mill. He had the wood sawed the proper shape, then he bought and borrowed tools to do the work, staining and finishing according to directions. The result was a desk of which I am more than proud. Since then he has spent all his spare time working out the COMPANION designs, including a Morris chair, buffet, lamps, tables, music and newspaper racks, footstools, etc., which, made of oak, with brass fittings, are beauties. He has cut out and filed all the pages on woodwork as well as "The Exchange" page.

Will you please extend our hearty thanks to Mr. Adams, who has by his simple and complete drawings enabled us to furnish our home in such a nice way?

Just a word to the critics of the COMPANION. If it were smaller, the fashions could not be shown so well, nor could fancywork, millinery and special articles, if placed on several small pages instead of one large one.

Dear Editor, the only changes that I wish made are those that you, in your own good judgment, are always making—a finer and larger WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. *Mrs. S. A. W., Canada.*

A Temperate Protest

Dear Editor: I have thought many times of writing and telling you how much I enjoy the COMPANION. There is so much of interest in it, it seems to me peculiarly well-balanced. In fact, the only department which I think really needs revising is this one: Better Babies.

You have, no doubt, hundreds, if not thousands of mothers among your readers, therefore, the articles on better babies should have their full share of the paper and I have no right, as a spinster, to complain, any more than I am justified in feeling injured because among your fashion models there are so few for a woman of fifty-three who weighs a good deal more than her height justifies. On the other hand, I think the remark that it is incredible that any one can prefer fiction to "Better Babies" is decidedly uncalled for (consistency forbids my using a stronger expression). Why should we, whose life work does not happen to lie among the little ones (and there is a good deal to be done for adults in this present world) be expected to find more interest in reading about the care of nursing bottles or the best kind of infant food or other details which the mother, who is a specialist in that line, finds most helpful, than in good wholesome fiction? A true-to-nature love story, or a really good detective story is a great pleasure to me and I do not see any reason why I should be sneered at or jeered at because such is the case.

I am glad L. R. C. has protested against the remarks about "childless homes." I think very few women are childless by their own choice and there are frequently serious obstacles to adopting children, so that the quiet house is often our misfortune rather than our fault. *Miss J. C. C., Kansas.*

THIS PAGE *is an open forum where readers are invited to present their views on the various features of the magazine. Letters are selected for publication which seem most interesting and varied; the Editor does not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed.*

A Suggestion

Dear Editor: I wanted to tell you that of all the magazines we take I like yours best. If we had to give up all our reading matter and could take only one, it would be the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

I wish that you would sometimes print directions with the illustrations for hairdressing, as you used to sometimes. We live so far away from big cities that it is hard to keep up with hair styles, although you keep us so well posted on other fashions.

Miss M. J., Arkansas.

"Just for Our Club"

Dear Editor: For many months I have been going to join the enthusiasts on my favorite page but have delayed until the March COMPANION arrived with that perfectly splendid editorial of Zona Gale's. After I had read it I said, "There, that was written just for our club," and laid it aside to read at the next meeting. It will do much good. I am sure, for our little club, like many others all over the country, is devoting too much of its time to foreign study and not enough to home interests. I want also to add my word of appreciation for those delightful pages of John Rae's. *Mrs. M. A. T., Pennsylvania.*

A Suffragist, Evidently

Dear Editor: I was very much amused at your article in "The Postscript," in the March number of your magazine, "Starting a Bank Account." I was particularly amused at the ending where the cashier laments that women will have a vote someday. I just want to say I know men dumber than that, who vote. *Mrs. J. M. A., Pennsylvania.*

The New Puzzles

Dear Editor: Please accept my thanks for the check received this morning as a prize in the Puzzle Contest.

I greatly enjoy working out these puzzles and think the new puzzle pictures by far the most interesting series your magazine has yet published. All I have to say is "Keep it up."

Miss E. U., Virginia.

Thank You

Dear Editor: In the April COMPANION a subscriber is disgusted with your Christmas suggestions for 1,000 presents. Here is another subscriber who was very, very much pleased, and has cut out the two pages, never expecting anything better. *A. B. C., California.*

The B. A. B. Y. Degree

Dear Editor: May I come into the "Expectant Mothers' Circle"? I am expecting my first wee baby and I know so little, so very little, about babies. I felt very wise two years ago when I acquired a B. A. degree, but in the face of a B. A. B. Y. my self-confidence has dwindled.

I am in the lonely hills of north Georgia. My doctor is seventy-five miles away. Around me are mountain women who feed their new-born babies on coffee and molasses, who suffocate them with foul air and unfit clothing. Later, with your help, I am going to try to organize a Better Babies Club for this section.

The first and most important step will be making my own baby sturdy and splendid. No more beautiful work has ever been done than your service to babies and mothers. The news of the "Expectant Mothers' Circle" brought hot, happy tears to my eyes. I am so thankful that my baby is coming in such a wonderful age for children.

Mrs. S. H. F., Georgia.

The World at Home

Dear Editor: These words of appreciation should have been spoken years ago. However, the appreciation has grown deeper with each succeeding year. Since my little children keep me from going out often my husband tries to "bring the world to me." The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION is his first and favorite aid. The fifteenth of every month is a gala day at our house, and it is lovely to have the magazine on the fourteenth when the fifteenth comes on Sunday!

The fiction is always so "right," never a jarring note of "cheapness" or sensationalism, always the kind that brightens and helps. Diantha is the most lovable and admirable character I have ever known in fiction—ancient, medieval or modern!

Mary Heaton Vorse is always enjoyed—especially her Jimmie; also Laura Spencer Portor and Ida M. Tarbell. The "About People" page is interesting, and a "Page of the Best Plays" a treat. I like to meet the people in "Dear Editor" page—how funny the one who thinks "Jack and Betty" heathenish! The sprightly adventures are given a joyful greeting here.

I would congratulate you on the atmosphere of your magazine as a whole—the atmosphere of a cultured, happy home. I feel, when I open its pages, that a troop of kindly, witty, entertaining, helpful friends have come to visit me. *Mrs. J. A. M., California.*

The Panel Covers Will Help

Dear Editor: Living in a small house where I can have only a few pictures on the wall and limited space for magazines on tables, the thought and wish came to me that the lovely cover pictures of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION could be uniform in size, for at least one year, so that I might have one picture frame, in which to put a new picture for each month of the year.

C. B., New York.

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THE POSTSCRIPT

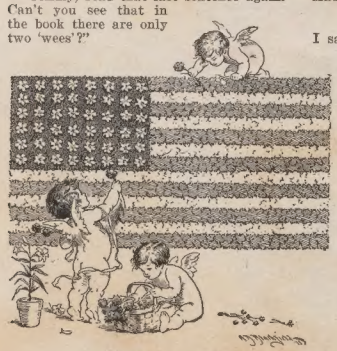
THE YOUNG NATURALIST

Little Jimmy was fond of giving realistic touches to his reading lesson. He had been corrected repeatedly by his teacher for adding matter that was not in the book.

The lesson was about pigs one day. Jimmy read the concluding sentence:

"And the little pig said, "Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee—" Just then Teacher interrupted him.

"Jimmy, read that last sentence again. Can't you see that in the book there are only two 'wees'?"



The Day We Celebrate

Jimmy looked up defiantly.

"Teacher," he declared, "there never was a little pig that said 'wee, wee' just twice, and then stopped!" S. V. R.

LITTLE PINK SUNBONNET

Out in the garden, these sunny sweet days,
Little Pink Sunbonnet toddles and plays.
Little pink apron, with proud pockets wee,
Flitting so lightly from flower to tree.
There drop the petals all rosy and white;
There sift the sunbeams, in golden delight.

There 'mid the roses, unfolding each day—
Little Pink Sunbonnet chooses to play.
Bees humming near, o'er their daily sweet task,
Robbing the blossoms, are puzzled and ask—
One of another, before they flit over—
"Is it a *child*—or a bonny pink clover?"

DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

OUTDOOR EXERCISE

Little Bess and her father were several blocks from home.

"Do you think we'd better take a car or walk?" he asked her.

"I'd wather walk if 'oo will tarry me," replied little Bess.

H. E. ZIMMERMAN.

NEEDLESS TO SAY

The millionaire is needy, I am not.
I don't need anything; he needs a lot.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

HONESTY FIRST

John, age five, was being put to bed against his wishes and started his prayers as follows:

"Now I lay me down to sleep—but I don't want to."

ANNA MUDDIMAN.

CHIN-CHIN!

FATHER: What is it now?

WILLIE: Do two-faced people always have a double chin?

K. A. B.

BENNY GIVES THANKS

Oh, dinner seems so very late,
I don't see how I'm goin' to wait!
But since I've got a whole hour yet,
I'm thankful I can *smell*, you bet!

D. D. STEPHENSON.

YE MOVIE-HERO

Reel I

He was a Phantom of Delight
When first he dawned upon my sight—
A wondrous Apparition sent
To be the Movies' ornament.
He rode a fearsome mustang-beast
For miles and miles—fourscore at least—
And then leaped off so blithe and gay,
And, tireless, fought till break of day
With twenty horsemen—bandits tall—
And, single-handed, captured all.

Reel II

I saw him in another view,
A Cowboy, yet a Courtier too.
On polished floors till dawn he danced,
Then swam six miles, because she chanced
To smile at him with siren eyes
What time he fenced—and won the prize!
Next film he rowed with wondrous skill;
And drove six horses straight downhill
With iron wrist and mocking smile;
All Chesterfieldian grace the while.

Reel III

So now I watch with eye serene
The magic crop of that machine:
Those Creatures not too bright and good
For Movie Fan-dom's daily food,
Who lavish, till I've had my fill,
"Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."
Those perfect heroes, nobly planned,
Who ride, all-conquering, through our land!
Romance arise, you're not bereft,
You have Ye Movie-Actor left!

WINIFRED ARNOLD.

FROM THE LANGUAGE CLASS

Among other words given the language class for sentence-making was "furbelow." This was too much for most of the class, but not for little Michael, who rose to the occasion with this:

"It makes anybody dizzy to look furbelow." NETTIE RAND MILLER.

THE POWER OF EDUCATION

FATHER *(when Willie had returned from his first day at school)*: What did you learn at school to-day?

WILLIE: I learned to say "Yes, sir" and "No, sir," and "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am."

FATHER: You did!

WILLIE: Yep.

ELWOOD V. BOUCHER.

IN TIME OF NEED

Little Marion, seven years old, was saying her prayers. "And, God," she petitioned at the close, "please make New York the capital of Boston."

"Why, Marion, what made you say that?" asked her mother.

"'Cause that's the way I wrote it in my 'zamination at school to-day and I want it to be right." N. R. M.

A NATURAL INFERENCE

A pretty school-teacher looked over her glasses at a row of little boys and girls.

"James," she smiled, "can you tell me the difference between a canal and a channel?"

"A canal," James began hesitatingly, "is made by man."

"Yes," nodded the teacher. "Now a channel. How does it differ from a canal?"

"It's made by a woman," the boy divulged, this time without the least hesitation. "I 'most always get them mixed," he added with pride. H. T. ALLISON.

THE DOODLE-DO!

The man who crows might amount to something if he got up as early in the morning to do it as the rooster does. S. W. K.

CONVINCING PROOF

Olive, aged four years, went for a walk with her father one June morning. Hearing a bird singing by the roadside she stopped to admire his beautiful black-and-white coat.

"Oh, Papa," she exclaimed, "see this bobolink!"

"How do you know it's a bobolink?" asked her father.

"'Cause I 'stinctly heard it bobble," was the reply. N. R. M.

PROGRESS

Little Roger had been allowed to brush his teeth unaided for the first time, and he was very much elated.

"Oh, Papa," he exclaimed, "I've just brushed my upper and downer teef, *bofe*, all alone!" WALTER L. CUTTER.

WEDDING PRESENTS AGAIN

"You see things in a different light since you married, do you not?"

"I ought to. There were seven lamps among the wedding presents."

HAROLD SUSMAN.

I LOVE—THOU LOVEST

ARGUMENT: No, You're a wise old avis and nobody is going to catch You proposing till You know that You want the girl and that the girl wants You. None of this I-will-be-a-sister-to-you business in Yours. Now as to Her: She's all right but You wouldn't marry Her any more than You'd marry one of a dozen other nice girls in Her set.

You are revolving these things in Your mind as together You and She seek the night air. She has suggested a little walk, "and then we'll come back and have a rabbit."

SHE *(pointing)*: Don't those lights look cozy down there! Do you see the ones I mean—way off that direction? Those cheery little cottage windows?

YOU *(skeptically)*: They don't look such a much to me.

SHE: But just compare them with the big blank windows of that hotel.

YOU: Don't see any difference.

SHE: There's this difference: a home

One-Dog Power

light always looks cozy, and a hotel isn't and can't ever be a home.

YOU *(old scoffer that you are)*: There's a lot of bunk about this home business.

SHE *(so unexpectedly it takes you off your feet)*: That's true enough. I found that out long ago. I'm never going to marry.

YOU *(floundering in spite of yourself)*: You're never going to marry?

SHE: Nev-er. No wedding bells for me. Nix on love in a cottage. Besides, nowadays nobody can afford to get married.

YOU *(the fatal Irish in you insisting that you take the other side of the argument)*: They can afford it as much now as they ever could.

SHE: I don't know a man anywhere near my age who can honestly say he's earning enough to run a home.

YOU *(falling into the trap)*: Well, I'd like to prove to you sometime that I am.

(Silence)

SHE *(with a reproachful look)*: George, you shouldn't have spoiled our friendship like this.

YOU *(dumfounded)*: W-w-w-w-w-w—

SHE *(firmly and earnestly)*: No, George, I've told you that I'm never going to marry, and I sha'n't. Not as long as I live. But I want you to come to me with all your love affairs, and I know I can help you, because I'm going to be a regular sister to you.

(And there you are. You haven't proposed and yet you've been rejected. And you'll stay awake till 2 A. M. figuring out just how she did it.)

HORATIO WINSLOW.

A NOVEL CEREMONY

Little Helen, the minister's four-year-old daughter, was an interested witness at a wedding ceremony performed at the parsonage.

The next day she was discovered with her small brother and a child from over the way lined up before her, remarking in tones of awful solemnity: "Will you have thith lady to be your couthin?"

MAY GRIGGS VAN VOORHIS.

That Quiet Little Nook!

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And the Art of Merlin the old Magician

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Its delicacy, its exquisite perfume, like that of fresh cut flowers, its fleecy whiteness and velvety softness make its use a satisfaction and delight.

You can use it at all times freely and safely. It makes the baby happy after its bath; the father enjoys it after his shave; in fact to every member of the family Williams' Talc Powder is an almost indispensable luxury.

Williams' Talc Powder

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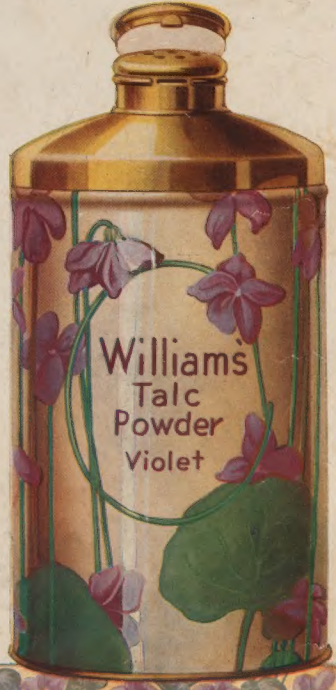
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